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AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet;
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless, summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight;
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;

Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care, and free from pain
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port,
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendors of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets, and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies;
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand;
Further still and furthestmost
On the dim-discovered coast
Pæstum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;

Nothing else he heeds or hears.
 All the landscape seems to swoon
 In the happy afternoon;
 Slowly o'er his senses creep
 The encroaching waves of sleep,
 And he sinks as sank the town,
 Unresisting, fathoms down
 Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
 Hearing the fierce north wind blow,
 Seeing all the landscape white,
 And the river cased in ice,
 Comes this memory of delight,
 Comes this vision unto me
 Of a long-lost Paradise
 In the land beyond the sea.

Henry W. Longfellow.

RODERICK HUDSON.

V.

CHRISTINA.

THE brilliant Roman winter came round again, and Rowland enjoyed it, in a certain way, more deeply than before. He grew at last to feel that sense of equal possession, of intellectual nearness, which it belongs to the peculiar magic of the ancient city to infuse into minds of a cast that she never would have produced. He became passionately, unreasoningly fond of all Roman sights and sensations, and to breathe the Roman atmosphere began to seem a needful condition of being. He could not have defined nor explained the nature of his great love, nor have made up the sum of it by the addition of his calculable pleasures. It was a large, vague, idle, half-profitless emotion, of which perhaps the most pertinent thing that may be said is that it enforced a sort of oppressive reconciliation to the present, the actual, the sensuous — to life on the terms that there offered themselves. It was perhaps for this very reason that, in spite of the

charm which Rome flings over one's mood, there ran through Rowland's meditations an undertone of melancholy, natural enough in a mind which finds its horizon insidiously limited to the finite, even in very picturesque forms. Whether it is that one tacitly concedes to the Roman Church the monopoly of a guarantee of immortality, so that if one is indisposed to bargain with her for the precious gift, one must do without it altogether; or whether in an atmosphere so heavily weighted with echoes and memories one grows to believe that there is nothing in one's consciousness that is not foredoomed to molder and crumble and become dust for the feet, and possible malaria for the lungs, of future generations — the fact at least remains that one parts half-willingly with one's hopes in Rome, and misses them only under some very exceptional stress of circumstance. For this reason one may perhaps say that there is no other place in which one's daily temper has such a mellow serenity, and none, at the same time, in which acute attacks of depression are more intolerable. Rowland found, in fact, a perfect response

to his prevision that to live in Rome was an education to one's senses and one's imagination, but he sometimes wondered whether this was not a questionable gain in case of one's not being prepared to live wholly by one's imagination and one's senses. The tranquil profundity of his daily satisfaction seemed sometimes to turn, by a mysterious inward impulse, and face itself with questioning, admonishing, threatening eyes. "But afterwards . . . ?" it seemed to ask, with a long reverberation; and he could give no answer but a shy affirmation that there was no such thing as afterwards, and a hope, divided against itself, that his actual way of life would last forever. He often felt heavy-hearted; he was sombre without knowing why; there were no visible clouds in his heaven, but there were cloud-shadows on his mood. Shadows projected, they often were, without his knowing it, by an undue apprehension that things after all might not go so ideally well with Roderick. When he understood his anxiety it vexed him, and he rebuked himself for taking things unmanfully hard. If Roderick chose to follow a crooked path, it was no fault of his; he had given him, he would continue to give him, all that he had offered him — friendship, sympathy, advice. He had not undertaken to provide him with unflinching strength of purpose, nor to stand bondsman for unqualified success.

If Rowland felt his roots striking and spreading in the Roman soil, Roderick also surrendered himself with renewed abandon to the local influence. More than once he declared to his companion that he meant to live and die within the shadow of Saint Peter's, and that he cared little if he never again drew breath in American air. "For a man of my temperament, Rome is the only possible place," he said; "it's better to recognize the fact early than late. So I shall never go home unless I am absolutely forced."

"What is your idea of 'force'?" asked Rowland, smiling. "It seems to me you have an excellent reason for going home some day or other."

"Ah, you mean my engagement?" Roderick answered, with unaverted eyes.

"Yes, I'm distinctly engaged, in Northampton, and impatiently waited for!" And he gave a little sympathetic sigh. "To reconcile Northampton and Rome is rather a problem. Mary had better come out here. Even at the worst I have no intention of giving up Rome within six or eight years, and an engagement of that duration would be rather absurd."

"Miss Garland could hardly leave your mother," Rowland observed.

"Oh, of course my mother should come. I think I will suggest it in my next letter. It will take her a year or two to make up her mind to it, but if she consents it will brighten her up. It's too small a life, over there, even for a timid old lady. It is hard to imagine," he added, "any change in Mary being a change for the better; but I should like her to take a look at the world and have her notions stretched a little. One is never so good, I suppose, but that one can improve a little."

"If you wish your mother and Miss Garland to come," Rowland suggested, "you had better go home and bring them."

"Oh, I can't think of leaving Europe, for many a day," Rowland answered. "At present it would quite break the charm. I'm just beginning to profit, to get used to things and take them naturally. I'm sure the sight of Northampton Main Street would permanently upset me."

It was reassuring to hear that Roderick, in his own view, was but "just beginning" to spread his wings, and Rowland, if he had had any forebodings, might have suffered them to be modified by this declaration. This was the first time since their meeting at Geneva that Roderick had mentioned Miss Garland's name, but the ice being broken, he indulged for some time afterward in frequent allusions to his betrothed, which always had an accent of scrupulous, of almost studied, consideration. An uninitiated observer, hearing him, would have imagined her to be a person of a certain age — possibly an affectionate maiden aunt — who had once done him a kindness which he highly appreciated:

perhaps presented him with a check for a thousand dollars. Rowland noted the difference between his present frankness and his reticence during the first six months of his engagement, and sometimes wondered whether it was not rather an anomaly that he should expatiate more largely as the happy event receded. He had wondered over the whole matter, first and last, in a great many different ways, and looked at it in all possible lights. There was something terribly hard to explain in the fact of his having fallen in love with his cousin. She was not, as Rowland conceived her, the sort of girl he would have been likely to fancy, and the operation of sentiment, in all cases so mysterious, was particularly so in this one. Just why it was that Roderick should not logically have fancied Miss Garland, his companion would have been at loss to say, but I think the conviction had its roots in an unformulated comparison between himself and the accepted suitor. Roderick and he were as different as two men could be, and yet Roderick had taken it into his head to fall in love with a woman for whom he himself had been keeping in reserve, for years, a profoundly characteristic passion. That if he chose to conceive a great notion of the merits of Roderick's mistress, the irregularity here was hardly Roderick's, was a view of the case to which poor Rowland did scanty justice. There were women, he said to himself, whom it was every one's business to fall in love with a little — women beautiful, brilliant, artful, easily fascinating. Miss Light, for instance, was one of these; every man who spoke to her did so, if not in the language, at least with something of the agitation, the divine tremor, of a lover. There were other women — they might have great beauty, they might have small; perhaps they were generally to be classified as plain — whose triumphs in this line were rare, but immutably permanent. Such a one, preëminently, was Mary Garland. Upon the doctrine of probabilities, it was unlikely that she had had an equal charm for each of them, and was it not possible, therefore, that the charm for Roderick had been simply

the charm imagined, unquestioningly accepted: the general charm of youth, sympathy, kindness — of the present feminine, in short — enhanced indeed by several fine facial traits? The charm in this case for Rowland was — *the charm!* — the mysterious, individual, essential woman. There was an element in the charm, as his companion saw it, which Rowland was obliged to recognize, but which he forebore to ponder; the rather important attraction, namely, of reciprocity. As to Miss Garland being in love with Roderick and becoming charming thereby, this was a point with which his imagination ventured to take no liberties; partly because it would have been indelicate, and partly because it would have been vain. He contented himself with feeling that the young girl was still as vivid an image in his memory as she had been five days after he left her, and with drifting nearer and nearer to the impression that at just that crisis any other girl would have answered Roderick's sentimental needs as well. Any other girl indeed would do so still! Roderick had confessed as much to him at Geneva, in saying that he had been taking at Baden the measure of his susceptibility to female beauty.

His extraordinary success in modeling the bust of the beautiful Miss Light was pertinent evidence of this amiable quality. She sat to him, repeatedly, for a fortnight, and the work was rapidly finished. On one of the last days Roderick asked Rowland to come and give his opinion as to what was still wanting; for the sittings had continued to take place in Mrs. Light's apartment, the studio being pronounced too damp for the fair model. When Rowland presented himself, Christina, still in her white dress, with her shoulders bare, was standing before a mirror, readjusting her hair, the arrangement of which, on this occasion, had apparently not met the young sculptor's approval. He stood beside her, directing the operation with a peremptoriness of tone which seemed to Rowland to denote a considerable advance in intimacy. As Rowland entered, Christina was losing patience. "Do it

yourself, then!" she cried; and with a rapid movement unloosed the great coil of her tresses and let them fall over her shoulders.

They were magnificent, and with her perfect face dividing their rippling flow she looked like some immaculate saint of legend being led to martyrdom. Rowland's eyes presumably betrayed his admiration, but her own manifested no consciousness of it. If Christina was a coquette, as the remarkable timeliness of this incident might have suggested, she was not a superficial one.

"Hudson's a sculptor," said Rowland, with warmth. "But if I were only a painter!"

"Thank Heaven you are not!" said Christina. "I'm having quite enough of this minute inspection of my charms."

"My dear young man, hands off!" cried Mrs. Light, coming forward and seizing her daughter's hair. "Christina, love, I'm surprised."

"Is it indelicate?" Christina asked. "I beg Mr. Mallet's pardon." Mrs. Light gathered up the dusky locks and let them fall through her fingers, glancing at her visitor with a significant smile. Rowland had never been in the East, but if he had attempted to make a sketch of an old slave-merchant, calling attention to the "points" of a Circassian beauty, he would have depicted such a smile as Mrs. Light's. "Mamma's not really shocked," added Christina in a moment, as if she had guessed her mother's by-play. "She is only afraid that Mr. Hudson might have injured my hair, and that, *per conseguenza*, I should sell for less."

"You unnatural child!" cried mamma. "You deserve that I should make a fright of you!" And with half a dozen skillful passes she twisted the tresses into a single picturesque braid, placed high on the head, as a kind of coronal.

"What does your mother do when she wants to do you justice?" Rowland asked, observing the admirable line of the young girl's neck.

"I do her justice when I say she says very improper things. What is one to

do with such a thorn in the flesh?" Mrs. Light demanded.

"Think of it at your leisure, Mr. Mallet," said Christina, "and when you've discovered something, let us hear. But I must tell you that I shall not willingly believe in any remedy of yours, for you have something in your physiognomy that particularly provokes me to make the remarks that my mother so sincerely deplores. I noticed it the first time I saw you. I think it's because your face is so broad. For some reason or other, broad faces exasperate me; they fill me with a kind of *rabbia*. Last summer, at Carlsbad, there was an Austrian count, with enormous estates and some great office at court. He was very attentive — seriously so; he was really very far gone. *Cela ne tenait qu' à moi!* But I could n't; he was impossible! He must have measured, from ear to ear, at least a yard and a half. And he was blonde, too, which made it worse, — as blonde as Stenterello; pure fleece! So I said to him frankly, 'Many thanks, Herr Graf; your uniform is magnificent, but your face is too fat.'"

"I'm afraid that mine also," said Rowland, with a smile, "seems just now to have assumed an unpardonable latitude."

"Oh, I take it you know very well that we are looking for a husband, and that none but tremendous swells need apply. Surely, before these gentlemen, mamma, I may speak freely; they are disinterested. Mr. Mallet won't do, because, though he's rich, he's not rich enough. Mamma made that discovery the day after we went to see you, moved to it by the promising look of your furniture. I hope she was right, eh? Unless you have millions, you know, you have no chance."

"I feel like a beggar," said Rowland.

"Oh, some better girl than I will decide some day, after mature reflection, that on the whole you have enough. Mr. Hudson, of course, is nowhere; he has nothing but his genius and his *beaux yeux*."

Roderick had stood looking at Christina intently, while she delivered herself,

softly and slowly, of this surprising nonsense. When she had finished, she turned and looked at him; their eyes met, and he blushed a little. "Let me model you, and he who can may marry you!" he said, abruptly.

Mrs. Light, while her daughter talked, had been adding a few touches to her coiffure. "She is not so silly as you might suppose," she said to Rowland, with dignity. "If you will give me your arm, we will go and look at the bust."

"Does that represent a silly girl?" Christina demanded, when they stood before it.

Rowland transferred his glance several times from the portrait to the original. "It represents a young lady," he said, "whom I should n't pretend to judge off-hand."

"She may be a fool, but you're not sure. Many thanks! You have seen me half a dozen times. You are either very slow or I'm very deep."

"I'm certainly slow," said Rowland. "I don't expect to make up my mind about you within six months."

"I'll give you six months if you'll promise then a perfectly frank opinion. Mind, I shan't forget; I shall insist upon it."

"Well, though I'm slow, I'm tolerably brave," said Rowland. "We shall see."

Christina looked at the bust with a sigh. "I'm afraid, after all," she said, "that there's very little wisdom in it save what the artist has put there. Mr. Hudson looked particularly wise while he was working; he scowled and growled, but he never opened his mouth. It is very kind of him not to have represented me gapping."

"If I had talked a lot of stuff to you," said Roderick, roundly, "the thing would n't have been a tenth so good."

"Is it good, after all? Mr. Mallet is a famous connoisseur; has n't he come here to pronounce?"

The bust was in fact a very happy performance, and Roderick had risen to the level of his subject. It was thor-

oughly a portrait, and not a vague fantasy executed on a graceful theme, as the busts of pretty women, in modern sculpture, are apt to be. The resemblance was deep and vivid; there was extreme fidelity of detail and yet a noble simplicity. One could say of the head that, without idealization, it was a representation of ideal beauty. Rowland, however, as we know, was not fond of exploding into superlatives, and, after examining the piece, contented himself with suggesting two or three alterations of detail.

"Nay, how can you be so cruel?" demanded Mrs. Light, with soft reproachfulness. "It is surely a wonderful thing!"

"Rowland knows it's a wonderful thing," said Roderick, smiling. "I can tell that by his face. The other day I finished something he thought bad, and he looked very differently from this."

"How did Mr. Mallet look?" asked Christina.

"My dear Rowland," said Roderick, "I'm speaking of my seated woman. You looked as if you had on a pair of tight boots."

"Ah, my child, you'll not understand that!" cried Mrs. Light. "You never yet had a pair that were small enough."

"It's a pity, Mr. Hudson," said Christina, gravely, "that you could not have introduced my feet into the bust. But we can hang a pair of slippers round the neck!"

"I nevertheless like your statues, Roderick," Rowland rejoined, "better than your jokes. This is admirable. Miss Light, you may be proud!"

"Thank you, Mr. Mallet, for the permission," rejoined the young girl.

"I'm dying to see it in the marble, with a red velvet screen behind it," said Mrs. Light.

"Placed there under the Sassoferrato!" Christina went on. "I hope you keep well in mind, Mr. Hudson, that you have not a grain of property in your work, and that if mamma chooses, she may have it photographed and the copies sold in the Piazza di Spagna, at five

frances apiece, without your having a sou of the profits."

"Amen!" said Roderick. "It was so nominated in the bond. My profits are here!" and he tapped his forehead.

"It would be prettier if you said *here!*" And Christina touched her heart.

"My precious child, how you do run on!" murmured Mrs. Light.

"It's Mr. Mallet," the young girl answered. "I can't talk a word of sense so long as he is in the room. I don't say that to make you go," she added, "I say it simply to justify myself."

Rowland bowed in silence. Roderick declared that he must get at work and requested Christina to take her usual position, and Mrs. Light proposed to her visitor that they should adjourn to her *boudoir*. This was a small room, hardly more spacious than an alcove, opening out of the drawing-room and having no other issue. Here, as they entered, on a divan near the door Rowland perceived the Cavaliere Giacosa, with his arms folded, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes closed.

"Sleeping at his post!" said Rowland with a kindly laugh.

"That's a punishable offense," rejoined Mrs. Light, sharply. She was on the point of calling him, in the same tone, when he suddenly opened his eyes, stared a moment, and then rose with a smile and a bow.

"Excuse me, dear lady," he said, "I was overcome by the — the great heat."

"Nonsense, Cavaliere!" cried the lady, "you know we are perishing here with the cold! You had better go and cool yourself in one of the other rooms."

"I obey, dear lady," said the Cavaliere; and with another smile and bow to Rowland he departed, walking very discreetly on his toes. Rowland outstayed him but a short time, for he was not fond of Mrs. Light, and he found nothing very inspiring in her frank intimation that if he chose, he might become a favorite. He was disgusted with himself for pleasing her; he confounded his fatal urbanity. In the court-yard of the palace he overtook the Cavaliere,

who had stopped at the porter's lodge to say a word to his little girl. She was a young lady of very tender years and she wore a very dirty pinafore. He had taken her up in his arms and was singing an infantine rhyme to her, and she was staring at him with big, soft, Roman eyes. On seeing Rowland he put her down with a kiss, and stepped forward with a conscious grin, an unresentful admission that he was sensitive both to chubbiness and to ridicule. Rowland began to pity him again; he had taken his dismissal from the drawing-room so meekly.

"You don't keep your promise," said Rowland, "to come and see me. Don't forget it. I want you to tell me about Rome thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago? Ah, dear sir, Rome is Rome still; a place where strange things happen! But happy things too, since I have your renewed permission to call. You do me too much honor. Is it in the morning or in the evening that I should least intrude?"

"Take your own time, Cavaliere; only come, sometime. I depend upon you," said Rowland.

The Cavaliere thanked him with an humble obeisance. To the Cavaliere, too, he felt that he was, in Roman phrase, sympathetic, but the idea of pleasing this extremely reduced gentleman was not disagreeable to him.

Miss Light's bust stood for a while on exhibition in Roderick's studio, and half the foreign colony came to see it. With the completion of his work, however, Roderick's visits at the Palazzo F—— by no means came to an end. He spent half his time in Mrs. Light's drawing-room, and began to be talked about as "attentive" to Christina. The success of the bust restored his equanimity, and in the garrulity of his good-humor he suffered Rowland to see that she was just now the object uppermost in his thoughts. Rowland, when they talked of her, was rather listener than speaker; partly because Roderick's own tone was so resonant and exultant, and partly because, when his companion laughed at him for having called her unsafe, he

was too perplexed to defend himself. The impression remained that she was unsafe; that she was a complex, willful, passionate creature, who might easily ingulf a too confiding spirit in the eddies of her capricious temper. And yet he strongly felt her charm; the eddies had a strange fascination! Roderick, in the glow of that renewed admiration provoked by the fixed attention of portrayal, was never weary of descanting on the extraordinary perfection of her beauty.

"I had no idea of it," he said, "till I began to look at her with an eye to reproducing line for line and curve for curve. Her face is the most exquisite piece of modeling that ever came from creative hands. Not a line without meaning, not a hair's breadth that's not admirably finished. And then her mouth! It's as if a pair of lips had been shaped to utter pure truth without doing it dishonor!" Later, after he had been working for a week, he declared if Miss Light were inordinately plain, she would still be the most fascinating of women. "I've quite forgotten her beauty," he said, "or rather I have ceased to perceive it as something distinct and defined, something independent of the rest of her. She's all one, and all consummately interesting!"

"What does she do—what does she say, that is so remarkable?" Rowland had asked.

"Say? Sometimes nothing—sometimes everything. She's never the same. Sometimes she walks in and takes her place without a word, without a smile, gravely, stiffly, as if it were an awful bore. She hardly looks at me, and she walks away without even glancing at my work. On other days she laughs and chatters and asks endless questions, and pours out the most irresistible nonsense. She's a creature of moods; you can't count upon her; she keeps observation on the stretch. And then, bless you, she has seen such a lot! Her talk is full of the oddest allusions!"

"It is altogether a very singular type of young lady," said Rowland, after the visit which I have related at length.

"It may be a charm, but it is certainly not the orthodox charm of marriageable maidenhood, the charm of shrinking innocence and soft docility. Our American girls are accused of being more knowing than any others, and Miss Light is nominally an American. But it has taken twenty years of Europe to make her what she is. The first time we saw her, I remember you called her a product of the old world, and certainly you were not far wrong."

"Ah, she has an atmosphere," said Roderick, in the tone of high appreciation.

"Young unmarried women," Rowland answered, "should be careful not to have too much!"

"Ah, you don't forgive her," cried his companion, "for hitting you so hard! A man ought to be flattered at such a girl as that taking so much notice of him."

"A man is never flattered at a woman's not liking him."

"Are you sure she does n't like you? That's to the credit of your humility. A fellow of more vanity might, on the evidence, persuade himself that he ~~was~~ in favor."

"He would have also," said Rowland, laughing, "to be a fellow of remarkable ingenuity!" He asked himself privately how the deuce Roderick reconciled it to his conscience to think so much more of the girl he was not engaged to than of the girl he was. But it amounted almost to arrogance, you may say, in poor Rowland to pretend to know how often Roderick thought of Miss Garland. He wondered gloomily, at any rate, whether for men of his companion's large, easy power, there was not a larger moral law than for narrow mediocrities like himself, who, yielding Nature a meagre interest on her investment (such as it was), had no reason to expect from her this affectionate laxity as to their accounts. Was it not a part of the eternal fitness of things that Roderick, while rhapsodizing about Miss Light, should have it at his command to look at you with eyes of the most guileless and unclouded blue, and to shake off your musty imputations

by a toss of his picturesque brown locks? Or had he, in fact, no conscience to speak of? Happy fellow, either way!

Our friend Gloriani came, among others, to congratulate Roderick on his model and what he had made of her. "Devilish pretty, through and through!" he said as he looked at the bust. "Capital handling of the neck and throat; lovely work on the nose. You're a detestably lucky fellow, my boy! But you ought n't to have squandered such material on a simple bust; you should have made a great imaginative figure. If I could only have got hold of her, I would have put her into a statue in spite of herself. What a pity she is not a ragged Trasteverine, whom we might have for a franc an hour! I have been carrying about in my head for years a delicious design for a fantastic figure, but it has always stayed there for want of a tolerable model. I have seen intimations of the type, but Miss Light is the perfection of it. As soon as I saw her I said to myself, 'By Jove, there's my statue in the flesh!'"

"What is your subject?" asked Roderick.

"Don't take it ill," said Gloriani. "You know I'm the very deuce for observation. She would make a magnificent Herodias!"

If Roderick had taken it ill (which was unlikely, for we know he thought Gloriani an ass, and expected little of his wisdom), he might have been soothed by the candid incense of Sam Singleton, who came and sat for an hour in a sort of mental prostration before both bust and artist. But Roderick's attitude before his patient little devotee was one of undisguised though friendly amusement; and, indeed, judged from a strictly plastic point of view, the poor fellow's diminutive stature, his enormous mouth, his pimples, and his yellow hair were sufficiently ridiculous. "Nay, don't envy our friend," Rowland said to Singleton afterwards, on his expressing, with a little groan of depreciation of his own paltry performances, his sense of the brilliancy of Roderick's talent. "You sail nearer the shore, but you sail in

smoother waters. Be contented with what you are and paint me another picture."

"Oh, I don't envy Hudson anything he possesses," Singleton said, "because to take anything away would spoil his beautiful completeness. 'Complete,' that's what he is; while we little clevernesses are like half-ripened plums, only good eating on the side that has had a glimpse of the sun. Nature has made him so, and fortune confesses to it! He is the handsomest fellow in Rome, he has the most genius, and, as a matter of course, the most beautiful girl in the world comes and offers to be his model. If that is not completeness, where shall we find it?"

One morning, going into Roderick's studio, Rowland found the young sculptor entertaining Miss Blanchard — if this is not too flattering a description of his gracefully passive tolerance of her presence. He had never liked her and never climbed into her sky-studio to observe her wonderful manipulation of petals. He had once quoted Tennyson against her: —

"And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

"In all Miss Blanchard's roses you may be sure there is a moral," he had said. "You can see it sticking out its head, and, if you go to smell the flower, it scratches your nose." But on this occasion she had come with a propitiatory gift — introducing her friend, Mr. Leavenworth. Mr. Leavenworth was a tall, expansive, bland gentleman, with a carefully brushed whisker and a spacious, fair, well-favored face, which seemed, somehow, to have more room in it than was occupied by a smile of superior benevolence, so that (with his smooth, white forehead) it bore a certain resemblance to a large parlor with a very florid carpet, but no pictures on the walls. He held his head high, talked sonorously, and told Roderick, within five minutes, that he was a widower, traveling to distract his mind, and that he had lately retired from the proprietorship of large mines of borax in Pennsylvania. Roderick supposed at

first that, in his character of depressed widower, he had come to order a tombstone; but observing then the extreme blandness of his address to Miss Blanchard, he credited him with a judicious prevision that by the time the tombstone was completed, a monument of his inconsolability might have become an anachronism. But Mr. Leavenworth was disposed to order something.

"You will find me eager to patronize our indigenous talent," he said. "I am erecting a stately mansion in my native town, and I propose to have it handsomely decorated. It has been the will of Heaven to plunge me into mourning; but art has consolations! In a tasteful home, surrounded by the memorials of my wanderings, I hope to recover my spirits. I ordered in Paris a complete set of fittings for my dining-room. Do you think you could do something for my library? It is to be extensively paneled in black walnut, and I think a pure white image in this style," — pointing to one of Roderick's statues, — "standing out against the sombre background, would have a noble effect. The subject I have already fixed upon. I desire an allegorical representation of Culture. Do you think, now," asked Mr. Leavenworth, encouragingly, "you could rise to the conception?"

"A most interesting subject for a truly serious mind," remarked Miss Blanchard.

Roderick looked at her a moment and then — "The simplest thing I could do," he said, "would be to make a full-length portrait of Miss Blanchard. I could give her a scroll in her hand, and that would do for the allegory."

Miss Blanchard colored; the compliment might be ironical; and there was ever afterwards a reflection of her uncertainty in her opinion of Roderick's works. Mr. Leavenworth responded that with all deference to Miss Blanchard's beauty, he desired something colder, more monumental, more impersonal. "If I were to be the happy possessor of a likeness of Miss Blanchard," he added, "I should prefer to have it in no factitious disguise!"

Roderick consented to entertain the proposal, and while they were discussing it, Rowland had a little talk with the fair artist. "Who's your friend?" he asked.

"A very worthy man. The architect of his own fortune — which is magnificent. One of nature's gentlemen!"

This was a trifle sententious, and Rowland turned to the bust of Miss Light. Like every one else in Rome, by this time, Miss Blanchard had an opinion on the young girl's beauty, and, in her own fashion, she expressed it epigrammatically. "She looks half like a Madonna and half like a *ballerina*," she said.

Mr. Leavenworth and Roderick came to an understanding, and the young sculptor good-naturedly promised to do his best to rise to his patron's conception. "His conception be hanged!" Roderick exclaimed, after he had departed. "His conception is sitting on a globe with a pen in her ear and a photographic album in her hand. I shall have to conceive, myself. For the money, I ought to be able to!"

Mrs. Light, meanwhile, had fairly established herself in Roman society. "Heaven knows how!" Madame Grandoni said to Rowland, who had mentioned to her several evidences of the lady's prosperity. "In such a case there is nothing like audacity. A month ago she knew no one but her washerwoman, and now I'm told that the cards of Roman princesses are to be seen on her table. She is evidently determined to play a great part, and she has the wit to perceive that, to make remunerative acquaintances, you must seem yourself to be worth knowing. You must have striking rooms and a confusing variety of dresses, and give good dinners, and so forth. She is spending a lot of money, and you'll see that in two or three weeks she will take upon herself to open the season by giving a magnificent ball. Of course it is Christina's beauty that floats her. People go to see her because they are curious."

"And they go again because they are

charmed," said Rowland. "Miss Christina is a very remarkable young lady."

"Oh, I know it well; I had occasion to say so to myself the other day. She came to see me, of her own free will, and for an hour she was deeply interesting. I think she's an actress, but she believes in her part while she is playing it. She took it into her head the other day to believe that she was very unhappy, and she sat there, where you are sitting, and told me a tale of her miseries which brought tears into my eyes. She cried, herself, profusely, and as naturally as possible. She said she was weary of life and that she knew no one but me she could speak frankly to. She must speak, or she would go mad. She sobbed as if her heart would break. I assure you it's well for you susceptible young men that you don't see her when she sobs. She said, in so many words, that her mother was an immoral woman. Heaven knows what she meant. She meant, I suppose, that she makes debts that she knows she can't pay. She said the life they led was horrible; that it was monstrous a poor girl should be dragged about the world to be sold to the highest bidder. She was meant for better things; she could be perfectly happy in poverty. It was not money she wanted. I might not believe her, but she really cared for serious things. Sometimes she thought of taking poison!"

"What did you say to that?"

"I recommended her," said Madame Grandoni, "to come and see me instead. I would help her about as much, and I was, on the whole, less unpleasant. Of course I could help her only by letting her talk herself out and kissing her and patting her beautiful hands and telling her to be patient and she would be happy yet. About once in two months I expect her to reappear, on the same errand, and meanwhile to quite forget my existence. I believe I melted down to the point of telling her that I would find some good, quiet, affectionate husband for her; but she declared, almost with fury, that she was sick unto death of husbands, and begged

I would never again mention the word. And, in fact, it was a rash offer; for I am sure that there is not a man of the kind that might really make a woman happy, but would be afraid to marry mademoiselle. Looked at in that way she is certainly very much to be pitied, and indeed, altogether, though I don't think she either means all she says or, by a great deal, says all that she means. I feel very sorry for her."

Rowland met the two ladies, about this time, at several entertainments, and looked at Christina with a kind of distant *attendrissement*. He imagined more than once that there had been a passionate scene between them about coming out, and wondered what arguments Mrs. Light had found effective. But Christina's face told no tales, and she moved about, beautiful and silent, looking absently over people's heads, barely heeding the men who pressed about her, and suggesting somehow that the soul of a world-weary mortal had found its way into the blooming body of a goddess. "Where in the world has Miss Light been before she is twenty," observers asked, "to have left all her illusions behind?" And the general verdict was, that though she was incomparably beautiful, she was intolerably proud. Young ladies to whom the former distinction was not conceded were free to reflect that she was "not at all liked."

It would have been difficult to guess, however, how they reconciled this conviction with a variety of conflicting evidence, and, in especial, with the spectacle of Roderick's inveterate devotion. All Rome might behold that he, at least, "liked" Christina Light. Wherever she appeared he was either awaiting her or immediately followed her. He was perpetually at her side, trying, apparently, to preserve the thread of a disconnected talk, the fate of which was, to judge by her face, profoundly immaterial to the young lady. People in general smiled at the radiant good faith of the handsome young sculptor, and asked each other whether he really supposed that beauties of that quality were meant to wed with poor artists. But

although Christina's deportment, as I have said, was one of superb inexpressiveness, Rowland had derived from Roderick no suspicion that he suffered from snubbing, and he was therefore surprised at an incident which befell one evening at a large musical party. Roderick, as usual, was in the field, and, on the ladies taking the chairs which had been arranged for them, he immediately placed himself beside Christina. As most of the gentlemen were standing, his position made him as conspicuous as Hamlet at Ophelia's feet, at the play. Rowland was leaning, somewhat apart, against the chimney-piece. There was a long, solemn pause before the music began, and in the midst of it Christina rose, left her place, came the whole length of the immense room, with every one looking at her, and stopped before him. She was neither pale nor flushed; she had a soft smile.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked.

"A thousand!"

"Not now, but at your earliest convenience. Please remind Mr. Hudson that he is not in a New England village—that it is not the custom in Rome to address one's conversation exclusively, night after night, to the same poor girl, and that" . . .

The music broke out with a great blare and covered her voice. She made a gesture of impatience, and Rowland offered her his arm and led her back to her seat.

The next day he repeated her words to Roderick, who burst into joyous laughter. "She's a delightfully strange girl!" he cried. "She must do everything that comes into her head!"

"Had she never asked you before not to talk to her so much?"

"On the contrary, she has often said to me, 'Mind you now, I forbid you to leave me. Here comes that tiresome So-and-so.' She cares as little about the custom as I do. What could be a better proof than her walking up to you, with five hundred people looking at her? Is that the custom for young girls in Rome?"

"Why, then, should she take such a step?"

"Because, as she sat there, it came into her head. That's reason enough for her. I have imagined she wishes me well, as they say here—though she has never distinguished me in such a way as that!"

Madame Grandoni had foretold the truth; Mrs. Light, a couple of weeks later, convoked all Roman society to a brilliant ball. Rowland went late and found the staircase so encumbered with flower-pots and servants that he was a long time making his way into the presence of the hostess. At last he approached her, as she stood making courtesies at the door, with her daughter by her side. Some of Mrs. Light's courtesies were very low, for she had the happiness of receiving a number of the social potentates of the Roman world. She was rosy with triumph, to say nothing of a less metaphysical cause, and was evidently vastly contented with herself, with her company, and with the general promise of destiny. Her daughter was less overtly jubilant, and distributed her greetings with impartial frigidity. She had never been so beautiful. Dressed simply in vaporous white, relieved with half a dozen white roses, the perfection of her features and of her person and the mysterious depth of her expression seemed to glow with the white light of a splendid pearl. She recognized no one individually and made her courtesy slowly, gravely, with her eyes on the ground. Rowland fancied that, as he stood before her, her obeisance was slightly exaggerated, as with an intention of irony; but he smiled philosophically to himself, and reflected, as he passed into the room, that, if she did dislike him, he had nothing to reproach himself with. He walked about, had a few words with Miss Blanchard, who, with a fillet of cameos in her hair, was leaning on the arm of Mr. Leavenworth, and at last came upon the Cavaliere Giacosa, modestly stationed in a corner. The little gentleman's coat-lappet was decorated with an enormous bouquet and his neck encased in a volu-

minous white handkerchief of the fashion of thirty years ago. His arms were folded, and he was surveying the scene with contracted eyelids, through which you saw the glitter of his intensely black, vivacious pupil. He immediately embarked on an elaborate apology for not having yet manifested, as he felt it, his sense of the honor Rowland had done him.

"I am always on service with these ladies, you see," he explained, "and that is a duty to which one would not willingly be faithless for an instant."

"Evidently," said Rowland, "you are a very devoted friend. Mrs. Light, in her situation, is very happy in having you."

"We are old friends," said the Cavaliere, gravely. "Old friends. I knew the signora many years ago, when she was the prettiest woman in Rome — or rather in Ancona, which is even better. The beautiful Christina, now, is perhaps the most beautiful young girl in Europe!"

"Very likely," said Rowland.

"Very well, sir, I taught her to read; I guided her little hands to touch the piano keys." And at these faded memories, the Cavaliere's eyes glittered more brightly. Rowland half expected him to proceed, with a little flash of long-repressed passion, "And now — and now, sir, they treat me as you observed the other day!" But the Cavaliere only looked out at him keenly from among his wrinkles, and seemed to say, with all the vividness of the Italian glance, "Oh, I say nothing more. I am not so shallow as to complain!"

Evidently the Cavaliere was not shallow, and Rowland repeated respectfully, "You're a devoted friend."

"That's very true. I'm a devoted friend. A man may do himself justice, after twenty years!"

Rowland, after a pause, made some remark about the beauty of the ball. It was very brilliant.

"Stupendous!" said the Cavaliere, solemnly. "It is a great day. We have four Roman princes, to say nothing of others." And he counted them over on his fingers and held up his hand triumph-

antly. "And there she stands, the girl to whom I — I, Giuseppe Giacosa — taught her alphabet and her piano-scales; there she stands in her incomparable beauty, and Roman princes come and bow to her! Here, in his corner, Giuseppe Giacosa permits himself to be proud."

"It is very friendly of him," said Rowland, smiling.

The Cavaliere contracted his lids a little more and gave another keen glance. "It's very natural, signore. The Christina is a good girl; she remembers my little services. But here comes," he added in a moment, "the young Prince of the Fine Arts. I am sure he has bowed lowest of all."

Rowland looked round and saw Roderick moving slowly across the room and casting about him his usual luminous, unshrinking looks. He presently joined them, nodded familiarly to the Cavaliere, and immediately demanded of Rowland, "Have you seen her?"

"I've seen Miss Light," said Rowland. "She's magnificent."

"I'm half crazy!" cried Roderick; so loud that several persons turned round.

Rowland saw that he was flushed, and laid his hand on his arm. Roderick was trembling. "If you will go away," Rowland said instantly, "I will go with you."

"Go away?" cried Roderick, almost angrily. "I'm going to dance with her!"

The Cavaliere had been watching him attentively; he gently laid his hand on his other arm. "Softly, softly, dear young man," he said. "Let me speak to you as a friend."

"Oh, speak even as an enemy and I shan't mind it," Roderick answered, frowning.

"Be very reasonable, then, and go away."

"Why the deuce should I go away?"

"Because you're in love," said the Cavaliere.

"I might as well be in love here as in the streets."

"Carry your love as far as possible

from Christina. She won't listen to you — she can't."

"She 'can't'?" demanded Roderick. "She is not a person of whom you may say that. She can if she will; she does as she chooses."

"Up to a certain point. It would take too long to explain; I only beg you to believe that if you continue to love Miss Light you will be very unhappy. Have you a princely title? have you a princely fortune? Otherwise you can never have her."

And the Cavaliere folded his arms again, like a man who has done his duty. Roderick wiped his forehead and looked askance at Rowland; he seemed to be guessing his thoughts and they made him blush a little. But he smiled blandly, and addressing the Cavaliere, "I'm much obliged to you for the information," he said. "Now that I have obtained it, let me tell you that I'm no more in love with Miss Light than you are! Mr. Mallet knows that. I admire her — yes, profoundly. But that's no one's business but my own, and though I have, as you say, neither a princely title nor a princely fortune, I mean to suffer neither those advantages nor those who possess them to diminish my right."

"If you are not in love, my dear young man," said the Cavaliere, with his hand on his heart and an apologetic bow, "so much the better. But let me entreat you, as an affectionate friend, to keep a watch on your emotions. You are young, you are handsome, you have a brilliant genius and a generous heart, but — I may say it almost with authority — Christina is not for you."

Whether Roderick was in love or not, he was nettled by what apparently seemed to him an obtrusive negation of an inspiring possibility. "You speak as if she had made her choice!" he cried. "Without pretending to confidential information on the subject, I'm sure she has not."

"No, but she must make it soon," said the Cavaliere. And raising his forefinger, he laid it against his under lip. "She must choose a name and a fortune — and she will!"

"She will do exactly as her inclination prompts! She will marry the man who pleases her, if he has n't a dollar! I know her better than you."

The Cavaliere turned a little paler than usual, and smiled more urbanely. "No, no, my dear young man, you do not know her better than I. You have n't watched her, day by day, for twenty years. I too have admired her. She is a good girl; she has never said an unkind word to me; the blessed Virgin be thanked! But she must have a brilliant destiny; it has been marked out for her, and she will submit. You had better believe me; it may save you much suffering."

"We shall see!" said Roderick, with an excited laugh.

"Certainly we shall see. But I retire from the discussion," the Cavaliere added. "I have no wish to provoke you to attempt to prove to me that I am wrong. You are already excited."

"No more than is natural to a man who in an hour or so is to dance the cotillon with Miss Light."

"The cotillon? has she promised?"

Roderick patted the air with a grand confidence. "You'll see!" His gesture might almost have been taken to mean that the state of his relations with Miss Light was such that they quite dispensed with vain formalities.

The Cavaliere gave an exaggerated shrug. "You'll make a great many mourners!"

"He has made one already!" Rowland murmured to himself. This was evidently not the first time that reference had been made between Roderick and the Cavaliere to the young man's possible passion, and Roderick had failed to consider it the simplest and most natural course to say in three words to the vigilant little gentleman that there was no cause for alarm — his affections were preoccupied. Rowland hoped, silently, with some dryness, that his motives were of a finer kind than they seemed to be. He turned away; it was irritating to look at Roderick's radiant, unscrupulous eagerness. The tide was setting toward the supper-room and he drifted with it to

the door. The crowd at this point was dense, and he was obliged to wait for some minutes before he could advance. At last he felt his neighbors dividing behind him, and turning he saw Christina pressing her way forward alone. She was looking at no one, and, save for the fact of her being alone, you would not have supposed she was in her mother's house. As she recognized Rowland she beckoned to him, took his arm, and motioned him to lead her into the supper-room. She said nothing until he had forced a passage and they stood somewhat isolated.

"Take me into the most out-of-the-way corner you can find," she then said, "and then go and get me a piece of bread."

"Nothing more? There seems to be everything conceivable."

"A simple roll. Nothing more, on your peril. Only bring something for yourself."

It seemed to Rowland that the embrasure of a window (embrasures in Roman palaces are deep) was a retreat sufficiently obscure for Miss Light to execute whatever design she might have contrived against his equanimity. A roll, after he had found her a seat, was easily procured. As he presented it, he remarked that, frankly speaking, he was at loss to understand why she should have selected for the honor of a *tête-à-tête* an individual for whom she had so little taste.

"Ah yes, I dislike you," said Christina. "To tell the truth, I had forgotten it. There are so many people here whom I dislike more, that when I espied you just now, you seemed like a valued friend. But I've not come into this corner to talk nonsense," she went on. "You must not think I always do, eh?"

"I have never heard you do anything else," said Rowland, deliberately, having decided that he owed her no compliments.

"Very good. I like your frankness. It's quite true. You see, I'm a strange girl. To begin with, I'm frightfully egotistical. Don't flatter yourself you have said anything very clever if you ever

take it into your head to tell me so. I know it much better than you. So it is, I can't help it. I'm tired to death of myself; I would give all I possess to get out of myself; but somehow, at the end, I find myself so vastly more interesting than nine tenths of the people I meet. If a person wished to do me a favor I would say to him, 'I beg you, with tears in my eyes, to *interest* me. Be strong, be positive, be imperious, if you will; only be *something*, something that, in looking at, I can forget my detestable self!' Perhaps that is nonsense too. If it is, I can't help it. I can only apologize for the nonsense I know to be such and that I talk — oh, for more reasons than I can tell you! I wonder whether, if I were to try, you would understand me."

"I'm afraid I should never understand," said Rowland, "why a person should willingly talk nonsense."

"That proves how little you know about women. But I like your frankness. When I told you the other day that you displeased me, I had an idea you were more formal, — how do you say it? — more *guindé*. I'm very capricious. To-night I like you better."

"Oh, I'm not *guindé*," said Rowland, gravely.

"I beg your pardon, then, for thinking so. Now I have an idea that you would make a useful friend — an intimate friend — a friend to whom one could tell everything. For such a friend, what would n't I give!"

Rowland looked at her in some perplexity. Was this touching sincerity, or unfathomable coquetry? Her beautiful eyes looked divinely candid; but then, if candor was beautiful, beauty was apt to be subtle. "I hesitate to recommend myself out and out for the office," he said, "but I believe that if you were to depend upon me for anything that a friend may do, I shall not be found wanting."

"Very good. One of the first things one asks of a friend is to judge one, not by isolated acts, but by one's whole conduct. I care for your opinion — I don't know why."

"Nor do I, I confess," said Rowland with a laugh.

"What do you think of this affair?" she continued, without heeding it.

"Of your ball? Why, it's a very grand affair."

"It's horrible — that's what it is! It's a mere rabble! There are people here whom I never saw before, people who were never asked. Mamma went about inviting every one, asking other people to invite any one they knew, doing anything to have a crowd. I hope she is satisfied! It is not my doing. I feel weary, I feel angry, I feel like crying. I have twenty minds to escape into my room and lock the door and let mamma go through with it as she can. By the way," she added in a moment, without a visible reason for the transition, "can you tell me something to read?"

Rowland stared, at the disconnectedness of the question.

"Can you recommend me some books?" she repeated. "I know you are a great reader. I've no one else to ask. We can buy no books. We can make debts for jewelry and bonnets and five-buttoned gloves, but we can't spend a sou for ideas. And yet, though you may not believe it, I like ideas quite as well."

"I shall be most happy to lend you some books," Rowland said. "I'll pick some out to-morrow and send them to you."

"No novels, please! I'm tired of novels. I can imagine better stories for myself than any I read. Some good poetry, if there is such a thing now-days, and some memoirs and histories and books of facts."

"You shall be served. Your taste agrees with my own."

She was silent a moment, looking at him. Then suddenly — "Tell me something about Mr. Hudson," she demanded. "You are great friends?"

"Oh yes," said Rowland; "we are great friends."

"Tell me about him. Come, begin!"

"Where shall I begin? You know him for yourself."

"No, I don't know him; I don't find

him so easy to know. Since he has finished my bust and begun to come here disinterestedly, he has become a great talker. He says very fine things; but does he mean all he says?"

"Few of us do that."

"You do, I imagine. You ought to know, for he tells me you discovered him." Rowland was silent, and Christina continued, "Do you consider him very clever?"

"Unquestionably."

"His talent is really something out of the common way?"

"So it seems to me."

"In short, he's a man of genius?"

"Yes, call it genius."

"And you found him vegetating in a little village and took him by the hand and set him on his feet in Rome?"

"Is that the popular legend?" asked Rowland.

"Oh, you need n't be modest. There was no great merit in it; there would have been none at least on my part, in the same circumstances. Real geniuses are not so common, and if I had discovered one in the wilderness, I would have brought him out into the market-place to see how he would behave. It would be excessively amusing. You must find it so to watch Mr. Hudson, eh? Tell me this: do you think he is going to be a great man — become famous, have his life written, and all that?"

"I don't prophesy, but I have good hopes."

Christina was silent. She stretched out her bare arm and looked at it a moment absently, turning it so as to see — or almost to see — the dimple in her elbow. This was apparently a frequent gesture with her; Rowland had already observed it. It was as coolly and naturally done as if she had been in her room alone. "So he's a man of genius," she suddenly resumed. "Don't you think I ought to be extremely flattered to have a man of genius perpetually hanging about? He's the first I ever saw, but I should have known he was not a common mortal. There is something strange about him. To begin with, he has no manners. You may

say that it's not for me to blame him, for I have none myself. That's very true, but the difference is that I can have them when I wish to (and very charming ones too; I'll show you some day); whereas Mr. Hudson will never have them. And yet, somehow, one sees he's a gentleman. He seems to have something urging, driving, pushing him, making him restless and defiant. You see it in his eyes. They are the finest, by the way, I ever saw. When a person has such eyes as that you can forgive him his bad manners. I suppose that is what they call the sacred fire."

Rowland made no answer except to ask her in a moment if she would have another roll. She merely shook her head and went on:—

"Tell me how you found him. Where was he — how was he?"

"He was in a place called Northampton. Did you ever hear of it? He was studying law — but not learning it."

"It appears it was something horrible, eh?"

"Something horrible?"

"This little village. No society, no pleasures, no beauty, no life."

"You have received a false impression. Northampton is not as gay as Rome, but Roderick had some charming friends."

"Tell me about them. Who were they?"

"Well, there was my cousin, through whom I made his acquaintance: a delightful person."

"Young — pretty?"

"Yes, a good deal of both. And very clever."

"Did he make love to her?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, who else?"

"He lived with his mother. She is the best of women."

"Ah yes, I know all that one's mother is. But she does n't count as society. And who else?"

Rowland hesitated. He wondered whether Christina's insistence was the result of a general interest in Roderick's antecedents or of a particular suspicion.

He looked at her; she was looking at him a little askance, waiting for his answer. As Roderick had said nothing about his engagement to the Cavaliere, it was probable that with this beautiful girl he had not been more explicit. And yet the thing was announced, it was public; that other girl was happy in it, proud of it. Rowland felt a kind of dumb anger rising in his heart. He deliberated a moment intently.

"What are you frowning at?" Christina asked.

"There was another person," he answered, "the most important of all: the young girl to whom he is engaged."

Christina stared a moment, raising her eyebrows. "Ah, Mr. Hudson is engaged?" she said, very simply. "Is she pretty?"

"She is not called a beauty," said Rowland. He meant to practice great brevity, but in a moment he added, "I have seen beauties, however, who pleased me less."

"Ah, she pleases *you*, too? Why don't they marry?"

"Roderick is waiting till he can afford to marry."

Christina slowly put out her arm again and looked at the dimple in her elbow.

"Ah, he's engaged?" she repeated in the same tone. "He never told me."

Rowland perceived at this moment that the people about them were beginning to return to the dancing-room, and immediately afterwards he saw Roderick making his way toward themselves. Roderick presented himself before Miss Light with a bow.

"I don't claim that you have promised me the cotillon," he said, "but I consider that you have given me hopes which warrant the confidence that you will dance with me."

Christina looked at him a moment. "Certainly I have made no promises," she said. "It seemed to me that, as the daughter of the house, I should keep myself free and let it depend on circumstances."

"I beseech you to dance with me!" said Roderick, with vehemence.

Christina rose and began to laugh.

"You say that very well, but the Italians do it better."

This assertion seemed likely to be put to the proof. Mrs. Light hastily approached, leading, rather than led by, a tall, slim young man, of an unmistakably Southern physiognomy. "My precious love," she cried, "what a place to hide in! We have been looking for you for twenty minutes; I have chosen a cavalier for you, and chosen well!"

The young man disengaged himself, made a ceremonious bow, joined his two hands, and murmured with an ecstatic smile, "May I venture to hope, dear signorina, for the honor of your hand?"

"Of course you may!" said Mrs. Light. "The honor is for us."

Christina hesitated but for a moment, then swept the young man a courtesy as profound as his own bow. "You are very kind, but you are too late. I have just accepted!"

"Ah, my own darling!" murmured — almost moaned — Mrs. Light.

Christina and Roderick exchanged a single glance — a glance brilliant on both sides. She passed her hand into his arm; he tossed his clustering locks and led her away.

A short time afterwards Rowland saw the young man whom she had rejected leaning against a doorway. He was ugly, but what is called distinguished-looking. He had a heavy black eye, a sallow complexion, a long, thin neck, and his hair cropped *en brosse*. He looked very young, yet extremely bored. He was staring at the ceiling and stroking an imperceptible mustache. Rowland espied the Cavaliere Giacosa hard by, and, having joined him, asked him the young man's name.

"Oh," said the Cavaliere, "he's a *pezzo grosso*! A Neapolitan. Prince Casamassima."

Henry James, Jr.

THE PINE AND THE WALNUT.

(NEWCASTLE, 1862.)

1.

A MILE or so from the gray little town

On Newcastle, perched like a gull by the sea,
On the Kittery side (where the banks shelve down
To the lovely river's golden-brown)

There towered, long since, an old pine-tree.

2.

And across the stream, in a right bee-line,

Like a sentry guarding the ruined fort,
Was a large-limbed walnut, where the kine
Huddled together in shower and shine,

Nibbling the herbage, sparse and short.

3.

Summer and winter those brave old trees

Watched the blue river that slipt between,
Leaned to the sunshine and drank the breeze,
Clothed like emperors, taking their ease,

Now in ermine and now in green.

4.

Many a time, when I was a lad,
I drifted by with suspended oar,
The wind in the walnut seemed so sad!
But ah, what a blustering voice it had
In the rugged pine on the other shore!

5.

And often, in restless slumber tost,
I seemed to be drifting down the tide,
Hearing the strident wind as it crost,
To die away like a murmuring ghost
In the drooping boughs on the farther side.

6.

Perhaps 't was a boyish fantasy,
The dream of a dreamer, half afraid,
That the wind grew sad in the walnut-tree,
But surged through the pine like the surging sea,
With a sound of distant cannonade!

7.

Only a fantasy! Who can tell?
But I think 't will haunt me to the end,
Seeing what curious thing befell
The walnut-tree, and the pine as well, —
For they went together, friend and friend!

8.

From a sullen cloud broke war at last,
And a grim sea-dog of the quarter-deck
Took the gaunt old pine for a mizzen-mast.
In the flame of battle his Spirit past,
And the mizzen dragged by the shattered wreck.

9.

With the Union Jack across him laid,
They bore him back to the town by the sea;
The guns at the Yard his requiem played;
And the Admiral's coffin, it is said,
Was shaped of the planks of the walnut-tree!

T. B. Aldrich.

ALFIERI.

VITTORIO ALFIERI, the Italian poet whom his countrymen would undoubtedly name next after Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, and who, in spite of his limitations, was a man of signal and distinct dramatic genius, not surpassed if equaled since, is scarcely more than a name to most English readers. He was born in the year 1749, at Asti, a little city of that Piedmont where there has always been a greater regard for feudal traditions than in any other part of Italy; and he belonged by birth to a nobility which is still the proudest in Europe. "What a singular country is ours," said the Chevalier Nigra, one of the first diplomats of our time, who for many years managed the delicate and difficult relations of Italy with France, but who was the son of an apothecary. "In Paris they admit me everywhere; I am asked to court and petted as few Frenchmen are; but here, in my own city of Turin, it would not be possible for me to be received by the Marchioness Doria;" and if this was true in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, one easily fancies what society must have been at Turin in the forenoon of the eighteenth.

It was in the order of the things of that day and country that Alfieri should leave home while a child and go to school at the Academy of Turin. Here, as he tells in that most characteristic and amusing autobiography of his, he spent several years in acquiring a profound ignorance of whatever he was meant to learn; and he came away a stranger not only to the humanities, but to any one language, speaking a barbarous mixture of French and Piedmontese, and reading little or nothing. Doubtless he does not spare color in this statement, but almost anything you like could be true of the education of a gentleman as a gentleman got it from the Italian priests of the last century. "We translated," he says, "the Lives of Cornelius Nepos; but none of us, per-

haps not even the masters, knew who these men were, whose lives we translated, nor where was their country, nor in what times they lived, nor under what governments, nor what any government was." He learned Latin enough to turn Virgil's Georgics into his sort of Italian; but when he read Ariosto by stealth, he atoned for his transgression by failing to understand him. Yet Alfieri was one of the first scholars of that admirable academy, and he really had some impulses even then towards literature; for he liked reading Goldoni and Metastasio, though he had never heard of the name of Tasso. This was whilst he was still in the primary classes, under strict priestly control; when he passed to a more advanced grade, and found himself free to do what he liked in the manner that pleased him best, in common with the young Russians, Germans, and Englishmen then enjoying the advantages of the Academy of Turin, he says that being grounded in no study, directed by no one, and not understanding any language well, he did not know what study to take up, nor how to study. "The reading of many French romances," he goes on, "the constant association with foreigners, and the want of all occasion to speak Italian, or to hear it spoken, drove from my head that small amount of wretched Tuscan which I had contrived to put there in those two or three years of burlesque study of the humanities and asinine rhetoric. In place of it," he says, "the French entered into my empty brain;" but he is careful to disclaim any literary merit for the French he knew, and he afterwards came to hate it, with everything else that was French, very bitterly.

It was before this, a little, that Alfieri contrived his first sonnet, which, when he read it to the uncle with whom he lived, made that old soldier laugh unmercifully, so that until his twenty-fifth year the poet made no further attempts

in verse. When he left school he spent three years in travel, after the fashion of those grand-touring days when you had to be a gentleman of birth and fortune in order to travel, and when you journeyed by your own conveyance from capital to capital, with letters to your sovereign's ambassadors everywhere, and spent your money handsomely upon the pleasant dissipations of the countries through which you passed. Alfieri is constantly at the trouble to have us know that he was a very morose and ill-conditioned young animal, and the figure he makes as a traveler is no more amiable than edifying. He had a ruling passion for horses, and then several smaller passions quite as wasteful and idle. He was driven from place to place by a demon of unrest, and was mainly concerned, after reaching a city, in getting away from it as soon as he could. He gives anecdotes enough in proof of this, and he forgets nothing that can enhance the surprise of his future literary greatness. At the Ambrosian Library in Milan they showed him a manuscript of Petrarch's, which, "like a true barbarian," as he says, he flung aside, declaring that he knew nothing about it, having a rancor against this Petrarch, whom he had once tried to read, and had altogether failed to understand. At Rome the Sardinian minister innocently affronted him by repeating some verses of Marcellus, which the sulky young noble could not comprehend. In Ferrara he did not remember that it was the city of that divine Ariosto whose poem was the first that came into his hands, and which he had now read in part with infinite pleasure. "But my poor intellect," he says, "was then sleeping a most sordid sleep, and every day, as far as regards letters, rusted more and more. It is true, however, that with respect to knowledge of the world and of men, I constantly learned not a little, without taking note of it, so many and diverse were the phases of life and manners that I daily beheld." At Florence he visited the galleries and churches, with much disgust and no feeling for the beautiful, especially in painting, his eyes

being very dull to color. "If I liked anything better, it was sculpture a little, and architecture yet a little more;" and it is interesting to note how all his tragedies reflect these preferences, in their total lack of color and in their sculptural strength and sharpness of outline.

From Italy he passed as restlessly into France, yet with something of a more definite intention, for he meant to frequent the French theatre. He had seen a company of French players at Turin, and had acquainted himself with the most famous French tragedies and comedies, but with no thought of writing tragedies of his own. He felt no creative impulse, and he liked the comedies best; though, as he says, he was by nature more inclined to tears than to laughter. But he does not seem to have enjoyed the theatre much in Paris, a city for which he conceived at once the greatest dislike, he says, "on account of the squalor and barbarity of the buildings, the absurd and pitiful pomp of the few houses that affected to be palaces, the filthiness and gothicism of the churches, the vandalic structure of the theatres of that time, and the many and many and many disagreeable objects that all day fell under my notice, and worst of all the unspeakably misshapen and beplastered faces of those ugliest of women."

He had at this time already conceived that hatred of kings which breathes, or, I may better say, bellows, from his tragedies; and he was enraged even beyond his habitual fury by his reception at court, where it was etiquette for Louis XV. to stare at him from head to foot and give no sign of having received any impression whatever.

In Holland he fell in love, for the first time, and as was *de rigueur* in the polite society of that day, the object of his passion was another man's wife. In England he fell in love the second time, and as fashionably as before. The intrigue lasted for months; in the end it came to a duel with the lady's husband and a great scandal in the newspapers; but in spite of these displeasures, Alfieri liked everything in England. "The streets, the taverns, the horses, the

women, the universal prosperity, the life and activity of that island, the cleanliness and convenience of the houses, though extremely little," — as they still strike every one coming from Italy, — these and other charms of "that fortunate and free country" made an impression upon him that never was effaced. He did not at that time, he says, "study profoundly the constitution, mother of so much prosperity," but he "knew enough to observe and value its sublime effects."

Before his memorable sojourn in England, he spent half a year at Turin reading Rousseau, among other philosophers, and Voltaire, whose prose delighted and whose verse wearied him. "But the book of books for me," he says, "and the one which that winter caused me to pass hours of bliss and rapture, was Plutarch, his *Lives of the truly great*; and some of these, as Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelopidas, Cato, and others, I read and read again, with such a transport of cries, tears, and fury, that if any one had heard me in the next room he would surely have thought me mad. In meditating certain grand traits of these supreme men, I often leaped to my feet, agitated and out of my senses, and tears of grief and rage escaped me to think that I was born in Piedmont, and in a time, and under a government, where no high thing could be done or said; and it was almost useless to think or feel it."

These characters had a life-long fascination for Alfieri, and his admiration of such types deeply influenced his tragedies. So great was his scorn of kings at the time he writes of, that he despised even those who liked them, and poor little Metastasio, who lived by the bounty of Maria Theresa, fell under Alfieri's bitterest contempt when in Vienna he saw his brother-poet before the empress in the imperial gardens at Schönbrunn, "performing the customary genuflexions with a servilely contented and adulatory face." This loathing of royalty was naturally intensified beyond utterance in Prussia. "On entering the states of Frederick, I felt redoub-

led and triplicated my hate for that infamous military trade, most infamous and sole base of arbitrary power." He told his minister that he would be presented only in civil dress, because there were uniforms enough at that court, and he declares that on beholding Frederick he felt "no emotion of wonder, or of respect, but rather of indignation and rage. . . . The king addressed me the three or four customary words; I fixed my eyes respectfully upon his, and inwardly blessed Heaven that I had not been born his slave; and I issued from that universal Prussian barracks . . . abhorring it as it deserved."

In Paris, Alfieri bought the principal Italian authors, which he afterwards carried everywhere with him on his travels; but he says that he made very little use of them, having neither the will nor the power to apply his mind to anything. In fact, he knew very little Italian, most of the authors in his collection were strange to him, and at the age of twenty-two he had read nothing whatever of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, or Machiavelli.

He made a journey into Spain, among other countries, where he admired the Andalusian horses, and bored himself as usual with what interests educated people; and he signalized his stay at Madrid by a murderous outburst of one of the worst tempers in the world. One night his servant Elia, in dressing his hair, had the misfortune to twitch one of his locks in such a way as to give him a slight pain; on which Alfieri leaped to his feet, seized a heavy candlestick, and without a word struck the valet such a blow upon his temple that the blood gushed out over his face, and over the person of a young Spanish gentleman who had been supping with Alfieri. Elia sprang upon his master, who drew his sword, but the Spaniard after great ado quieted them both; "and so ended this horrible encounter," says Alfieri, "for which I remained deeply afflicted and ashamed. I told Elia that he would have done well to kill me; and he was the man to have done it, being a palm taller than myself, who am very tall, and of a

strength and courage not inferior to his height. Two hours later, his wound being dressed and everything put in order, I went to bed, leaving the door from my room into Elia's open as usual, without listening to the Spaniard, who warned me not thus to invite a provoked and outraged man to vengeance: I called to Elia, who had already gone to bed, that he could, if he liked and thought proper, kill me that night, for I deserved it. But he was no less heroic than I, and would take no other revenge than to keep two handkerchiefs, which had been drenched in his blood, and which from time to time he showed me in the course of many years. This reciprocal mixture of fierceness and generosity on both our parts will not be easily understood by those who have had no experience of the customs and of the temper of us Piedmontese;" though here, perhaps, Alfieri does his country too much honor in making his ferocity a national trait. For the rest, he says, he never struck a servant except as he would have done an equal—not with a cane, but with his fist, or a chair, or anything else that came to hand; and he seems to have thought this a democratic if not an amiable characteristic.

When at last he went back to Turin, he fell once more into his old life of mere vacancy, varied before long by a most unworthy amour, of which he tells us that he finally cured himself by causing his servant to tie him in his chair, and so keep him a prisoner in his own house. A violent distemper followed this treatment, which the light-moraled gossip of the town said Alfieri had invented exclusively for his own use; many days he lay in bed tormented by this anguish; but when he rose he was no longer a slave to his passion. Shortly after, he wrote a tragedy, or a tragic dialogue rather, in Italian blank verse, called *Cleopatra*, which was played in a Turinese theatre with a success of which he tells us he was at once and always ashamed.

Yet apparently it encouraged him to persevere in literature, his qualifications for tragical authorship being "a resolute spirit, very obstinate and untamed,

a heart running over with passions of every kind, among which predominated a bizarre mixture of love and all its furies, and a profound and most ferocious rage and abhorrence against all tyranny whatsoever; . . . a very dim and uncertain remembrance of various French tragedies seen in the theatres many years before; . . . an almost total ignorance of all the rules of tragic art, and an unskillfulness almost total in the divine and most necessary art of writing and managing his own language." With this stock in trade, he set about turning his *Filippo* and his *Polinice*, which he wrote first in French prose, into Italian verse; making at the same time a careful study of the Italian poets. It was at this period that the poet Ossian was introduced to mankind by the ingenious and self-sacrificing Mr. McPherson, and Cesarotti's translation of him came into Alfieri's hands. These blank verses were the first that really pleased him; with a little modification he thought they would be an excellent model for the verse of dialogue.

He had now refused himself the pleasure of reading French, and he had nowhere to turn for tragic literature but to the classics, which he read in literal versions while he renewed his faded Latin with the help of a teacher. But he believed that his originality as a tragic author suffered from his reading, and he determined to read no more tragedies till he had made his own. For this reason he already had given up Shakespeare. "The more that author accorded with my humor (though I very well perceived all his defects), the more I was resolved to abstain," he tells us.

This was during a literary sojourn in Tuscany, whither he had gone to accustom himself "to speak, hear, think, and dream in Tuscan, and not otherwise, evermore." Here he versified his first two tragedies, and sketched others, and here, he says, "I deluged my brain with the verses of Petrarch, of Dante, of Tasso, and of Ariosto, convinced that the day would infallibly come, in which all these forms, phrases, and words of others would return from its cells, blended and

identified with my own ideas and emotions."

He had now indeed entered with all the fury of his nature into the business of making tragedies, which he did very much as if he had been making love. He abandoned everything else for it — country, home, money, friends; for having decided to live henceforth only in Tuscany, and hating to ask and ask that royal permission to remain abroad without which, annually renewed, the Piedmontese noble of that day could not reside out of his own country, he gave up his estates at Asti to his sister, keeping for himself a pension that came to only about half his former income. The king of Piedmont was very well, as kings went in that day; and he did nothing to hinder the poet's expatriation. The long period of study and production which followed, Alfieri spent chiefly at Florence, but partly also at Rome and Naples. During this time he wrote and printed most of his tragedies; and he formed that relation, common enough in the best society of the eighteenth century, with the Countess of Albany, which continued as long as he lived. The countess's husband was the Pretender Charles Edward, the last of the English Stuarts, who, like all his house, abetted his own evil destiny, and was then drinking himself to death; there were difficulties in the way of her living with Alfieri which would not perhaps have beset a less exalted lady, and which required an especial wink on the part of the Pope. But this his Holiness was pleased to bestow, after being much prayed; and when her husband was dead, she and Alfieri were privately married. Their house became a centre of fashionable and intellectual society in Florence, and to be received in it was the best that could happen to any one. The relation seems to have been a sufficiently happy one; neither was painfully scrupulous in observing its ties, and after Alfieri's death the countess gave to the painter Fabre "a heart which," says Massimo d'Azeglio in his *Memoirs*, "according to the usage of the time, and especially of high society, felt the invincible necessity

of keeping itself in continual exercise." A cynical little story of Alfieri reading one of his tragedies in company, while Fabre stood behind him making eyes at the countess, and from time to time kissing her ring on his finger, was told to D'Azeglio by an aunt of his who witnessed the scene.

In 1787 the poet went to France to oversee the printing of a complete edition of his works, and five years later he found himself in Paris when the Revolution was at its height. The countess was with him, and after great trouble he got passports for both, and hurried to the city barrier. The National Guards stationed there would have let them pass, but a party of drunken patriots coming up had their worst fears aroused by the sight of two carriages with sober and decent people in them, and heavily laden with baggage. While they parleyed whether they had better stone the equipages, or set fire to them, Alfieri leaped out, and a scene ensued which placed him in a very characteristic light, and which enables us to see him as it were in person. When the patriots had read the passports, he seized them, and, as he says, "full of disgust and rage, and not knowing at the moment, or in my passion despising the immense peril that attended us, I thrice shook my passport in my hand, and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Look! Listen! Alfieri is my name; Italian and not French; tall, lean, pale, red hair; I am he; look at me: I have my passport, and I have had it legitimately from those who could give it; we wish to pass, and, by Heaven, we *will* pass!'"

They passed, and two days later the authorities that had approved their passports confiscated the horses, furniture, and books that Alfieri had left behind him in Paris, and declared him and the countess — both foreigners — to be refugee aristocrats!

He established himself again in Florence, where, in his forty-sixth year, he took up the study of Greek, and made himself master of that literature, though, till then, he had scarcely known the Greek alphabet. The chief fruit of this study was a tragedy in the manner of

Euripides, which he wrote in secret, and which he read to a company so polite that they thought it really was Euripides during the whole of the first two acts.

Alfieri's remaining years were spent in study and the revision of his works, to the number of which he added six comedies in 1800. The presence and domination of the detested French in Florence embittered his life somewhat; but if they had not been there he could never have had the pleasure of refusing to see the French commandant, who had a taste for literary people if not for literature, and would fain have paid his respects to the poet. He must also have found consolation in the thought that if the French had become masters of Europe, many kings had been dethroned, and every tyrant who wore a crown was in a very pitiable state of terror or disaster.

Nothing in Alfieri's life was more like him than his death, of which the Abbate di Caluso gives a full account in his conclusion of the poet's biography. His malady was gout, and amidst its tortures he still labored at his comedies. He was impatient at being kept in-doors, and when they added plasters on the feet to the irksomeness of his confinement, he tore away the bandages that prevented him from walking about his room. He would not go to bed, and they gave him opiates to ease his anguish; under their influence his mind was molested by many memories of things long past. "The studies and labors of thirty years," says the abbate, "recurred to him, and what was yet more wonderful, he repeated in order from memory a good number of Greek verses from the beginning of Hesiod, which he had read but once. These he said over to the Signora Contessa, who sat by his side, but it does not appear, for all this, that there ever came to him the thought that death, which he had been for a long time used to imagine near, was then imminent. It is certain at least that he made no sign to the contessa, though she did not leave him till morning. About six o'clock he took oil and magnesia without the physician's advice, and near eight he was observed to be in great danger, and the Signora Con-

tessa, being called, found him in agonies that took away his breath. Nevertheless he rose from his chair, and going to the bed, leaned upon it, and presently the day was darkened to him, his eyes closed, and he expired. The duties and consolations of religion were not forgotten, but the evil was not thought so near, nor haste necessary, and so the confessor who was called did not come in time." D'Azeglio relates that the confessor arrived at the supreme moment, and saw the poet bow his head: "He thought it was a salutation, but it was the death of Vittorio Alfieri."

I once fancied that a very close parallel between Alfieri and Byron might be drawn, but their disparities are greater than their resemblances, on the whole. Alfieri seems the vastly sincerer man of the two, and though their lives were alike in some lamentable particulars, Alfieri's life strikes me as unmoral, and Byron's as immoral. There is an antique simplicity in Alfieri; Byron is the essence of conscious romanticism, and modern in the worst sense. But both were born noble, both lived in voluntary exile, both imagined themselves friends and admirers of liberty, both had violent natures, and both indulged the curious hypocrisy of desiring to seem worse than they were, and of trying to make out a shocking case for themselves when they could. They were men who hardly outlived their boyishness. Alfieri, indeed, had to struggle against so many defects of training that he could not have reached maturity in the longest life. He seems to have had no principles, good or bad, but only passions; he hated with equal noisiness the tyrants of Europe and the Frenchmen who dethroned them.

When he left the life of a dissolute young noble for that of tragic authorship, he seized upon such histories and fables as would give the freest course to a harsh, narrow, gloomy, vindictive, and declamatory nature; and his dramas reproduce the terrible fatalistic traditions of the Greeks, the stories of *Œdipus*, *Myrrha*, *Alcestis*, *Clytemnestra*, *Orestes*, and such passages of Roman history as those relat-

ing to the Brutuses and to Virginia. In modern history he has taken such characters and events as those of Philip II., Mary Stuart, Don Garcia, and the Conspiracy of the Pazzi. Two of his tragedies are from the Bible, the Abel and the Saul; one, the Rosmunda, from Longobardic history. And these themes, varying so vastly as to the times, races, and religions with which they originated, are all treated in the same spirit, — the spirit Alfieri believed Greek. Their interest comes from the situations and events; of character, as we have it in the romantic drama, and supremely in Shakespeare, there is scarcely anything; and the language is shorn of all metaphor and picturesque expression. Of course their form is wholly unlike that of the romantic drama; Alfieri holds fast by the famous unities as the chief and saving grace of tragedy. All his actions take place within twenty-four hours; there is no change of scene, and so far as he can master that most obstinate unity, the unity of action, each piece is furnished with a tangible beginning, middle, and ending. The wide stretches of time which the old Spanish and English and all modern dramas cover, and their frequent transitions from place to place, were impossible and abhorrent to him.

Schlegel, in his lectures on dramatic literature, blames Alfieri as one whose style was wanting in imagery and whose characters in fancy; who made his Italian stiff and brittle in trying to make it strong, and whose verse is harsh and unmusical. According to the German he paints naked and general ideas in unrelieved black and white; his villains are too openly villainous, his virtuous persons unlovely; he forgets, in casting aside grace and ornament for the sake of the moral effect, that a poet cannot teach except by pleasing; his tragedies are not Greek at all, and not comparable with the best French tragedies; he depicts tyrants with the colors of the school rhetoricians; he fails with modern subjects because his ideal of the tragic forbids a local and determinate presentation; the Greek subjects lose their heroic magnificence in his hands, and take a modern,

almost vulgar air. He manages best the public life of the Romans, and it is a great merit of his Virginia that the scene is in the forum, and partly before the eyes of the people. At other times, in his anxiety to observe the unity of scene, he places his action in some out of the way corner, whither come only persons in difficulties. He strips his kings and heroes of external pomp, and the world around them seems depopulated.

In many respects I think this all just enough; but I find Alfieri's Greek tragedies far from vulgar. They have a grandeur quite independent of the graces which Schlegel supposes necessary to poetry, and they are not wanting in very delicate touches of pathos. On the other hand, I do not care for his Roman tragedies, or Tragedies of Liberty, as he calls them, which weary you with their windy tirades against tyrants.

It is equally hard to agree in all things with Emiliani-Giudici, the Italian critic, who most disagrees with Schlegel, and who, writing about the middle of our century, declares that when the fiery love of freedom shall have purged Italy, the Alfierian drama will be the only representation worthy of a great and free people. This critic holds that Alfieri's tragic ideal was of such a simplicity that it would seem derived regularly from the Greek, but for the fact that when he felt irresistibly moved to write tragedy, he probably did not know even the names of the Greek dramatists, and could not have known the structure of their dramas by indirect means, having read then only some Metastasian plays of the French school; so that he created that ideal of his by pure, instinctive force of genius. With him, as with the Greeks, art arose spontaneously; he felt the form of Greek art by inspiration. He believed from the very first that the dramatic poet should assume to render the spectators unconscious of theatrical artifice, and make them take part with the actors; and he banished from the scene everything that could diminish their illusion; he would not mar the intensity of the effect by changing the action from place to place, or by compressing within the brief time

of the representation the events of months and years. To achieve the unity of action, he dispensed with all those parts which did not seem to him the most principal, and he studied how to show the subject of the drama in the clearest light. In all this he went to the extreme, but he so wrought "that the print of his cothurnus stamped upon the field of art should remain forever singular and inimitable. Reading his tragedies in order, from the Cleopatra to the Saul, you see how he never changed his tragic ideal, but discerned it more and more distinctly until he fully realized it. Æschylus and Alfieri are two links that unite the chain in a circle. In Alfieri art once more achieved the faultless purity of its proper character; Greek tragedy reached the same height in the Italian's Saul that it touched in the Greek's Prometheus, two dramas which are perhaps the most gigantic creations of any literature." Emiliani-Giudici thinks that the literary ineducation of Alfieri was the principal exterior cause of this prodigious development, that a more regular course of study would have restrained his creative genius, and, while smoothing the way before it, would have subjected it to methods and robbed it of originality of feeling and conception. "*Tragedy, born sublime, terrible, vigorous, heroic, the life of liberty, . . . was, as it were, redeemed by Vittorio Alfieri, reassumed the masculine, athletic forms of its original existence, and recommenced the exercise of its lost ministry.*"

I do not begin to think this is all true. Alfieri himself owns his acquaintance with the French theatre before the time when he began to write, and we must believe that he got at least some of his ideas of Athens from Paris, though he liked the Frenchmen none the better for his obligation to them. A less mechanical conception of the Greek idea than his would have prevented its application to historical subjects. In Alfieri's Brutus the First, a far greater stretch of imagination is required from the spectator in order to preserve the unities of time and place than the most capricious changes of scene would have asked. The scene

is always in the forum in Rome; the action occurs within twenty-four hours. During this limited time, we see the body of Lucretia borne along in the distance; Brutus harangues the people with the bloody dagger in his hand. The emissaries of Tarquin arrive and organize a conspiracy against the new republic; the sons of Brutus are found in the plot, and are convicted and put to death.

But such incongruities as these do not affect us in the tragedies based on the heroic fables; here the poet takes without offense any liberty he likes with time and place; the whole affair is in his hands, to do what he will so long as he respects the internal harmony of his own work. For this reason I think we find Alfieri at his best in these tragedies, among which I have liked the Orestes best, as giving the widest range of feeling with the greatest vigor of action. The Agamemnon, which precedes it, and which ought to be read first, closes with its most powerful scene. Agamemnon has returned from Troy to Argos with his captive Cassandra, and Ægisthus has persuaded Clytemnestra that her husband intends to raise Cassandra to the throne. She kills him and reigns with Ægisthus, Electra concealing Orestes on the night of the murder, and sending him secretly away with Strophius, king of Phocis.

In the last scene, as Clytemnestra steals through the darkness to her husband's chamber, she soliloquizes, with the dagger in her hand:—

It is the hour; and sunk in slumber now
Lies Agamemnon. Shall he nevermore
Open his eyes to the fair light? My hand,
Once pledged to him of stainless love and faith,
Is it to be the minister of his death?
Did I swear that? Ay, that; and I must keep
My oath. Quick, let me go! My foot, heart,
hand—

All over I tremble. Oh what did I promise?
Wretch! what do I attempt? How all my courage

Hath vanished from me since Ægisthus vanished!
I only see the immense atrocity
Of this, my horrible deed; I only see
The bloody spectre of Atreides! Ah,
In vain do I accuse thee. No, thou lovest
Cassandra not. Me, only me, thou lovest,
Unworthy of thy love. Thou hast no blame,
Save that thou art my husband, in the world!
O Heaven! Atreides, thou sent from the arms
Of trustful sleep, to death's arms by my hand?
And where then shall I hide me? O perfidy!

Can I e'er hope for peace? O woeful life —
 Life of remorse, of madness, and of tears! . . .
 How shall Ægisthus, even Ægisthus, dare
 To rest beside the parricidal wife
 Upon her murder-stained marriage-bed,
 Nor tremble for himself? Away, away, —
 Hence, horrible instrument of all my guilt
 And harm, thou execrable dagger, hence!
 I'll lose at once my lover and my life,
 But not by this hand slain shall fall
 So great a hero! Live, honor of Greece
 And Asia's terror! Live to glory, live
 To thy dear children, and a better wife!
 — But what are these hushed steps? Into these
 rooms
 Who is it comes by night? Ægisthus? — Lost, I am
 lost!

Ægisthus. Hast thou not done the deed?

Cly. *Ægisthus* —

Æg. What, stand'st thou here, wasting thyself in
 tears?

Woman, untimely are thy tears; 't is late,
 'T is vain, and it may cost us dear!

Cly. Thou here!

But how — woe's me, what did I promise thee?
 What wicked counsel —

Æg. Was it not thy counsel?

Love gave it thee and fear annuls it — well!

Since thou repentest, I am glad; and glad

To know thee guiltless shall I be in death.

I told thee that the enterprise was hard,

But thou, unduly trusting in the heart,

That hath not a man's courage in it, chose

Thyself thy feeble hands to strike the blow.

Now may Heaven grant that the intent of evil

Turn not to harm thee! Hither I by stealth

And favor of the darkness have returned,

Unseen, I hope. For I perforce must come

Myself to tell thee that irrevocably

My life is dedicated to the vengeance

Of Agamemnon.

He appeals to her pity for him, and
 her fear for herself; he reminds her
 of Agamemnon's consent to the sacri-
 fice of Iphigenia, and goads her on to
 the crime from which she had recoiled.
 She goes into Agamemnon's chamber,
 whence his dying outcries are heard: —

O treachery!

Thou, wife? O heavens, I die! O treachery!

Clytemnestra comes out with the dag-
 ger in her hand: —

The dagger drips with blood; my hands, my robe,
 My face — they all are wet with blood. What venge-
 ance

Shall yet be taken for this blood! Already

I see this very steel turned on my breast,

And by whose hand!

The son whom she forebodes as the
 avenger of Agamemnon's death passes
 his childhood and early youth at the
 court of Strophius in Phocis. The trag-
 edy named for him opens with Electra's
 soliloquy as she goes to weep at the
 tomb of their father: —

Night, gloomy, horrible, atrocious night,
 Forever present to my thought, each year
 For now two lustres I have seen thee come,
 Clothed on with darkness and with dreams of blood,
 And blood that should have expiated thine
 Is not yet spilt! O memory, O sight!
 O Agamemnon, hapless father, here
 Upon these stones I saw thee murdered lie,
 Murdered, and by what hand! . . .

I swear to thee,

If I in Argos, in thy palace live,
 Slave of Ægisthus, with my wicked mother,
 Nothing makes me endure a life like this
 Saving the hope of vengeance. Far away
 Orestes is; but living! I saved thee, brother;
 I keep myself for thee, till the day rise
 When thou shalt make to stream upon yon tomb
 Not helpless tears like these, but our foe's blood.

While Electra fiercely muses, Clytem-
 nestra enters with the appeal: —

Cly. Daughter!

El. What voice! O Heaven, thou here?

Cly. My daughter,

Ah, do not fly me! Thy pious task I fain
 Would share with thee. Ægisthus in vain forbids,
 He shall not know. Ah, come, go we together
 Unto the tomb.

El. Whose tomb?

Cly. Thy — hapless — father's.

El. Wherefore not say thy husband's tomb?

'T is well:

Thou darest not speak it. But how dost thou dare
 Turn thitherward thy steps, — thou that dost reek
 Yet with his blood?

Cly. Two lustres now are passed

Since that dread day, and two whole lustres now

I weep my crime.

El. And what time were enough

For that? Ah, if thy tears should be eternal,

They yet were nothing. Look! Seest thou not
 still

The blood upon these horrid walls — the blood
 That thou didst splash them with? And at thy
 presence

Lo, how it reddens and grows quick again!

Fly thou, whom I must never more call mother!

Cly. Oh, woe is me! What can I answer? Pity —
 But I merit none! — And yet if in my heart,
 Daughter, thou couldst but read — ah, who could
 look

Into the secret of a heart like mine,

Contaminated with such infamy,

And not abhor me? I blame not thy wrath,

No, nor thy hate. On earth I feel already

The guilty pangs of hell. Scarce had the blow

Escaped my hand before a swift remorse,

Swift but too late, fell terrible upon me.

From that hour still the sanguinary ghost

By day and night, and ever horrible,

Hath moved before mine eyes. Where'er I turn

I see its bleeding footsteps trace the path

That I must follow; at table, on the throne,

It sits beside me; on my bitter pillow

If e'er it chance I close mine eyes in sleep,

The spectre — fatal vision! — instantly

Shows itself in my dreams, and tears the breast,

Already mangled, with a furious hand,

And thence draws both its palms full of dark
 blood,

To dash it in my face! On dreadful nights

Follow more dreadful days. In a long death
I live my life. Daughter, — whate'er I am,
Thou art my daughter still, — dost thou not weep
At tears like mine?

Clytemnestra confesses that Ægisthus
no longer loves her, but she loves him,
and she shrinks from Electra's fierce
counsel that she shall kill him. He
enters to find her in tears, and a violent
scene between him and Electra follows,
in which Clytemnestra interposes.

Cly. O daughter, he is my husband. Think,
Ægisthus,
She is my daughter.

Æg. She is Atrides' daughter!

El. He is Atrides' murderer!

Cly. Electra!
Have pity, Ægisthus! Look — the tomb! Oh
look,

The horrible tomb! — and art thou not content?

Æg. Woman, be less unlike thyself. Atrides, —
Tell me by whose hand in yon tomb he lies?

Cly. O mortal blame! What else is lacking now
To my unhappy, miserable life?

Who drove me to it now upbraids my crime!

El. O marvelous joy! O only joy that's blessed
My heart in these ten years! I see you both
At last the prey of anger and remorse;
I hear at last what must the endearments be
Of love so blood-stained.

The first act closes with a scene be-
tween Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, in
which he urges her to consent that he
shall send to have Orestes murdered, and
reminds her of her former crimes when
she revolts from this. The scene is very
well managed, with that frugality of
phrase which in Alfieri is quite as apt to
be touchingly simple as bare and poor.
In the opening scene of the second act,
Orestes has returned in disguise to Ar-
gos with Pylades, the son of Strophius,
to whom he speaks: —

We are come at last. Here Agamemnon fell,
Murdered, and here Ægisthus reigns. Here rose
In memory still, though I a child departed,
These natal walls, and the just Heaven in time
Leads me back hither.

Twice five years have passed
This very day since that dread night of blood,
When, slain by treachery, my father made
The whole wide palace with his dolorous cries
Echo again. Oh, well do I remember!
Electra swiftly bore me through this hall
Thither where Strophius in his pitying arms
Received me — Strophius, less by far thy father
Than mine, thereafter — and fled onward with me
By yonder postern-gate, all tremulous;
And after me there ran upon the air
Long a wild clamor and a lamentation
That made me weep and shudder and lament,
I knew not why, and weeping Strophius ran,
Forbidding with his hand my outcries shrill,
Clasping me close, and sprinkling all my face

With bitter tears; and to the lonely coast,
Where only now we landed, with his charge
He came apace; and eagerly unfurled
His sails before the wind.

Pylades strives to restrain the passion
for revenge in Orestes, which scarcely
brooks the control of prudence, and im-
perils them both. The friend proposes
that they shall feign themselves messen-
gers sent by Strophius with tidings of
Orestes' death, and Orestes has reluc-
tantly consented, when Electra reap-
pears, and they recognize each other.
Pylades discloses their plan, and when
her brother urges, "The means is vile,"
she answers, all woman, —

Less vile than is Ægisthus. There is none
Better or surer, none, believe me. When
You are led to him, let it be mine to think
Of all — the place, the manner, time, and arms,
To kill him. Still I keep, Orestes, still
I keep the steel that in her husband's breast
She plunged whom nevermore we might call mother.

Orestes. How fares it with that impious woman?
Electra. Ah,

Thou canst not know how she drags out her life!
Save only Agamemnon's children, all
Must pity her — and even we must pity.
Full ever of suspicion and of terror,
And held in scorn even by Ægisthus' self,
Loving Ægisthus though she know his guilt;
Repentant, and yet ready to renew
Her crime, perchance, if the unworthy love
Which is her shame and her abhorrence, would;
Now wife, now mother, never wife nor mother,
Bitter remorse gnaws at her heart by day
Unceasingly, and horrible shapes by night
Scare slumber from her eyes. — So fares it with her.

In the third scene of the following act
Clytemnestra meets Orestes and Pylades,
who announce themselves as messengers
from Phocis to the king; she bids them
deliver their tidings to her, and they
finally do so, Pylades struggling to pre-
vent Orestes from revealing himself.
There are touchingly simple and natu-
ral passages in the lament that Clytem-
nestra breaks into over her son's death,
and there is fire, with its true natural
extinction in tears, when she upbraids
Ægisthus, who now enters: —

My fair fame and my husband and my peace,
My only son beloved, I gave thee all.

All that I gave thou didst account as nothing
While aught remained to take. Who ever saw
At once so cruel and so false a heart?
The guilty love that thou didst feign so ill
And I believed so well, what hindrance to it,
What hindrance, tell me, was the child Orestes?
Yet scarce had Agamemnon died before
Thou didst cry out for his son's blood; and searched

Through all the palace in thy fury. Then
The blade thou durst not wield against the father,
Then thou didst brandish. Ay, bold wast thou then
Against a helpless child! . . .
Unhappy son, what bootest it to save thee
From thy sire's murderer, since thou hast found
Death ere thy time in strange lands far away.
Ægisthus, villainous usurper! Thou,
Thou hast slain my son! Ægisthus — Oh forgive!
I was a mother, and am so no more.

Throughout this scene, and in the soliloquy preceding it, Alfieri paints very forcibly the struggle in Clytemnestra between her love for her son and her love for Ægisthus, to whom she clings even while he exults in the tidings that wring her heart. It is all too boldly presented, doubtless, but it is very effective and affecting.

Orestes and Pylades are now brought before Ægisthus, and he demands how and where Orestes died, for after his first rejoicing he has come to doubt the fact. Pylades responds in one of those speeches with which Alfieri seems to carve the scene in bas-relief: —

Every fifth year an ancient use renews
In Crete the games and offerings to Jove.
The love of glory and innate ambition
Lure the youth to that coast; and by his side
Goes Pylades, inseparable from him.
In the light car upon the arena wide,
The hopes of triumph urge him to contest
The proud palm of the flying-footed steeds,
And too intent on winning, there his life
He gives for victory.

Æg. But how? Say on.

Pyl. Too fierce, impatient, and incautious, he
Now frights his horses on with threatening cries,
Now whirls his blood-stained whip, and lashes them,
Till past the goal the ill-tamed coursers fly
Faster and faster. Reckless of the rein,
Deaf to the voice that fain would soothe them now,
Their nostrils breathing fire, their loose manes tossed
Upon the wind, and in thick clouds involved
Of choking dust, round the vast circle's bound,
As lightning swift they whirl and whirl again.
Fright, horror, mad confusion, death, the car
Spreads in its crooked circles everywhere,
Until at last, the smoking axle dashed
With horrible shock against a marble pillar,
Orestes headlong falls —

Cly. No more! Ah, peace!
His mother hears thee.

Pyl. It is true. Forgive me.
I will not tell how, horribly dragged on,
His streaming life-blood soaked the arena's dust —
Pylades ran — in vain — within his arms
His friend expired.

Cly. O wicked death!
Pyl. In Crete
All men lamented him, so potent in him
Were beauty, grace, and daring.

Cly. Nay, who would not
Lament him save this wretch alone? Dear son,
Must I then never, never see thee more?

O me! too well I see thee crossing now
The Stygian stream to clasp thy father's shade:
Both turn your frowning eyes askance on me,
Burning with dreadful wrath! Yea, it was I,
'T was I that slew you both. Infamous mother
And guilty wife! — Now art content, Ægisthus?

Ægisthus still doubts, and pursues the pretended messengers with such insulting question that Orestes, goaded beyond endurance, betrays that their character is assumed. They are seized and about to be led to prison in chains, when Electra enters and in her anguish at the sight exclaims, "Orestes led to die!" Then ensues a fine scene, in which each of the friends claims to be Orestes. At last Orestes shows the dagger Electra has given him, and offers it to Clytemnestra, that she may stab Ægisthus with the same weapon with which she killed Agamemnon: —

To thee I give my dagger
Whom then I would call mother. Take it; thou
knowest how
To wield it; plunge it in Ægisthus' heart!
Leave me to die; I care not, if I see
My father avenged. I ask no other proof
Of thy maternal love from thee. Quick, now,
Strike! Oh, what is it that I see? Thou tremblest?
Thou growest pale? Thou weepst? From thy hand
The dagger falls? Thou lov'st Ægisthus, lov'st him
And art Orestes' mother? Madness! Go,
And never let me look on thee again!

Ægisthus dooms Electra to the same death with Orestes and Pylades, but on the way to prison the guards liberate them all, and the Argives rise against the usurper with the beginning of the fifth act, which I shall give entire, because I think it very characteristic of Alfieri, and necessary to a conception of his vehement, if somewhat arid genius. I translate as heretofore almost line for line, and word for word, keeping the Italian order as nearly as I can.

SCENE I.

ÆGISTHUS and Soldiers.

Æg. O treachery unforeseen! O madness! Freed,
Orestes freed? Now we shall see . . .

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cly. Ah! turn
Backward thy steps.

Æg. Ah, wretch, dost thou arm too
Against me?

Cly. I would save thee. Hearken to me,
I am no longer —

Æg. Traitor —

Cly. Stay!

Æg. Thou 'st promised
Haply to give me to that wretch alive?

Cly. To keep thee, save thee from him, I have sworn,
Though I should perish for thee! Ah, remain
And hide thou here in safety. I will be
Thy stay against his fury —

Eg. Against his fury
My sword shall be my stay. Go, leave me!
I go —

Cly. Whither?

Eg. To kill him!

Cly. To thy death thou goest!
O me! What dost thou? Hark! Dost thou not hear
The yells and threats of the whole people? Hold!
I will not leave thee.

Eg. Nay, thou hop'st in vain
To save thy impious son from death. Hence! Peace!
Or I will else —

Cly. Oh yes, Ægisthus, kill me,
If thou believ'st me not. "Orestes!" Hark!
"Orestes!" How that terrible name on high
Rings everywhere! I am no longer mother
When thou 'rt in danger. Against my blood I grow
Cruel once more.

Eg. Thou knowest well the Argives
Do hate thy face, and at the sight of thee
The fury were redoubled in their hearts.
The tumult rises. Ah, thou wicked wretch,
Thou wast the cause! For thee did I delay
Vengeance that turns on me now.

Cly. Kill me, then!

Eg. I'll find escape some other way.

Cly. I follow —

Eg. Ill shield wert thou for me. Leave me —
away, away!

At no price would I have thee by my side!

[Exit.

Cly. All hunt me from them! O most hapless
state!

My son no longer owns me for his mother,
My husband for his wife: and wife and mother
I still must be! O misery! Afar
I'll follow him, nor lose the way he went.

Enter ELECTRA.

El. Mother, where goest thou? Turn thy steps
again

Into the palace. Danger —

Cly. Orestes — speak!

Where is he? What does he do?

El. Orestes,

Pylades, and myself, we are all safe.

Even Ægisthus' minions pitied us.

They cried, "This is Orestes!" and the people,
"Long live Orestes! Let Ægisthus die!"

Cly. What do I hear!

El. Calm thyself, mother; soon
Thou shalt behold thy son again, and soon
Th' infamous tyrant's corpse —

Cly. Ah, cruel, leave me!
I go —

El. No, stay! The people rage, and cry
Out on thee for a parricidal wife.
Show thyself not as yet, or thou incurrest
Great peril. 'Twas for this I came. In thee
A mother's agony appeared, to see
Thy children dragged to death, and thou hast now
Atoned for thy misdeed. My brother sends me
To comfort thee, to succor and to hide thee
From dreadful sights. To find Ægisthus out,
All armed meanwhile, he and his Pylades
Search everywhere. Where is the wicked wretch?

Cly. Orestes is the wicked wretch!

El. O Heaven!

Cly. I go to save him or to perish with him.

El. Nay, mother, thou shalt never go. Thou
ravest —

Cly. The penalty is mine. I go —

El. O mother!

The monster that but now thy children doomed
To death, wouldst thou —

Cly. Yes, I would save him — I!

Out of my path! My terrible destiny
I must obey. He is my husband. All

Too dear he cost me. I will not, cannot lose him.

You I abhor, traitors, not children to me!

I go to him. Loose me, thou wicked girl!

At any risk I go, and may I only

Reach him in time!

[Exit

El. Go to thy fate, then, go,

If thou wilt so, but be thy steps too late!

Why cannot I, too, arm me with a dagger,

To pierce with stabs a thousand-fold the breast

Of infamous Ægisthus? O blind mother, Oh,

How art thou fettered to his baseness! Yet,

And yet, I tremble — If the angry mob

Avenge their murdered king on her — O Heaven!

Let me go after her — But who comes here?

Pylades, and my brother not beside him?

Enter PYLADES.

Oh tell me! Orestes —?

Pyl. Compasses the palace

About with swords. And now our prey is safe.

Where lurks Ægisthus? Hast thou seen him?

El. Nay,

I saw and strove in vain a moment since

To stay his maddened wife. She hung herself

Out of this door, crying that she would make

Herself a shield unto Ægisthus. He

Already had fled the palace.

Pyl. Durst he then

Show himself in the sight of Argos? Why,

Then he is slain ere this! Happy the man

That struck him first. Nearer and louder yet

I hear their yells.

El. "Orestes!" Ah, were 't so!

Pyl. Look at him in his fury where he comes!

Enter ORESTES and his followers.

Or. No man of you attempt to slay Ægisthus:

There is no wounding sword here save my own.

Ægisthus, ho! Where art thou, coward? Speak!

Ægisthus, where art thou? Come forth: it is

The voice of Death that calls thee! Thou comest
not?

Ah, villain, dost thou hide thyself? In vain:

The midmost deep of Erebus should not hide thee.

Thou shalt soon see if I be Atrides' son

El. He is not here; he —

Or. Traitors! You perchance

Have slain him without me?

Pyl. Before I came

He had fled the palace.

Or. In the palace still

Somewhere he lurks; but I will drag him forth;

By his soft locks I'll drag him with my hand:

There is no prayer, nor god, nor force of hell

Shall snatch thee from me. I will make thee plow

The dust with thy vile body to the tomb

Of Agamemnon, — I will drag thee thither

And pour out there all thine adulterous blood.

El. Orestes, dost thou not believe me? — me!

Or. Who 'rt thou? I want Ægisthus.

El. He is fled.

Or. He's fled, and you, ye wretches, linger here?
But I will find him.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cly. Oh have pity, son!

Or. Pity? Whose son am I? Atrides' son

Am I.

Cly. Ægisthus, loaded with chains —

Or. He lives yet?

O joy! Let me go slay him!

Cly. Nay, kill me!

I slew thy father — I alone. Ægisthus

Had no guilt in it.

Or. Who, who grips my arm?

Who holds me back? O madness! Ah, Ægisthus!

I see him; they drag him hither — Off with thee!

Cly. Orestes, dost thou not know thy mother?

Or. Die,

Ægisthus! By Orestes' hand, die, villain!

[*Exit.*

Cly. Ah, thou'st escaped me. Thou shalt slay me first!

[*Exit.*

El. Pylades, go! Run, run! Oh stay her! fly;
Bring her back hither!

[*Exit PYLADES.*

I shudder! She is still

His mother, and he must have pity on her.

Yet only now she saw her children stand

Upon the brink of an ignoble death,

And was her sorrow and her daring then

As great as they are now for him? At last

The day so long desired has come; at last,

Tyrant, thou diest; and once more I hear

The palace all resound with wails and cries,

As on that horrible and bloody night,

Which was my father's last, I heard it ring.

Already hath Orestes struck the blow,

The mighty blow; already is Ægisthus

Fallen — the tumult of the crowd proclaims it.

Behold Orestes conqueror, his sword

Dripping with blood!

Enter ORESTES.

O brother mine, oh come,

Avenger of the king of kings, our father,

Argos, and me, come to my heart!

Or. Sister,

At last thou seest me Atrides' worthy son.

Look, 'tis Ægisthus' blood! I hardly saw him

And ran to slay him where he stood, forgetting

To drag him to our father's sepulchre.

Full twice seven times I plunged and plunged my sword

Into his cowardly and quaking heart;

Yet have I slaked not my long thirst of vengeance.

El. Then Clytemnestra did not come in time
To stay thine arm?

Or. And who had been enough

For that? To stay my arm? I hurled myself

Upon him; not more swift the thunderbolt.

The coward wept, and those vile tears the more

Filled me with hate. A man that durst not die

Slew thee, my father!

El. Now is our sire avenged.

Calm thyself now, and tell me, did thine eyes

Behold not Pylades?

Or. I saw Ægisthus;

None other. Where is dear Pylades? And why

Did he not second me in this glorious deed?

El. I had confided to his care our mad

And desperate mother.

Or. I knew nothing of them.

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Enter PYLADES.

El. See, Pylades returns — O heavens, what do I see?

Returns alone?

Or. And sad? Oh wherefore sad,

Part of myself, art thou? Know'st not I've slain

Yon villain? Look, how with his life-blood yet

My sword is dripping! Ah, thou didst not share

His death-blow with me! Feed then on this sight

Thine eyes, my Pylades!

Pyl. O sight! Orestes,

Give me that sword.

Or. And wherefore?

Pyl. Give it me.

Or. Take it.

Pyl. Oh listen. We may not tarry longer

Within these borders; come —

Or. But what —

El. Oh speak!

Where's Clytemnestra?

Or. Leave her; she is perchance

Kindling the pyre unto her traitor husband.

Pyl. Oh, thou hast far more than fulfilled thy vengeance.

Come, now, and ask no more.

Or. What dost thou say?

El. Our mother! I beseech thee yet again!

Pylades — Oh what chill is this that creeps

Through all my veins?

Pyl. The heavens —

El. Ah, she is dead!

Or. Hath turned her dagger, maddened, on herself?

El. Alas! Pylades. Why dost thou not answer?

Or. Speak! What hath been?

Pyl. Slain —

Or. And by whose hand?

Pyl. Come.

El. (To ORESTES.) Thou slewest her.

Or. I parricide?

Pyl. Unknown

Thou plungedst in her heart thy sword, as blind

With rage thou rannest on Ægisthus —

Or. Oh,

What horror seizes me! I parricide?

My sword! Pylades, give it me; I'll have it —

Pyl. It shall not be.

El. Brother —

Or. Who calls me brother?

Thou, haply, impious wretch, thou that didst save me

To life and matricide? Give me my sword!

My sword! O fury! Where am I? What is it

That I have done? Who stays me? Who follows me?

Ah, whither shall I fly, where hide myself? —

O father, dost thou look on me askance?

Thou wouldst have blood of me, and this is blood;

For thee alone — for thee alone I shed it.

El. Orestes, Orestes — miserable brother!

He hears us not, ah! he is mad. Forever,

Pylades, we must go beside him.

Pyl. Hard,

Inevitable law of ruthless Fate!

Alfieri himself wrote a critical comment on each of his tragedies, discussing their qualities and the question of their failure or success dispassionately enough. For example, he frankly says of his

Maria Stuarda that it is the worst tragedy he ever wrote, and the only one that he could wish not to have written; of his Agamemnone, that all the good in it came from the author and all the bad from the subject; of his Filippo II., that it may make a very terrible impression indeed of mingled pity and horror, or that it may disgust, through the cold atrocity of Philip, even to the point of nausea. On the Orestes we may very well consult him more at length. "This tragic action," he declares, "has no other motive or development, nor admits any other passion, than an implacable revenge; but the passion of revenge (though very strong by nature), having become greatly enfeebled among civilized peoples, is regarded as a vile passion, and its effects are wont to be blamed and looked upon with loathing. Nevertheless, when it is just, when the offense received is very atrocious, when the persons and the circumstances are such that no human law can indemnify the aggrieved and punish the aggressor, then revenge, under the names of war, invasion, conspiracy, the duel, and the like, ennobles itself, and so works upon our minds as not only to be endured but to be admirable and sublime." In his Orestes he confesses that he sees much to praise and very little to blame: "Orestes, to my thinking, is ardent in sublime degree, and this daring character of his, together with the perils he confronts, may greatly diminish in him the atrocity and coldness of a meditated revenge. . . . Let those who do not believe in the force of a passion for high and just revenge add to it, in the heart of Orestes, private interest, the love of power, rage at beholding his natural heritage occupied by a murderous usurper, and then they will have a sufficient reason for all his fury. Let them consider also the ferocious ideas in which he must have been nurtured by Strophius, king of Phocis, the persecutions which he knows to have been everywhere moved against him by the usurper, — his being, in fine, the son of Agamemnon, and greatly priding himself thereon, — and all these things will certainly account for the vindictive passion of Orestes. . . .

"Clytemnestra is very difficult to treat in this tragedy, since she must be here, 'Now wife, now mother, never wife nor mother,' which is much easier to say in a verse than to manage in the space of five acts. Yet I believe that Clytemnestra, through the terrible remorse she feels, the vile treatment which she receives from Ægisthus, and the awful perplexity in which she lives . . . will be considered sufficiently punished by the spectator.

"Ægisthus is never able to elevate his soul; . . . he will always be an unpleasant, vile, and difficult personage to manage well; a character that brings small praise to the author when made sufferable, and much blame if not made so. . . .

"I believe the fourth and fifth acts would produce the highest effect on the stage if well represented. In the fifth, there is a movement, a brevity, a rapidly operating heat, that ought to touch, agitate, and singularly surprise the spirit. So it seems to me, but perhaps it is not so."

This analysis is not only very amusing for the candor with which Alfieri praises himself, but it is also remarkable for the justice with which the praise is given, and the strong, conscious hold which it shows him to have had upon his creations. It leaves one very little to add, but I cannot help saying that I think the management of Clytemnestra especially admirable throughout. She loves Ægisthus with the fatal passion which no scorn or cruelty on his part can quench; but while he is in power and triumphant, her heart turns tenderly to her hapless children, whom she abhors as soon as his calamity comes; then she has no thought but to save him. She can join her children in hating the murder which she has herself done on Agamemnon, but she cannot avenge it on Ægisthus, and thus expiate her crime in their eyes. Ægisthus is never able to conceive of the unselfishness of her love; he believes her ready to betray him when danger threatens and to shield herself behind him from the anger of the Argives; it is a deep knowledge of human nature that makes him interpose the memory of her unatoned-for crime between her and any purpose of good.

Orestes always sees his revenge as something sacred, and that is a great scene in which he offers his dagger to Clytemnestra and bids her kill Ægisthus with it, believing for the instant that even she must exult to share his vengeance. His feeling towards Ægisthus never changes; it is not revolting to the spectator, since Orestes is so absolutely unconscious of wrong in putting him to death. He shows his blood-stained sword to Pylades with a real sorrow that his friend should not also have enjoyed the rapture of killing the usurper. His language is fiercely terse, and his story of his escape on the night of Agamemnon's murder is as simple and grand in movement as that of figures in an antique bas-relief. Here and elsewhere one feels how Alfieri does not paint, but sculptures his scenes and persons, cuts their outlines deep, and strongly carves their attitudes and expression.

Electra is the worthy sister of Orestes, and the family likeness between them is sharply traced. She has all his faith in the sacredness of his purpose, while she has, woman-like, a far keener and more specific hatred of Ægisthus. The ferocity of her exultation when Clytemnestra and Ægisthus upbraid each other is terrible, but the picture she draws for Orestes of their mother's life is touched with an exquisite filial pity. She seems to me studied with marvelous success.

The close of the tragedy I think very noble indeed, full of fire and life, yet never wanting in a sort of lofty, austere grace, that lapses at last into a truly statuesque despair. Orestes mad, with Electra and Pylades on either side: it is the attitude and gesture of Greek sculpture, a group forever fixed in the imperishable sorrow of stone.

In reading Alfieri, I am always struck with what I may call the narrowness of his tragedies. They have height and depth, but not breadth. The range of sentiment is as limited in any one of them as the range of phrase in this Orestes, where the recurrence of the same epithets, horrible, bloody, terrible, fatal, awful, is not apparently felt by the poet as monotonous. Four or five persons,

each representing a purpose or a passion, occupy the scene, and obviously contribute by every word and deed to the advancement of the tragic action; and this narrowness and rigidity of intent would be intolerable, if the tragedies were not so brief: I do not think any of them is much longer than a single act of one of Shakespeare's plays. They are in all other ways equally unlike Shakespeare's plays. When you read Macbeth or Hamlet, you find yourself in a world where the interests and passions are complex and divided against themselves, as they are here and now. The action progresses fitfully, as events do in life; it is promoted by the things that seem to retard it; and it includes long stretches of time and many places. When you read Orestes, you find yourself attendant upon an imminent calamity, which nothing can avert or delay. In a solitude like that of dreams, those hapless phantasms, dark types of remorse, of cruel ambition, of inexorable revenge, move swiftly on the fatal end. They do not grow or develop on the imagination; their character is stamped at once, and they have but to act it out. There is no lingering upon episodes, no digressions, no reliefs. They cannot stir from that spot where they are doomed to expiate or consummate their crimes; one little day is given them, and then all is over.

Both kinds of tragedy are in the region of the ideal, but Alfieri idealizes passions and Shakespeare idealizes men. If art is a pure essence, separable from the life we know, and enjoyable in and for itself, we must allow to Alfieri the more artistic expression. Mr. Lowell, in his magnificent essay on Dryden, speaks of "a style of poetry whose great excellence was that it was in perfect sympathy with the genius of the people among whom it came into being," and this I conceive to be the virtue of the Alfierian poetry. The Italians love beauty of form, and we Goths love picturesque effect; and Alfieri has little or none of the kind of excellence which we enjoy. But while

"I look and own myself a happy Goth,"

I have moods, in the presence of his sim-

plicity and severity, when I feel that he and all the classicists may be right. When I see how much he achieves with his sparing phrase, his sparsely populated scene, his narrow plot and angular design, when I find him perfectly sufficient in expression and entirely adequate in suggestion, I am seized with a dismaying doubt of the Romantic principle, that it is after all barbarous, clumsy, rudely profuse, uncouth. Then the Classic alone appears elegant and true — till I read Shakespeare again; or till I turn to Nature, whom I do not find sparing or severe, but full of variety and change and relief, and yet having a sort of elegance and truth of her own.

In the treatment of historical subjects Alfieri allowed himself every freedom. He makes Lorenzo de' Medici, the most polite, gentle, and considerate of usurpers, a brutal and very insolent tyrant, a tyrant after the high Roman fashion, a tyrant almost after the fashion of the late Edwin Forrest. Yet there are some good passages in the *Congiura dei Pazzi*, of the peculiarly hard Alfierian sort: —

“An enemy insulted and not slain!
What breast in triple iron armed, but needs
Must tremble at him?”

is a saying of Giuliano de' Medici, who, when asked if he does not fear one of the conspirators, puts the whole political wisdom of the sixteenth century into his answer, —

“Being feared, I fear.”

The Filippo of Alfieri must always have an interest for English readers because of its chance relation to Keats, who, sick to death of consumption, bought a copy of Alfieri when on his way to Rome. As Mr. Lowell relates in his sketch of the poet's life, the dying man opened the book at the second page, and read the lines — perhaps the tenderest that Alfieri ever wrote —

“Misero me! sollievo a me non resta
Altro che il pianto, e il pianto è delitto!”

Keats read these words, and then laid down the book and opened it no more. The closing scene of the fourth act of this tragedy can well be studied as a striking example of Alfieri's extraordinary power of condensation.

Some of the non-political tragedies of Alfieri are still played; Ristori plays his *Mirra*, and Salvini his *Saul*; but I believe there is now no Italian critic who praises him so entirely as Giudici did. Yet the poet finds a warm defender against the French and German critics in De Sanctis,¹ a very clever and brilliant Italian, who accounts for Alfieri in a way that helps to make all Italian things more intelligible to us. He is speaking of Alfieri's epoch and social circumstances: —

“Education had been classic for ages. Our ideal was Rome and Greece, our heroes Brutus and Cato, our books Livy, Tacitus, and Plutarch; and if this was true of all Europe, how much more so of Italy, where this history might be called domestic, a thing of our own, a part of our traditions, still alive to the eye in our cities and monuments. From Dante to Machiavelli, from Machiavelli to Metastasio, our classical tradition was never broken. . . . In the social dissolution of the last century, all disappeared except this ideal. In fact, in that first enthusiasm, when the minds of men confidently sought final perfection, it passed from the schools into life, ruled the imagination, inflamed the will. People lived and died Romanly. . . . The situations that Alfieri has chosen in his tragedies have a visible relation to the social state, to the fears and to the hopes of his own time. It is always resistance to oppression, of man against man, of people against tyrant. . . . In the classicism of Alfieri there is no positive side. It is an ideal Rome and Greece, outside of time and space, floating in the vague . . . which his contemporaries filled up with their own life.”

Giuseppe Arnaud, in his admirable criticisms on the Patriotic Poets of Italy, has treated of the literary side of Alfieri in terms that seem to me on the whole very just. . . . “He sacrificed the foreshortening, which has so great a charm for the spectator, to the sculptured full figure that always presents itself face to face with you, and in entire relief. The

¹ *Saggi Critici. Di Francesco di Sanctis. Napoli: Antonio Morano. 1869.*

grand passions, which are commonly sparing of words, are in his system condemned to speak much, and to explain themselves too much. . . . To what shall we attribute that respectful somnolence which nowadays reigns over the audience during the recitation of Alfieri's tragedies, if they are not sustained by some theatrical celebrity? You will certainly say, to the mediocrity of the actors. But I hold that the tragic effect can be produced even by mediocre actors, if this effect truly abounds in the plot of the tragedy. . . . I know that these opinions of mine will not be shared by the great majority of the Italian public, and so be it. The contrary will always be favorable to one who greatly loved his country, always desired to serve her, and succeeded in his own time and own manner. Whoever should say that Alfieri's tragedies, in spite of many eminent merits, were constructed on a theory opposed to grand scenic effects and to one of the two bases of tragedy, namely, compassion, would certainly not say what was far from the truth. And yet, with all this, Alfieri will still remain that dry, harsh blast which swept away the noxious miasms with which the Italian air was infected. He will still remain that poet who aroused his country from its dishonorable slumber, and inspired its heart with intolerance of servile conditions and with regard for its dignity. Up to his time we had bleated, and he roared."

"In fact," says D'Azeglio, "one of the merits of that proud heart was to have found Italy Metastasian and left it Alfierian; and his first and greatest merit was, to my thinking, that he discovered Italy, so to speak, as Columbus discovered America, and initiated the idea of Italy as a nation. I place this merit far beyond that of his verses and his tragedies."

Besides his tragedies, Alfieri wrote, as I have already stated, some comedies in his last years; but I must own my ignorance of all six of them; and he wrote various satires, odes, sonnets, epigrams, and other poems. Most of them

are of political interest; the Miso-Gallo is an expression of his scorn and hatred of the French nation; the America Liberata celebrates our separation from England; the Etruria Vendicata praises the murder of the abominable Alessandro de' Medici by his kinsman, Lorenzaccio. None of the satires, whether on kings, aristocrats, or people, have lent themselves easily to my perusal; the epigrams are signally unreadable, but some of the sonnets are very good. He seems to find in their limitations the same sort of strength that he finds in his restricted tragedies; and they are all in the truest sense sonnets.

Here is one, which loses, of course, by translation. In this and other of my versions, I have rarely found the English too terse for the Italian, and often not terse enough:—

HE IMAGINES THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

The sad bell that within my bosom aye
Clamors and bids me still renew my tears,
Doth stun my senses and my soul bewray
With wandering fantasies and cheating fears;
The gentle form of her that is but ta'en
A little from my sight I seem to see
At life's bourne lying faint and pale with pain,—
My love that to these tears abandons me.
"O my own true one," tenderly she cries,
"I grieve for thee, love, that thou winnest naught
Save hapless life with all thy many sighs."
"Life? Never! Though thy blessed steps have
taught
My feet the path in all well-doing, stay! —
At this last pass 't is mine to lead the way.

There is a still more characteristic sonnet of Alfieri's, with which I shall close, as I began, in the very open air of his autobiography:—

HIS PORTRAIT.

Thou mirror of veracious speech sublime,
What I am like in soul and body, show:
Red hair,—in front grown somewhat thin with
time;
Tall stature, with an earthward head bowed low;
A meagre form, with two straight legs beneath;
An aspect good; white skin with eyes of blue;
A proper nose; fine lips and choicest teeth;
Face paler than a throned king's in hue;
Now hard and bitter, yielding now and mild;
Malignant never, passionate always,
With mind and heart in endless strife embroiled;
Sad mostly, and then gayest of the gay.
Achilles now, Thersites in his turn:
Man, art thou great or vile? Die, and thou 't learn!
W. D. Howells.

THE NORTHWESTERN MULE AND HIS DRIVER.

If there is any one animal that can be defined only by a simple proposition of identity, that animal is a mule. A mule is a mule. When you have said that, you have defined him, stigmatized him, and given the only full and accurate description of him.

Zoologically, of course, his solution is easy enough. He is a compromise, occupying an unenviable zoological diagonal between the horse and the ass, his individuality depending upon the proportions of these which combine in his composition. His external features are not difficult to portray. They lie within the skill of an indifferent artist. But he who attempts to dive down to the hidden springs of his character, to analyze his psychology and search the inward affections of his heart, has a task which might frighten the author of the *Novum Organum*. He has an animal to describe which had no place in the garden of Eden, and which was probably excluded altogether from the ark. Yet this four-footed paradox, this psychological eccentricity, which, in common with its father, has been the butt of history for ages, has proved to be one of the most valuable improvements on the zoölogy of Eden which mankind has suggested or achieved.

General Washington is credited with introducing the mule into this country. It is one of the almost forgotten fruits of his administration for which we cannot be too grateful, since both in peace and war the animal has contributed not a little to the national name and prosperity. There is now no State in the Union to which the mule is entirely a stranger; and three of them, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, have become great mule nurseries. But the field for the mule's highest and best activities is found west of the Mississippi, and especially in the new Northwest, where large numbers are required for the government service.

To those familiar with the government

mule, an apology may seem to be needed for any reference to this animal in plain, church-going English. In the Northwest the mule is a victim of a special vocabulary. It is rarely mentioned without an epithet. The reader, it is hoped, however, will recognize those considerations of space and propriety which forbid the writer from making this article a contribution to profane literature.

The government no sooner adopts a mule than it naturalizes him. This is done by branding him with a conspicuous U S, which distinguishes him from "private and unofficial" mules, and, through a flattering absence of punctuation marks, converts him into a public pronoun in walking apposition with forty millions of people. He is then assigned either to pack, saddle, or team duty, according to the wants of the service. Nine out of ten mules find their sphere of duty in a six-mule team, which when harnessed to a government wagon and driven by the typical teamster is emphatically an American, and particularly a Western institution. Mules are a necessary element in every military movement; and they are the only means of transportation from one government post to another, where railroads have not penetrated. In General Stanley's expedition to the Yellowstone River, which the writer accompanied as correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, two hundred and eighty of these wagons and sixteen hundred and eighty draft mules were required to carry forty days' supplies for a force of twelve hundred infantry and about six hundred cavalry. In the Black Hills expedition, one hundred and fifty wagons and nine hundred mules were necessary to carry sixty days' supplies for a command numbering nine hundred men and six hundred horses. It is only on expeditions of this kind, when compelled to travel a thousand miles or more without sight of a house or a white man, often over desert tracts of country with

poor grass and little water, that the mule and the mule wain are appreciated, though it is always on such occasions that the animal is most abused. A wagon train is then a moving village containing everything which is necessary for the success of the expedition, which must be absolutely self-supporting. It is important to economize transportation: consequently the allowance of forage is reduced to the minimum. Three and a half pounds of corn a day was the limit for each animal on the Black Hills expedition. Had this amount been doubled only, — even then a small allowance, — it would have required thirty-seven more wagons and two hundred and twenty-two more mules to carry the additional forage. For work of this kind, under such conditions, horses would absolutely fail. The amount of fatigue, exposure, and abstinence which a mule will endure seems almost fabulous. Making long marches across dusty, shadeless plains, going for long intervals without water and with very little food, obliged to pull loads sometimes amounting to five thousand two hundred pounds up steep hills and through heavy sloughs, subject to cruel treatment and neglect from the teamster, the life of an expedition mule is miserable enough. No wonder that when the mule returns, he looks woefully angular and thin. The poor animal is frequently driven until he completely gives out, when he is thanklessly turned into the herd of broken-down mules. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight than such a herd. It is a moving bone-yard. Gaunt, lean, with drooping ears, hips that rise like promontories above the general desolation, a disconsolate tail, and a woe-begone visage which would frighten an inexperienced ghost, — the poor, bankrupt mule is the most wretched parody on Gothic architecture that was ever forced on the public attention. Every vestige of meat has fled from his bones. He is a walking transparency, an animated hat-rack, and I have actually seen his hip bones irreverently used to hang teamsters' hats on. During our homeward march from the Black

Hills, more than one such starved victim laid down his tired frame on the earth which had refused to nourish him, and the benediction of a soldier's bullet called the raven and the coyote to a meal which it cost the government one hundred and forty dollars to provide. A good mule is well worth the government price. In California I have known two thousand dollars to be paid for a single pair of mules. The native California mule is not large, but the mules sent to that State from Missouri expressly for hauling quartz are often sixteen hands high. Sixteen-mule teams, hauling eighteen thousand pounds in enormous wagons over the mountains, are not uncommon there.

The pack mule is a necessary supplement to the draft mule, and in mountainous and heavily timbered regions must often supersede him entirely. Mule packing is a fine art. With a well-trained mule and a well-trained packer, there is nothing imaginable, from a bag of oats to a load of crockery, that cannot be securely fastened on the mule's back. Select the worst article you can think of to test the packer's skill, and in an incredibly short space of time he will pack it as though he had been perfectly used to packing that very thing all the days of his life. When the packer has finished, the animal may jump, back, kick, rear, or roll, to rid himself of his burden, but with no more success than Christian had before he reached the cross. And yet you cannot find a knot in the whole complexity of rope and bundle. A pack saddle, or in Mexico an *aparajo*, which is a willow frame covered with canvas and stuffed with hay, always intervenes between the pack and the mule's back, and a crupper and breast-strap with a strong girth keep the bundle in position. Pack mules in Mexico and California are so well trained that in the morning, when it is time to start, they will fall into single file and come up one by one to receive their burdens from the packer, moving off again as soon as loaded.

And here we must notice a curious fact which is wisely taken advantage of by a

pack master. It is the fondness of a mule for a gray horse, but especially for a gray mare. Put a bell on the mare's neck and a boy on her back, and start her off, and where she dares to lead the mules will dare to follow. It is contrary to the fifteenth amendment, to be sure, for mules to make such discrimination in regard to color, but is not that, however, a liberal and enlightened suffrage which leads them to prefer a female gray to a male one? A mule is exceedingly fond of a bell, but its affection for a light-colored horse does not depend on the music alone, as may be seen from the following incident, which the writer witnessed last year on the Yellowstone River, and which turned a good deal of vexation into uncontrollable merriment. General Custer, with four hundred and fifty cavalrymen, had been closely following the trail of a large party of Sioux Indians who had taken to the river and crossed. The Yellowstone at this point is from four hundred and fifty to five hundred yards wide, deep and very swift. Having waded our horses out to a sand-bar in the river, the problem was how to get over the rest. Half a dozen men from time to time tried to swim it on their horses, but only one or two succeeded; the strength of the current and the width of the river obliging the others to turn back. Along with our party were two hunters, Norris and Reynolds, the former mounted on a dun pony, the latter on a saddle mule which he had borrowed especially for this trip. The two hunters were old friends, but their animals had been acquainted only forty-eight hours. A strong and unaccountable friendship had sprung up between them.

Now there is a false tradition in the army that a mule cannot swim much. In view of a possible order to swim the river with our horses (an order which General Custer had too much sense to issue), Reynolds's chances of getting across with his mule were freely canvassed. Reynolds himself was not very confident of crossing, on a mule, a swift river which had baffled the efforts of some of the best swimming horses in the

regiment. "However, boys," said he, "if the old gal can only make it, I reckon I can get over, myself." Disgusted with the futile efforts of the cavalry at crossing, Norris, the other hunter, pulled off his boots, and mounting his Indian pony rode into the river. This movement did not escape the notice of the mule. The thought of parting gave her unutterable pain. Reynolds, her master, was at the other end of the island. She was free to act for herself. The struggle between love and cowardice lasted only a moment; then with a sudden bound the devoted beast rushed into the river, bearing on her back, besides all her saddle equipments, three days' rations of coffee, sugar, and hard tack. A loud cheer from the soldiers, and laughter which made the hills ring, greeted this new version of Ruth and Naomi. "Hold on a minute," said a spectator, "wait till the old gal gets some water in her ears, and you'll see her turn back." But the mule had no such intention. She struck out nobly for the little dun pony, keeping her head clear out of water. Getting into the swift channel, the hunter's coffee and sugar soon mingled with the cold running water; the hard tack likewise, accepting a new destiny, floated down the river. Thus relieved the mule pressed on, soon overtaking her companion and swimming so near to it that Norris, fearful of getting a kick, let go of his pony, and man, horse, and mule raced for the shore together. It was a lively sight, and we had a lively interest in the result. If at any time the hunter and his pony disappeared in the rushing torrent, a floating and conspicuous pair of ears were never lost to sight. The fierce current carried the three far down the river; it was nearly half an hour before they emerged in safety on the other side. I believe that Reynolds was entirely reconciled to the loss of his rations by the feeling of pride and satisfaction which this achievement legitimately created. The cavalry not being able to cross, Reynolds, for the sake of the exercise, swam the dangerous river and brought his mule back again with Norris and the pony. I may add

that the soldiers' notion that a mule with water-logged ears gets discouraged, and will not swim, is a libel.

The average load for a pack mule is from two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred pounds. The heaviest weight which a pack master confessed he had ever imposed on a mule was eight hundred pounds, a piece of machinery which could not be divided. From fifty to one hundred mules make a good-sized train, though three or four hundred sometimes follow the same trail in close succession. Low, snug-built, chunky, short-coupled animals are the best for this work. The well-broken pack mule is proud of his burden. Should it by any means get loose, he quietly steps out of the line of procession and waits for a pack master to come and tighten it. The value of pack mules as an auxiliary to a wagon train was well shown on the Black Hills expedition. Packing our extra rations and forage on a few of these animals under charge of Mr. Wagner, our chief packer, we were enabled to make in three days a journey of a hundred miles over hills and mountains which would have embarrassed our train for two weeks.

The saddle mule in the West is also a frequent rival of the horse. For making long distances over the plains without forage he cannot be beaten unless by the Indian pony. A good saddle mule sometimes makes sixty or seventy-five miles a day without seeming to be much fatigued; and a trustworthy frontiersman assures me that he has known one to make one hundred miles between daylight and dark. But the saddle mule is not always reliable. If he takes it into his head to plant himself just where he is, he is very difficult to transplant. If he sues for a divorce, he usually contrives to get the law of gravity on his side.

The most eminent physical qualities of the mule are surefootedness, great strength, and remarkable toughness and vigor. Aristotle tells us that the age reached by the mule is greater than that of the horse or ass. "For a mule," he says, "has been known to live eighty years, as was the case with a mule at

Athens when the temple was building. This mule, though exempt from servitude, on account of his age, yet being yoked to a car used to assist in drawing it; so that it was decreed that no one should drive him away when he approached any heap of corn."

The mule is certainly a hard animal to kill, especially if he makes up his mind that he will not die. On the mountain-side, burdened with a heavy pack, his foothold is as firm and sure as the earth on which it rests; but when the earth gives way, as it sometimes does, pack and mule go rolling over and over down the steep hill or precipice; the animal may be killed, apparently, two or three times before he gets to the bottom, but he has generally lives enough left to secure him a good old age and a natural death. I have seen a wheel mule fall and become buried under a heavily loaded wagon so completely that not a hint of the animal was visible. Yet when the wagon and load were removed, the mule got up and grazed as though nothing had happened, and seemed to be the only party there that was not surprised. I did hear of one mule in the West which died from violence. He fell into a quartz mill and was stamped to a jelly; then passed into the furnace and was roasted to a white heat, which made him perspire freely. On coming out of the furnace a foolish man declared he was dead. But it is said that when a curious skeptic pounded up some of the furnace quartz with a pestle, shortly after, the bray of the mule in the mortar was distinctly heard.

The mule is not the stupid animal he is represented to be. His powers of observation and memory are sometimes wonderful. Old teamsters say that a mule always knows a man who has fed him once. Take a train of two hundred and eighty army wagons all alike, and when it gets into camp let the train be parked, and the mules unharnessed and driven off together a mile or two away from the train. When it is time to give them their corn, if the animals are herded back to the train, with a strange instinct every mule will go right to his own wagon. I have heard old teamsters say

that a good mule is a great deal more teachable than a horse, more knowing, and more affectionate. But I know of no animal whose moral education is so much neglected. He is a victim of his associates. When thoroughly corrupted there is no wickedness to which he is not equal. His hypocrisy then greatly helps him to succeed. I have seen him when he looked the perfect picture of meekness and humility; when it seemed that even Moses himself must defer to him in these crowning virtues. Yet if Moses or any other patriarch had ventured to approach him without a tribute of corn, the mule would have kicked him into the remotest antiquity. I have seen him deceive a wagon master himself, pretending that he could not go a step farther, but the moment he was released from harness, bounding off as fresh and lively as a colt.

The depraved mule rejoices in his heart if he can make some one miserable. It is a trait for which in the West they have a specific term. They call it "pure cussedness." When a mule devotes his whole life to illustrating this idea, he finds a thousand opportunities and achieves a remarkable success. It is this instinct which prompts him to encourage the attentions of his driver for a year or two, just for the sake of getting a good chance to kick his brains out. It is this which leads him to stand still when other people would be better pleased if he would go. It is this which often decides him when he really *does* start, to send his rider on ahead of him. Perhaps, too, it is this spirit that gives the mule his strange idea of justice, which seems to be to visit upon others the afflictions which he suffers himself. Thus it is said that if a bad lot of mules are in line, and you kick one of them violently, instead of retaliating on the one who kicked him he simply kicks the mule behind him. The second mule passes the kick to the third, he to the fourth, and so on till the primary vengeance has gone the whole length of the line, leaving the last mule unjustified. Perhaps it is only an illustration of the principle that misery loves company, since by this device the mule

first kicked secures the sympathy of the whole line.

The mule has always been credited with a great deal of freedom of the will. This it must be that makes him dislike his rope and picket pin. If he can break the rope or pull up the pin, he finds a new opportunity. Then, not until he has defrauded some less fortunate mule out of his grass, or broken a rival's jaw, or pulled down two or three tents with his picket pin, does he go to bed happy.

The only personal objection I have to a mule is his neglect of camp courtesies, especially his passion for pulling down tents. He has a strange instinct, when self-freed, to consider that direction most convenient for him which is most inconvenient for everybody else. On the expedition our head-quarter tents were always ranged in a line, with a space, when camp was small, only large enough for a man to pass between them. Nearly every mule that pulled up his picket pin in our vicinity, though he might have a hundred miles of free, unobstructed prairie on the other side, determined to pass between these tents, dragging his long lariat and pin after him. No matter if the pin caught in one of our guy ropes or in a corner of the tent. He forgot the things that were behind and pressed forward to those that were before, leaving us to repair damages. Sometimes two mules tied to one rope would explore together. When this was the case both mules always tried to see which could get through the tent row first.

Sometimes the wanderer takes it into his head that he can sing. So long as he keeps this idea to himself nobody can complain. But a mule who has such a conceit is sure to publish it. One who has never heard a mule solo can form no idea of the rare cacophony it involves. No musical gamut can score it; no voice can imitate it. Only a mule can describe it. It is one of the grossest outrages on the public peace ever devised. Happy for the hearer if the bray be confined to one mule; but when two or three hundred happen to meet together and some base prompter among them says, "Brethren, let us bray," the antiphonal response,

which is never refused, is perfectly overwhelming. I remember one poor mule who lost his life because he would persistently exercise this gift in an Indian country, and so betray the command to the enemy. He was shot as a traitor and a nuisance.

There is no other animal, according to popular opinion, so commonplace in his character as a mule. Yet there is no other creature which has so many native piquancies. Even his virtues are piquant, and his vices are still more so. It is sometimes difficult for the observer to distinguish one from the other, yet in the mind of the mule I have no doubt they are clearly discriminated.

Of all strange and unheard-of situations in which animals find themselves, those which the mule seeks out and occupies are the most serious and the most comical. Unharness a six-mule team, place the animals side by side and fasten their heads together, and drive them down to water; there do not live six animals of another species that can twist themselves into such strange knots. The Gordian knot was nothing in comparison. It seems impossible for them to keep their tails all the same way. Before you get back you will find that the outside mules have got into the middle, and that the heads of two or three are just where their tails should be. At the outset the relationship would be numerically described as follows:—

1 2 3 4 5 6

Returning from water the arithmetic would be

3 2 1 9 9 4

The kicking and fighting in the disturbed numeration would terminate seriously if the teamster did not with his "black snake" hold the balance of power, and whip the confusion into unanimity. The fact is, a mule has a keen zest for giving surprises. His capability and resource in this direction are remarkable. Perhaps Absalom was never more surprised in his life than when his mule "went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him

went away." Whether this instinct for surprises shows itself in his head or in his heels, the mule never fails to make an impression. Perhaps a morbid love of notoriety affects him. At all events he is strongly ambitious. Of all his ventures and enterprises, I know of none more elevated and illustrious than one which occurred on the Yellowstone. We had camped about two o'clock in the afternoon in the river valley, and turned the mules out to graze near by. Back from the river was an almost inaccessible bluff, two hundred and fifty feet high, commanding a view of the scenery for miles around. About two hours after pitching our tents we happened to cast a glance at the top of this bluff, and there, to the astonishment of everybody, was a solitary mule on its very highest point, coolly and calmly taking a survey of the surrounding country. The peculiar exaggeration which the atmosphere in that latitude gives to objects seen against the sky made him seem about twelve feet high. There he stood in calm and lofty serenity, manifesting no emotion whatever except that of perfect self-satisfaction. How the animal got up there nobody knew. What he went for was still less evident. There was good grass on the plain; the bluff was perfectly barren. The mule had traveled twenty miles that day, and could not be lacking exercise. Two conjectures offered themselves to the superficial mind: he had gone up there on volunteer picket duty, or else to take a view of the scenery. But there was only one adequate reason: he climbed that hill because he was a mule. And so as a result of this effort to fathom and analyze the mule, we come back to the very proposition with which we started, the simple proposition of identity. The mule is a mule. What more could be said?

But no characterization of the mule is complete without an adequate notice of the teamster. He is an intellectual and moral hybrid, almost as much of an enigma as the mule. It is hard to say which of the two, mule or teamster, ex-

ercises greater influence over the other, and it is hard to say in which direction the influence is better. General Zachary Taylor, who hated teamsters so that he could scarcely bear one in his sight, would no doubt decide in favor of the mule. As a class, teamsters are made up of that peculiar sort of drift-wood which the stream of civilization always leaves here and there along its borders. They are nearly all wanderers and adventurers. Many have served at mining, wooding, and boating, and take to teaming as a collateral pursuit. Many are farmers' sons who have left their homes deluded by the hope of high wages in the West. When their small stock of money is gone they are glad enough to engage as teamsters for thirty dollars a month. Indeed, when a man of any calling is thoroughly "broke" in the Northwest, he generally repairs to teaming to mend his fortunes. The variety of professions represented in this work of redemption is sometimes very strange. On the Yellowstone expedition we had two hundred and eighty teamsters. While the majority were men who could hardly be said to have ever had any settled occupation, there were not a few who had seen nobler walks of life. Store-keepers, school-teachers, clerks, doctors, lawyers, were sprinkled here and there in the motley array. A lawyer at Bismarck, a little frontier town on the Missouri, near our starting-point, having lost his only case the day before the departure of the expedition, despairing of his bread and butter for the rest of the summer, immediately engaged as a teamster. The son of a prominent clergyman in Washington was determined to go on this expedition. He applied for a position in the scientific department, but failing, disguised himself, went to the quartermaster's, and signed the teamster's contract. In the Black Hills expedition many adventurers engaged, simply to see the new country. Among them was the son of a wealthy gentleman in the West, who was determined to go and could go in no other capacity. I have never personally known the clergy to be represented,

but the fact that one of the teamsters was persistently called "Parson" showed a disposition to recognize the claims of the profession. The typical teamster, however, is one who is born and bred to his business.

The teamster's duties are simple but arduous. He drives his team on the march, and in camp sees that they are well cared for. The art of driving a six-mule team in the Eastern States is almost unknown. It is not a government of "gees" and "haws," nor a six-fold complication of reins. A single line from the driver to the mouth of the guide or left lead mule, called the line mule, is the only telegraph. A series of jerks on the line turns the obedient leader to the right, a continuous pull guides him to the left. A stick called a "jockey stick," fastened by a chain at one end to the collar of the line mule, and at the other to the bit of his companion leader, compels the latter to second the motions of his consort. The wheel team is under the immediate control of the driver, who rides on the back of the near mule, holding his line in his left hand, his cowhide whip (his black snake) hanging with a professional grace around his neck, ready for any emergency. The plain, unornamental part of the business is easy. It is only when he gets to a bad crossing, involving perhaps a steep descent, a heavy slough at the bottom, and a high and difficult "come-out" on the other side, that the teamster has a chance to display the resources and adornments of his profession. Going down-hill the teamster never swears at his mules; descending elocution is confined to the single word "wah-oo," uttered with a strong accent on the last syllable and in the teamster's most persuasive voice. None but a green hand ever thinks of saying "whoa." This is horse dialect, and mules have little respect for it. When the wagon has fairly got to the bottom and the mire has begun to swallow its wheels, then the teamster is transformed. Then it is that unshipping his whip and opening his battery of oaths he bombards his team with

blows and oburgations until every ounce of their strength is put into the collar. Rising on his saddle he launches his ubiquitous whip at the off wheeler and the swing mules, pounds his saddle mule with his heels, and vents a peculiar, vivifying shriek at the distant ears of his leaders. The originality, picturesquequeness, fluency, and irreverence of the teamster's exhortation to his mules under such circumstances baffles all decent description. No one has a full appreciation of the ultimate power and genius of eloquence until he has heard a teamster discourse from his nigh wheel mule. His profanity is generally shocking, but in its spirit it is more interjectional than blasphemous. The truth is, his curses are only a vulgar *patois*. The mule understands it, and governs himself accordingly.

When a teamster gets stuck at a crossing, his companions give him but one bit of advice. They tell him to "grab a root." The idea pictured, I suppose, is that of a drowning man catching at a shrub or root on the bank. Freely translated it means, Make the best of your resources. If a man's horse ran away with him a teamster would advise him to grab a root. If a railroad train ran off the track, or a boiler explosion took place, the teamster would advise everybody to grab a root. If a man fell desperately in love or were going to be hung, he would tell him to grab a root; and if he could not do it in this world to seize the first chance in the other one.

The devotion of some teamsters to their mules is as conspicuous as the neglect of others. I knew one who cried like a child when a favorite team, which he had driven for years, was taken from him. The noisy, strenuous style of driving which belongs to the average teamster, and which the novice affects, is not without distinguished exceptions. Old "Buckskin Joe" — by the way, a generic name in the West — has driven forty-four years and has never broken a tongue or tipped over a wagon. Yet he seldom whips or curses a mule, and heartily despises the professional bun-

combe. "I don't see no use in so much beatin' and hollerin'," he would say; "I don't want none with my mules. When I tell 'em what's wantin', they allers pull every ounce that's in 'em; and a man can't ask no more."

Old Joe is quite a character in his way. He began to team when he was ten years old, and though now fifty-four, with his beard long and gray, he is still fond of this rough life. Six feet high, erect in form, with long hair falling nearly to his shoulders and a beard like the Elijah pictured in the Sunday-school books, you might take him for one of the later Scripture patriarchs, if his modern suit of buckskin and a hat which Noah might have worn at the flood did not present a contradiction in dates. At ten years of age Joe ran away from home and found his way into the West, which he has pretty thoroughly explored, though not yet to his satisfaction. "I hev been pretty much over the country," said he, "hev seen Mexico, Californy, Nevada, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, and I'm getting rather old now; but if I can make a raffle I want to git to Washington Territory yet."

I first made Joe's acquaintance on the Yellowstone trip last year, and found him again driving one of the cavalry company teams on the Black Hills expedition. I frequently relieved the monotony of the march by riding alongside of him, taking lessons in the art of mule driving, and listening to his curious monologues. What Joe does not know about mule driving is not worth knowing. His bits of personal experience, his observations on passing events, such as the sudden appearance of a jack rabbit or an antelope, and his sage remarks on mules and their character formed a strange *mélange*. He never became so absorbed in conversation that he forgot to speak a word in season to his mules. "Boxer, Boxer," he would suddenly interpolate, and the wheel mule rejoicing in that name would swing to the right just in time for the wheels to clear a dangerous hole.

"That's the advantage," he would continue, "of hevin' a good pair of wheelers, and it's a good thing to git

your mules so they 'll know jest what yer mean when yer speak to 'em. I can allers calculate on old Boxer, and this one too" (pointing to Maggie, his saddle mule) "allers swings jest when I speak to her. Both of 'em allers know when to let up and when to pull; you *bet* they do, and half of the time I need n't tell 'em. These are two mighty good mules. The hull team 's a good one. There 's a lot of new drivers here that 'ud like to see me git stuck; but I an't stuck yet. Many of them fellers have lightened up too; but I 'm drawin' jest as much as when I started. Custer 's awful hard on a march, though. A man can't keep his mule lookin' fat if he don't hev nothin' to eat. Yesterday them mules was harnessed from four o'clock in the mornin' till nine at night; did n't hev no chance to graze at all. Yet they expect a man to keep his mules lookin' jest so. A few more marches like that would kill the hull lot of 'em. (Gwah, gwah.)

"Yes, Babe is a pretty fair line mule, but not like some I 've seen. I 've seen line mules yer could drive jest as well with a twine string; yer would n't have to pull hardly an ounce to make 'em haw. There 's a heap of difference in line mules. Yer can make some of 'em gee by jest jinglin' the chain. It makes a big difference how yer drive 'em, too. I was drivin' in Californy in '65, and there was a feller there who was tryin' to drive a line mule and could n't make her go nohow. He got a big heavy bit for her, like them they use for the cavalry; but he could n't make her go. She would kick and rear awfully. Well, I took her, and threw away that bit and put in one of these little mule bits just the same as this team hev, and I driv her without any trouble at all. She was a good — gwah, Maggie, gwah; a feller has to look out for his wheelers here; there 's sich lots of bad places. All a man wants to do in a bad place is to look at the end of his tongue and watch his leaders. If yer keep watch of yer tongue yer can tell within an inch where yer wheels 'll go, and if yer watch yer leaders too you can pull out right." (Good advice for many other situations in life.)

"Yes, I 've made a little money by teamin', but we don't git paid now as we used to. Last year was the fust time I ever driv for thirty dollars a month. The most I ever got was a hundred and twenty-five a month, in Mexico; I did n't keep much of it, though. In Californy then they was payin' a hundred and fifty a month for teamsters. Well, I got enough to buy a lot in Sioux City, and I put a little house on it. I wanted to make it all right, so I — golly! see that jack rabbit; *can't* them fellers go! Run, jack, run! the dog 's after yer." (Anybody who knows a jack rabbit, or has timed a streak of lightning, will deem this advice superfluous.) "Well, I wanted to make it all right, so I made it over to the old woman, and had the papers and everything fixed jest so. I never had any children, but I 'dopted a little gal and brought her up, and she got married. Well, the old woman got aillin' 'bout two years ago, and she died, and she made all the property over to my 'dopted daughter, and made her husband boss of all the papers. 'Ministrator I think they call it. The house and land was worth three thousand dollars, but the feller went and sold it for thirteen hundred. I never got a cent on it." And Joe laughed as he thought of his bad luck. Many men would have sworn.

"Once before," he went on, "I got together 'bout nineteen hundred dollars. I lent it to a feller to start a ranch with, but I never seen any of it ag'in. I 've made up my mind that it 's no pertic'lar use to save money; and I think now that I 'll jest keep enough to bury me, and use up the rest as I go 'long." And Joe gave another of his philosophical laughs.

"I hev n't got no relations and I hev n't got nobody to take care of, and I guess I 'll stick to this the rest of my life. I s'pose I might hev been worth suthin now, if I had n't been so rovin'.

"Like my mules? Yes, I do; and I think my mules like me. There 's a heap o' 'fection in a mule. Maggie, here, will stop eatin' her corn any time if yer jist rub her ears; and if yer keep on rubbin' she 'll lie right down like a kitten; she likes pettin'. I allers take good care of

my team. I think how it is with myself. Sometimes I've been mighty hungry and mighty thirsty and I'd hev been mighty glad if some one had been roun' to give me a feed. An' I know that mules hev feelin's just like a man. But some of those new drivers don't care a durn whether their mules git watered or not. Maggie's a cur'us gal 'bout that. She's mighty pertic'lar. If you drive her inter water and it gets riled at all, she won't drink a bit. Up there in the Black Hills we had splendid water, but she would n't drink any for two days. She was n't sick neither. Guess you must be suthin of a camel, eh, Mag? 'T an't so with Boxer; he'll drink whenever he gits a chance. Nice mule, an't he? He's allers jest as steady as yer see him now. Allers keeps along jest so. Yer always know how to depend on him. Whenever there's any pullin' to be done he's roun'. Gwah, Maggie, gwah! That was a bad place to break a hame strap. I don't like those hame buckles anyhow. I think holes is better.

"Yer see that feller drivin' over there in that other string? Well, he's a pretty good driver, but he whips his mules too much. Yer see that saddle mule of his is use' to bein' on the off side, and he's usin' it now on the near side. Of course it an't use' to bein' there, and it bears off to the left all the time. It's only nat'ral it should. Yer know a man gits use to hevin' one seat at the table, and it don't seem nat'ral to set anywhere else. I never tried Boxer as a nigh wheeler, and I should n't want to, either. He's a pretty high-strung mule for such a steady one. But that off swing there I would n't ride for a hundred dollars. I don't believe any man living could set on her back if she was n't willin', and I don't think she would be. She's very touchy if you don't speak to her. I came up to her once and touched her without speakin', and she jumped clean out of the harness in two minutes. One of them infantry fellers was walkin' 'long side of her t' other day, and I saw it fretted her and I asked him if he would n't fall back. By and by he came up again and jest kept right 'long side. I jest got down

and told him that if he did n't git away I'd see if I was n't young enough to make him; so he quit. A man must take his mules' part, yer know.

"I use' to take a heap of trouble to fix up my team. It was a government team, too. That one I had in '66 was a fine one. I had some housin's made out of buffalo and lined nice with red, yer know, and scollups cut to make 'em look smart. I bought a steel bow and some fine bells; a mule likes bells you know; they cost me eleven dollars. I paid two dollars apiece for rosettes, three dollars for some martingales, and spent six dollars just for ribbon. All the fixin's cost forty-six dollars, all out of my own pocket. That's played out now. It don't pay to dec'rate yer mules, because after these expeditions they take yer team away. S'pose I shall lose this team too. Them wagon masters are beginnin' to bet now how much Boxer can pull when they git him again at Lincoln. Last winter he won lots o' bets. He pulled eighteen men on a sled on the bare ground 'gainst two other mules which could only pull seventeen. I'll be hanged, though, if they ever git any of these mules while I hev 'em. 'T an't right to take a mule out of the stable when he's been workin' all day, and then go to pullin' him out of his skin jest to see how much he'll draw. Wall, I guess that's camp ahead; do you see how them mules know it? I tell yer there's a heap o' human natur' in mules. Gwah, Maggie, gwah!"

And with a jerk or two on the line to let "Babe" know what was wanted, Joe and his team moved off towards the head-quarter tent.

It is surprising what skill teamsters attain in driving with a single line. Old Joe could turn his wagon round within its own length, and did not grumble that a bridge was narrow if you gave him two or three inches on each side of the wheels. The facility with which the veteran distinguishes his mules is equally surprising to a novice. Weed out the few grays and duns, and the mules in a fifteen hundred herd look very much alike. But an old teamster, when he has once driven a

team, can tell them in the largest herd, if he sees them half a mile off. A novice whom I recall had less success. "How many of your mules have you got?" said an angry wagon master to him one morning, about half an hour after it was time to be harnessed. "All but five," was the doleful reply.

The teamster's pastimes are simple, but not always innocent. Wherever there is a sutler, a large share of his time and earnings are spent at the bar. An indispensable part of his outfit is a pack of cards. His philosophy of life, his creed, his hopes and expectations for the future, are all implied in those fifty-two elements. No expedition goes out without three or four professionals, who engage as teamsters. On the Yellowstone expedition there were several who reaped a good harvest. The most successful, nicknamed "Governor Wise," took home three thousand dollars as the result of four months' work. One of his best "hauls," known only to a few, was made one night just after we had buried the one unfortunate teamster who was

killed on the trip. The game lasted all night, and when the bugle sounded reveille, Wise had made fifteen hundred dollars. It is only professionals who can play such heavy games. The teamster's wages do not admit of large stakes; but he will stake all he has. Let a hundred teamsters be paid off, and in three or four days nearly the whole amount of money will be in the hands of three or four men. Many an expert gambler has graduated wealthy from a mule's back. At Fort Bridger an accomplished teamster made sixteen thousand dollars from his comrades in three months. There is a man in Leavenworth to-day worth fifty thousand dollars, who made it in the same way. But reverses are equally noticeable. A man at "Dobetown," Utah, owned property worth one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in gold. He lost it all in a single game of poker, and to keep from starving was obliged to take a black snake and drive a team side by side with the man who told me the story. "But," said old Martin, "it cured him of gambling."

S. J. Barrows.

SONNET.

TO F. A.

UNCONSCIOUS as the sunshine, simply sweet
 And generous as that, thou dost not close
 Thyself in art, as life were but a rose
 To rumple bee-like with luxurious feet;
 Thy higher mind therein finds sure retreat,
 But not from care of common hopes and woes;
 Thee the dark chamber, thee the unfriended knows,
 Although no gaping crowds thy praise repeat:
 Consummate artist, who life's landscape bleak
 Hast brimmed with sun to many a clouded eye,
 Touched to a brighter hue the beggar's cheek,
 Hung over orphaned lives a gracious sky,
 And traced for eyes, that else would vainly seek,
 Fair pictures of an angel drawing nigh!

J. R. Lowell.

FLORENCE, ITALY, *January, 1874.*

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

M. RENAN says that by scientific requisition five things are necessary to constitute a race and entitle it to be considered an independent member of the human family. They are, a language of its own, a characteristic literature, a religion, a history, and a code. Now we have none of these titles; we are not a race. But many of the leading peoples of Europe fail by some of these tests; they cannot be allotted a separate place in the human family: nevertheless they have their distinct individuality; they are recognized not only by their political acts but by their characteristics. Take Russia, whose modern history virtually begins with Peter the Great, not half a century before our own: within the present era Russia has been overrun, at least in part, by Scythians, Sarmatians, Goths, Bulgarians, Huns, Lithuanians, Mongols, Tartars, Celtic and German tribes, and more besides. Most of them have had a hand in making her laws and her language. In Russia of to-day are to be found all the principal varieties of the Christian faith, all the creeds of Europe and all those of Asia, with their subdivisions of sect. In the Dachkoff Museum, founded at Moscow on the occasion of the Slavonic Congress of 1867, there were exhibited groups of manikins in the costume of the states or tribes which compose the Russian empire: Samoyedes, Lapps, Finns, Esthonians, Tartars, Circassians, inhabitants of Great and Little Russia, Moldavians, Jews, Kalmucks, Georgians, and many more. These all came as conquerors or colonists, or were themselves conquered and incorporated; they did not come as immigrants, exiles, or convicts; they have not merged nor fused themselves, nor lost their peculiarities of feature, language, costume, or creed. Yet Russia is Russian; her nationality is definite if not homogeneous; there is a Russian type, character, policy, church.

To America there have come English,

a few French, a great many Irish and Germans, and not enough from any other country to be taken into the question; all these are Europeans and Christians. We have, moreover, the native red Indian and the imported African, who may be set aside as practically out of court. Which of these elements represents the American, the citizen of the United States, or enters most largely into his composition? How far do they combine to form a national character?

Where the French settled in bodies, as on the Mississippi, they have created a variety of the human species known by the name of Creole, with a physiognomy and a lingo of its own, which nobody at home or abroad ever thinks of as American. If it be to French influence that we owe our brag, our facility of expression, our love of dress, and sundry other lively propensities, it has not wrought upon us through the French in our communities. How far we have the Irish to thank for our slackness, our want of system, our tolerance of disorder moral and material, it is impossible to say; it is certainly to them that we owe Roman Catholicism as a factor in our social and political problems; but the Irish, we know, are assimilated so rapidly and easily that under ordinary conditions the Celtic type disappears even in the second generation, and its speech, habits, and ideas conform to those of the people by whom it is surrounded. The Germans have less facility for being absorbed; it is not for yesterday's immigrant only that we print so many advertisements in double columns of German and English, — the only public bilingual notices to be found in this country, we believe. The genuine Dutch stock of the Mohawk and Hudson regions has passed into the bone and sinew of New York State, imparting many admirable qualities; the Pennsylvania Dutchman, who is not Dutch at all, but German (*Deutsch*), remains after two centuries unannealed; his miserable

dialect is in active use, deteriorating from generation to generation without coming much nearer the language of the country; he exercises no influence, but resists all, and sticks in our midst, an undigested lump. But the Germans who throng our cities, especially in the West, have done their share in forming national tendencies; not very important ones, perhaps, but marked: from them we have taken the habit of drinking beer, as far as it prevails, which our malt-loving English founders did not naturalize; from them the practice of beautifying our burying-grounds, our increasing love of music, our fondness for the country and the open air, which we enjoy far more in the German than in the English way; the transcendentalism of part of the country, the real deep sentiment, as well as the shallow sentimentality, which pervades our sayings and doings, is of Teutonic origin; the English have neither the virtue nor its corresponding vice.

Yet of course, beyond discussion, the basis of our nationality is English; our standards like our language are English, however much we may modify, improve, or corrupt. This being the case, why are we so different from the English? Why is it that when a representative American is spoken of, nobody thinks of a creature in the least resembling an Englishman? What is our physical type? The tall, straight, slender, yet muscular form, large deep eyes with sweeping lashes, clear complexion, splendid teeth, calm and serious mien, which one sees commonly among the Maine and New Hampshire lumbermen, which we knew so well in the Western regiments during the late war, and which one meets with nowhere else in the world? Or the sallow, puny, ill-made, insignificant, nervous, restless human creature whom we know anywhere at a glance for a compatriot? Whence come our preference for the knife or pistol as arbiter instead of the fist? the duel instead of law and damages? our excitability, our sensitiveness, our propensity to humbug and be humbugged, our idealism, our headlong haste, our deadly inertia? None of these are English; they

cannot all be the result of youth, climate, republican institutions. Finally, who is a representative American? Is he an Adams, a Jefferson, a Lincoln, a Barnum, a Butler, or a Fisk? Are Longfellow and Lowell, Hawthorne and Emerson, our representative literary men, or Bret Harte and his followers? Are we the most practical or the most speculative of people? The greediest of gain or the most reckless of expense? The most lawless or the most superstitiously law-abiding? The rashest or the most calculating? The most phlegmatic or the most thin-skinned? The broadest or the narrowest? The chariest of words or the most inveterate talkers? The most indifferent or the most subservient to public opinion? We are cited as the embodiment of all these and many other opposite qualities; which is the true view? or do all extremes meet in us?

Nobody who has come into contact with Europeans of the upper classes can have failed to be struck by the extraordinary freedom of their demeanor, their disregard of "what people will say," their indulgence of oddity and eccentricity, as compared with ourselves. What are called "characters," men and women of unbridled individuality, are about ten among Europeans of assured social position to one with us. On the surface this seems a strange result of republicanism, but the reason of it is easy to discover. In societies where there is a privileged class each member of that class becomes a privileged person, supremely oblivious of the existence of everybody except those within his own parallels; and as it is pleasanter to follow one's vagaries than to conform to general rules, each goes his own way, giving and asking no account, extending the same indulgence which he takes for himself; this is to be best observed among English people of position, whose natural coarseness sets in relief peculiarities and pranks which lose their rough outline under the urbanity and polish of other foreigners of the same grade. With us, on whom the pressure of democracy weighs from the cradle, who are subjected to the scrutiny and judgment of the whole community, whose

comfort depends in great measure on our doing as others do, there is necessarily much external similarity; we regulate our dress, hours, habits, and outer walk and conversation a good deal by custom; thus, although the long-haired man who wears his boots over his trousers has become the typical Yankee to foreigners, long hair and tucked-in trousers would excite much more attention in any city of our Atlantic sea-board than in London, Paris, Vienna, or Rome. There is far less salient personality among well-bred Americans than among any other civilized people of the same class. But the forces which plane us down to this level have no influence on our opinions, and there is no comparison possible between any other people and ourselves in the habit of individual, independent thought. All others hold certain beliefs and notions because they are those of their class, church, club; convictions and conclusions of their own they rarely have; under the surprising variety of exterior they present an incredible monotony of mental aspect. Nowhere is this fact so noticeable as among the English, whose freaks of conduct are the most daring. But nobody gives the law to us in matters of opinion; nobody here thinks this or that because any set of people think so; some of us follow the lead of a newspaper, a preacher, or a political party, but it is because they express our own ideas in the main. The majority may prescribe to us in matters of form; we do our thinking for ourselves.

Yet withal we think very much alike. The territorial vastness which leads us to add innumerable ciphers to the smallest denominator in our estimates of ourselves, accustoms us to horizons in whose extent proportion is lost and views are falsified. We forget that bigness is not greatness; in the spaciousness of our land we overlook its emptiness; in our confidence of its breadth to contain the development of all the problems of the future, we lose sight of its lack of a long past and all which that bequeaths; we congratulate ourselves on our freedom from the trammels of usage and prejudice,

while we might deplore our absence of standard and precedent. As the Pacific widens on our ken with a nearer neighborhood to the alien East beyond, the Old World across the Atlantic, to which we must look for experience and examples, is fading from our sight. We had a class of men once, not long ago, in whom reverence for all that was venerable, love for all that was beautiful, sympathy for all that was noble in that Old World gave breadth and firmness to their zeal for the fresher, purer, truer life which they believed was to be found in the New; they drew strength and solidity from roots which struck deep into the past, while the free air and sunshine of untainted spheres gave sap and vigor to their growth. There are specimens of them still; as a class they are dying out: were they Americans or not? There is a class of men, growing more numerous every day, who openly deride and despise the past; they have no respect for its wisdom, no affection for its antiquity; they are deaf to its authority, blind to its loveliness; tradition, association, have neither charm nor sanctity for them. Ignorance is not so much their bane as insensibility; they are often keen, fresh, original, even brilliant; but on what shallow ground, amid what stones and brambles have they sprung up! what a weedy luxuriance of growth, what a crude and meagre fruitage, is theirs! What scrubby standards, what raw results they offer us! If they have not the prejudices of age they have the more irrational ones of greenness. Skepticism and cynicism ferment all that they produce; for time-honored ideas and hallowed names they have only a wink and a tongue thrust into the cheek. Are these representative Americans? They are not necessarily bad men, but they make others bad. "Bad taste leads to crime," said an acute Frenchman; bad style tends to bad notions; flippancy and coarseness destroy delicacy, earnestness, respect, and self-respect; men cannot make a mock of honor, reverence, enthusiasm, sentiment, courtesy, and uphold honesty, courage, plain-dealing; habitual sneering lowers the tone, corrodes belief even in one's own professions,

spreads like mold over freshness of feeling. No one's practice comes up to his standards; therefore we should keep our standards as high as we can, that in falling short of them we may not fall too low. Slang has hurt us all because it tends this way. The boast of this school is their freedom from hypocrisy and sham; that is a good thing, but inasmuch as it has become proverbial that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, we need not pride ourselves on having got rid of the mask until we have got rid of the brazen front which it hid; a little decent hypocrisy would seem almost a grace after the impudent frankness to which we have become accustomed. As to sham, there is more of it than ever, and affectation and cant; only, as it is the affectation of low instead of high sentiments, it is within everybody's scope. We are very badly in need of an infusion of Quixotism; we are suffering from a diseased want of imagination. At the same time we are suffering badly from a want of knowledge of facts. We foster our self-complacency with our common-school system, on strength of which we are fond of calling ourselves the best-educated people in the world; let us make the comparison not between the least but the best educated classes of our own and other countries; let us set so-called cultivated Americans beside cultivated Europeans, and we shall have a gauge for our baseless presumption, our crass ignorance. There is no phrase so common with us as "the best in the world." It is not enough to assert that we have the best climate, the best soil, the best government, which is possible, but we likewise have the best army and navy, the best theatre, the best art, the best roads and streets, the best manufactures of every sort, including carpets, silks, watches, and wine; and these assertions generally come from judges who have never been in any other part of the world. A saving discontent and self-depreciation may be found among private individuals; a prominent journal (conducted by a foreigner) may tell us unpleasant truths without mincing them, but when do we meet with such expressions in the mouths

of our public men, unless they be partisans of the opposition? It brands a man as a bad citizen if he compare anything at home unfavorably with anything elsewhere, on earth or in the heavenly Jerusalem. Wonderful country! astonishing people! who produce nothing second-rate, even on first experiment.

After ignorance, the most universal quality which the present querist has been able to discover in his countrymen is vulgarity. To begin with, that quality is almost the prerogative of the Saxon; in the Latin races it hardly exists; the Germans have plenty of it, the English a superabundance, but we have made it a specialty. Our statesmen show it in sprinkling their speeches with cheap classical quotations and literary allusions which the mass of their hearers do not understand; our popular preachers by mixing up gross familiarity and mawkish personality in their treatment of sacred things. Our militia officers are forever on parade with their eternally recurring title; our corporations are incessantly giving themselves banquets with the pomp and emphasis of a national celebration; dinners and suppers, Bibles, swords, and pieces of plate, are always being tendered by men nobody ever heard of, to men nobody ever heard of, for doing nobody knows what; our private citizens have a mania for offering receptions to strangers chiefly distinguished by bad standing in their own country or by having abused ours; a mania likewise for calling themselves committees, and for driving about in hired barouches; a mania for interviewing, for excursions with brass bands. Our young women publish themselves as Miss Nellie, Vinnie, Lulu, Katie. The entries we make in the travelers' book at hotels abroad are peculiarly ingenious; whatever nonsense an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German may inscribe reflects ridicule only on himself; our people have the happy gift of making their entire nation disgusting by their remarks.

A rapid and radical change must have taken place in our modes; there was a time, when Marryat and Dickens first came to this country, when we were

laughed at for our pedantry and precision in speech, the puritanism and prudery of our manners. Perhaps we have been laughed out of them; certain it is that with the two foreign nations who see most of us, our women have become a by-word for lightness, our men for blasphemy and coarseness, and in this shape we figure upon their stage and in their literature. What has happened to us? Are we rotten before we are ripe?

Ten years ago the two divisions of our country leaned upon their swords, breathless and bleeding from their long conflict; one half had been fighting and starving for what they believed their rights, long after hope was dead; the other had been truly battling for ideas, for the idea of country, of humanity, of justice, of liberty. Where are those Americans? Where, alas! In many places the day of commemoration does not even bring a garland to their graves. But is the very stock and seed exhausted? Where are their brothers, their sons, their kin? Were they Americans indeed, that the very type should have perished? Some one will say, Let the call to arms sound again, and you will see. But must we always be purged by blood and fire? is there no other purification possible? Has a patriot no part to play in times of peace? Some one else answers that their spirit is not dead, but that its inheritors hide themselves in shame and sorrow from the disgraceful spectacle of public affairs, that no honest man can work for his country now without soiling his hands. They are no worthy successors of those we lost ten years ago, who will not raise a voice or hand in active protest against the wrong they abhor. This is the attitude of a conscientious man who loves his country: "He saw that society and liberty as well as government were in danger; he had little faith in a republic, and little sympathy with the sort of men with whom republican institutions would infallibly mix him up. . . . But he felt that it would not be the part of a good citizen or an honorable man to desert the helm because the sea was stormy,

the vessel damaged, or the crew dirty and disreputable; he was convinced that the only chance for liberty and order lay in making the republic *work* if it were possible to do so, and for this object, therefore, he sacrificed many of his own tastes, and submitted to the defeat of many of his predilections and opinions. . . . Profoundly discouraged and sorrowful he certainly was, but he never altogether lost heart in the final redemption of his country, and never for one hour ceased to ponder and labor for it." The men who find words to grumble, to bewail, to curse, to do everything but denounce, who find time for business, pleasure, rest, idling, but none for active opposition to the disgrace which they deplore, are only less guilty in degree than the men whose villainies are making our name a hissing at home and abroad. Their crime may not be greed of power or gain, but it is love of ease and quiet; their sloth is stronger than their principle. Ten years ago we had wrung from the world an amazed respect and admiration for our courage, our constancy, our unlimited power of self-devotion and sacrifice. What have we added to ourselves in these ten years? Several new varieties of infamy. What is the name of America now in Europe? A synonym for low rascality.

A national character can hardly exist without a strong love of country. Notwithstanding our self-sufficiency nobody can claim that for us at present. Thousands of our people expatriate themselves because life is easier, pleasanter, or cheaper elsewhere; they carry their wealth and what weight they command (and *that* they forfeit in so doing) to other countries. Others stay at home and brag of the length of their rivers and width of their lakes; and by dint of stretching their sense of citizenship over so vast an area, their patriotism becomes so thin that it cracks in every direction. An infallible test is now being applied to us; an absolute gauge of the strength of our concrete enthusiasm. In eighteen months the first century of our national existence will be complete. Our after ages can see no anniversary so

solemn as this. Our struggle into life is near enough for us to remember it with emotion; living memories link us to it still: it is distant enough to have become traditional, venerable. Who hails the approaching era with tenderness and veneration? It is not to be expected that the emigrant from Germany, from England, from Ireland, or even his rich and successful son, should glow at the recollections of '76; but does he not owe a grateful affection to the country of his adoption which has opened to him a road to fortune, political privileges, and possibilities of every sort which would have been closed to him in his own? Nor can the children of the great new West, the men who have seen Chicago rise once from the prairie and once from her ashes, the bold and patient pioneers of Colorado and Nevada, who live and toil for the future, dwell so proudly and fondly on the past. Yet they might surely turn with pride and love to salute the bourne whence they started on their great march. They are now in the position of those who two hundred and fifty years ago came to plant their roof-tree on our shores; like them they wage valiant warfare with the wilderness and the savage, to win new realms for civilization from barbarism and the hostile elements. They are our inland colonists, the pilgrim fathers of our western coasts; a hundred years hence they will be spoken of with those of 1606, 1620, and 1680, who are classed together to-day. Their names are to live and spread and be known among us, while others, long honored, may be slowly dying out; they carry on the traditions of the settlers of our soil; they are the parents of the broader land. By this title they should bind themselves with its past too, that hereafter their descendants may point back across a century to where they stand linked to the founders of the country by their participation in its first secular celebration.

And those who still dwell in the old places which know them, where the streets are called by their family names, and the trees were planted by their forefathers, — as the years bring round the

hundredth return of days in which the old sword and musket they treasure did good service, how are they preparing to greet the anniversary of the great crowning act which consecrated that service, the birthday of their country? One of the thirteen original States, she whose title to local precedence is so indisputable that she could best afford to waive her claim, scuffles with selfish, vulgar tenacity for the central place, even if she shall occupy it alone, driving away her twelve sisters from doing honor to their common mother; the rest hold aloof from jealousy, indifference, or self-importance, separating themselves on a question of form, and will have no part nor lot in the matter; while from the Capitol we are exhorted every one to keep his holiday for himself, "each State, each city, each town, each village, each hamlet, each hearth." If this is to be so, what was the meaning of those years from 1860 to 1865? We have owned that the South was right; what reparation can we make her now that she is vindicated by our voluntary disintegration?

It is futile to object at the present hour that an international exhibition is an inappropriate, ill-chosen form for such a commemoration. There are many who think that a grand gathering together of the representatives of all nations, the products of all lands, the tokens of general progress, is not an unfitting mode of illustrating the first completed cycle of a country whose citizens are the children of all climes, whose area is the field for all experiment, whose boast has been to foster the benignant arts of peace. Yet there can be no doubt in any unprejudiced mind that, when it did not meet with the approval of the people at large, the project should have been abandoned. And it might have been abandoned if any other had been brought forward in its stead with vigor and unanimity. But who proposed a more suitable expression of national feeling? Who suggested any other plan whatever, which should unite us all in seemly observance? What guarantee had disinterested promoters of the inter-

national scheme that if they gave it up there would be any universal patriotic manifestation, to exalt our anniversaries and fix them as landmarks for all time to come? Let this be remembered in fairness. And now objections are out of season; the only combination which has arisen marked by energy and concert has carried the day. All that remains for others is to coöperate heartily, or to show to the world, and — what is far worse — to ourselves, the deplorable spectacle of a country without solidarity, without a soul; an accidental conglomerate of uncongenial particles, a population of immigrants, a base mart.

If this supreme occasion of rekindling fires of enthusiasm at hallowed altars, of refreshing languid faith at pure springs, of gathering up sacred memories for example and excitement, of making solemn pledges to ourselves and one another for a future which shall redeem the present

and be worthy of the past, of gaining an impetus which shall send us not forward in the slippery track of material prosperity but upward along the path traced for us a century ago by men of clean hands and single minds, of joining hand to hand along the coasts and across the centre of this vast continent until the pulse of brotherhood is felt throbbing from one common heart — if this chance be lost, the end is not far off.

With all the various and varying elements, influences, interests, which work upon us as a people, the only distinctive characteristics which we can share are fidelity to certain fundamental ideas and principles, regard for moral greatness and national honor and dignity, above all, patriotism — loyalty to our great, beautiful, cherishing country, and to each other as her offspring. Without this, there will be no more Americans and no more America.

PHILADELPHIA, *September, 1874.*

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

V.

"SOUNDING." FACULTIES PECULIARLY NECESSARY TO A PILOT.

WHEN the river is very low, and one's steamboat is "drawing all the water" there is in the channel, — or a few inches more, as was often the case in the old times, — one must be painfully circumspect in his piloting. We used to have to "sound" a number of particularly bad places almost every trip when the river was at a very low stage.

Sounding is done in this way. The boat ties up at the shore, just above the shoal crossing; the pilot not on watch takes his "cub" or steersman and a picked crew of men (sometimes an officer also), and goes out in the yawl — provided the boat has not that rare and

sumptuous luxury, a regularly-devised "sounding-boat" — and proceeds to hunt for the best water, the pilot on duty watching his movements through a spy-glass, meantime, and in some instances assisting by signals of the boat's whistle, signifying "try higher up" or "try lower down;" for the surface of the water, like an oil-painting, is more expressive and intelligible when inspected from a little distance than very close at hand. The whistle signals are seldom necessary, however; never, perhaps, except when the wind confuses the significant ripples upon the water's surface. When the yawl has reached the shoal place, the speed is slackened, the pilot begins to sound the depth with a pole ten or twelve feet long, and the steersman at the tiller obeys the order to "hold her up to starboard;" or "let

her fall off to larboard;"¹ or "steady — steady as you go."

When the measurements indicate that the yawl is approaching the shoalest part of the reef, the command is given to "ease all!" Then the men stop rowing and the yawl drifts with the current. The next order is, "Stand by with the buoy!" The moment the shallowest point is reached, the pilot delivers the order, "Let go the buoy!" and over she goes. If the pilot is not satisfied, he sounds the place again; if he finds better water higher up or lower down, he removes the buoy to that place. Being finally satisfied, he gives the order, and all the men stand their oars straight up in the air, in line; a blast from the boat's whistle indicates that the signal has been seen; then the men "give way" on their oars and lay the yawl alongside the buoy; the steamer comes creeping carefully down, is pointed straight at the buoy, husbands her power for the coming struggle, and presently, at the critical moment, turns on all her steam and goes grinding and wallowing over the buoy and the sand, and gains the deep water beyond. Or maybe she does n't; maybe she "strikes and swings." Then she has to while away several hours (or days) sparring herself off.

Sometimes a buoy is not laid at all, but the yawl goes ahead, hunting the best water, and the steamer follows along in its wake. Often there is a deal of fun and excitement about sounding, especially if it is a glorious summer day, or a blustering night. But in winter the cold and the peril take most of the fun out of it.

A buoy is nothing but a board four or five feet long, with one end turned up; it is a reversed boot-jack. It is anchored on the shoalest part of the reef by a rope with a heavy stone made fast to the end of it. But for the resistance of the turned-up end, the current would pull the buoy under water. At night a paper lantern with a candle in it is fastened on top of the buoy, and this can

be seen a mile or more, a little glimmering spark in the waste of blackness.

Nothing delights a cub so much as an opportunity to go out sounding. There is such an air of adventure about it; often there is danger; it is so gaudy and man-of-war-like to sit up in the stern-sheets and steer a swift yawl; there is something fine about the exultant spring of the boat when an experienced old sailor crew throw their souls into the oars; it is lovely to see the white foam stream away from the bows; there is music in the rush of the water; it is deliciously exhilarating, in summer, to go speeding over the breezy expanses of the river when the world of wavelets is dancing in the sun. It is such grandeur, too, to the cub, to get a chance to give an order; for often the pilot will simply say, "Let her go about!" and leave the rest to the cub, who instantly cries, in his sternest tone of command, "Ease starboard! Strong on the larboard! Starboard give way! With a will, men!" The cub enjoys sounding for the further reason that the eyes of the passengers are watching all the yawl's movements with absorbing interest, if the time be daylight; and if it be night he knows that those same wondering eyes are fastened upon the yawl's lantern as it glides out into the gloom and fades away in the remote distance.

One trip a pretty girl of sixteen spent her time in our pilot-house with her uncle and aunt, every day and all day long. I fell in love with her. So did Mr. T——'s cub, Tom G——. Tom and I had been bosom friends until this time; but now a coolness began to arise. I told the girl a good many of my river adventures, and made myself out a good deal of a hero; Tom tried to make himself appear to be a hero, too, and succeeded to some extent, but then he always had a way of embroidering. However, virtue is its own reward, so I was a barely perceptible trifle ahead in the contest. About this time something happened which promised handsomely for me: the pilots decided to sound the crossing at the head of 21. This would occur about nine or ten o'clock at night,

¹ The term "larboard" is never used at sea, now, to signify the left hand; but was always used on the river in my time.

when the passengers would be still up; it would be Mr. T——'s watch, therefore my chief would have to do the sounding. We had a perfect love of a sounding-boat — long, trim, graceful, and as fleet as a greyhound; her thwarts were cushioned; she carried twelve oarsmen; one of the mates was always sent in her to transmit orders to her crew, for ours was a steamer where no end of "style" was put on.

We tied up at the shore above 21, and got ready. It was a foul night, and the river was so wide, there, that a landsman's uneducated eyes could discern no opposite shore through such a gloom. The passengers were alert and interested; everything was satisfactory. As I hurried through the engine-room, picturesque gotten up in storm toggery, I met Tom, and could not forbear delivering myself of a mean speech: —

"Ain't you glad *you* don't have to go out sounding?"

Tom was passing on, but he quickly turned, and said, —

"Now just for that, you can go and get the sounding-pole yourself. I was going after it, but I'd see you in Halifax, now, before I'd do it."

"Who wants you to get it? I don't. It's in the sounding-boat."

"It ain't, either. It's been new-painted; and it's been up on the lady's-cabin guards two days, drying."

I flew back, and shortly arrived among the crowd of watching and wondering ladies just in time to hear the command:

"Give way, men!"

I looked over, and there was the gallant sounding-boat booming away, the unprincipled Tom presiding at the tiller, and my chief sitting by him with the sounding-pole which I had been sent on a fool's errand to fetch. Then that young girl said to me, —

"Oh, how awful to have to go out in that little boat on such a night! Do you think there is any danger?"

I would rather have been stabbed. I went off, full of venom, to help in the pilot-house. By and by the boat's lantern disappeared, and after an interval a wee spark glimmered upon the face of

the water a mile away. Mr. T—— blew the whistle, in acknowledgment, backed the steamer out, and made for it. We flew along for a while, then slackened steam and went cautiously gliding toward the spark. Presently Mr. T—— exclaimed, —

"Hello, the buoy-lantern's out!"

He stopped the engines. A moment or two later he said, —

"Why, there it is again!"

So he came ahead on the engines once more, and rang for the leads. Gradually the water shoaled up, and then began to deepen again! Mr. T—— muttered:

"Well, I don't understand this. I believe that buoy has drifted off the reef. Seems to be a little too far to the left. No matter, it is safest to run over it, anyhow."

So, in that solid world of darkness, we went creeping down on the light. Just as our bows were in the act of plowing over it, Mr. T—— seized the bell-ropes, rang a startling peal, and exclaimed, —

"My soul, it's the sounding-boat!"

A sudden chorus of wild alarms burst out far below — a pause — and then a sound of grinding and crashing followed. Mr. T—— exclaimed, —

"There! the paddle-wheel has ground the sounding-boat to lucifer matches! Run! See who is killed!"

I was on the main deck in the twinkling of an eye. My chief and the third mate and nearly all the men were safe. They had discovered their danger when it was too late to pull out of the way; then, when the great guards overshadowed them a moment later, they were prepared and knew what to do; at my chief's order they sprang at the right instant, seized the guard, and were hauled aboard. The next moment the sounding-yawl swept aft to the wheel and was struck and splintered to atoms. Two of the men, and the cub Tom, were missing — a fact which spread like wild-fire over the boat. The passengers came flocking to the forward gangway, ladies and all, anxious-eyed, white-faced, and talked in awed voices of the dreadful thing. And often and again I heard

them say, "Poor fellows! poor boy, poor boy!"

By this time the boat's yawl was manned and away, to search for the missing. Now a faint call was heard, off to the left. The yawl had disappeared in the other direction. Half the people rushed to one side to encourage the swimmer with their shouts; the other half rushed the other way to shriek to the yawl to turn about. By the callings, the swimmer was approaching, but some said the sound showed failing strength. The crowd massed themselves against the boiler-deck railings, leaning over and staring into the gloom; and every faint and fainter cry wrung from them such words as "Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow! is there *no* way to save him?"

But still the cries held out, and drew nearer, and presently the voice said pluckily, —

"I can make it! Stand by with a rope!"

What a rousing cheer they gave him! The chief mate took his stand in the glare of a torch-basket, a coil of rope in his hand, and his men grouped about him. The next moment the swimmer's face appeared in the circle of light, and in another one the owner of it was hauled aboard, limp and drenched, while cheer on cheer went up. It was that devil Tom.

The yawl crew searched everywhere, but found no sign of the two men. They probably failed to catch the guard, tumbled back, and were struck by the wheel and killed. Tom had never jumped for the guard at all, but had plunged head-first into the river and dived under the wheel. It was nothing; I could have done it easy enough, and I said so; but everybody went on just the same, making a wonderful to-do over that ass, as if he had done something great. That girl could n't seem to have enough of that pitiful "hero" the rest of the trip; but little I cared; I loathed her, any way.

The way we came to mistake the sounding-boat's lantern for the buoy-light was this. My chief said that after laying the buoy he fell away and watched

it till it seemed to be secure; then he took up a position a hundred yards below it and a little to one side of the steamer's course, headed the sounding-boat up-stream, and waited. Having to wait some time, he and the officer got to talking; he looked up when he judged that the steamer was about on the reef; saw that the buoy was gone, but supposed that the steamer had already run over it; he went on with his talk; he noticed that the steamer was getting very close down on him, but that was the correct thing; it was her business to shave him closely, for convenience in taking him aboard; he was expecting her to sheer off, until the last moment; then it flashed upon him that she was trying to run him down, mistaking his lantern for the buoy-light; so he sang out, "Stand by to spring for the guard, men!" and the next instant the jump was made.

But I am wandering from what I was intending to do, that is, make plainer than perhaps appears in my previous papers, some of the peculiar requirements of the science of piloting. First of all, there is one faculty which a pilot must incessantly cultivate until he has brought it to absolute perfection. Nothing short of perfection will do. That faculty is memory. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so and so; he must *know* it; for this is eminently one of the "exact" sciences. With what scorn a pilot was looked upon, in the old times, if he ever ventured to deal in that feeble phrase "I think," instead of the vigorous one "I know!" One cannot easily realize what a tremendous thing it is to know every trivial detail of twelve hundred miles of river and know it with absolute exactness. If you will take the longest street in New York, and travel up and down it, conning its features patiently until you know every house and window and door and lamp-post and big and little sign by heart, and know them so accurately that you can instantly name the one you are abreast of when you are set down at random in that street in the middle of an inky black night, you will then have a tolerable notion of the amount and the exactness of a pilot's knowledge who

carries the Mississippi River in his head. And then if you will go on until you know every street crossing, the character, size, and position of the crossing-stones, and the varying depth of mud in each of those numberless places, you will have some idea of what the pilot must know in order to keep a Mississippi steamer out of trouble. Next, if you will take half of the signs in that long street, and *change their places* once a month, and still manage to know their new positions accurately on dark nights, and keep up with these repeated changes without making any mistakes, you will understand what is required of a pilot's peerless memory by the fickle Mississippi.

I think a pilot's memory is about the most wonderful thing in the world. To know the Old and New Testaments by heart, and be able to recite them glibly, forward or backward, or begin at random anywhere in the book and recite both ways and never trip or make a mistake, is no extravagant mass of knowledge, and no marvelous facility, compared to a pilot's massed knowledge of the Mississippi and his marvelous facility in the handling of it. I make this comparison deliberately, and believe I am not expanding the truth when I do it. Many will think my figure too strong, but pilots will not.

And how easily and comfortably the pilot's memory does its work; how placidly effortless is its way! how *unconsciously* it lays up its vast stores, hour by hour, day by day, and never loses or mislays a single valuable package of them all! Take an instance. Let a leadsman cry, "Half twain! half twain! half twain! half twain! half twain!" until it becomes as monotonous as the ticking of a clock; let conversation be going on all the time, and the pilot be doing his share of the talking, and no longer listening to the leadsman; and in the midst of this endless string of half twains let a single "quarter twain!" be interjected, without emphasis, and then the half twain cry go on again, just as before: two or three weeks later that pilot can describe with precision the boat's position in the river when that

quarter twain was uttered, and give you such a lot of head-marks, stern-marks, and side-marks to guide you, that you ought to be able to take the boat there and put her in that same spot again yourself! The cry of quarter twain did not really take his mind from his talk, but his trained faculties instantly photographed the bearings, noted the change of depth, and laid up the important details for future reference without requiring any assistance from *him* in the matter. If you were walking and talking with a friend, and another friend at your side kept up a monotonous repetition of the vowel sound A, for a couple of blocks, and then in the midst interjected an R, thus, A, A, A, A, A, R, A, A, A, etc., and gave the R no emphasis, you would not be able to state, two or three weeks afterward, that the R had been put in, nor be able to tell what objects you were passing at the moment it was done. But you could if your memory had been patiently and laboriously trained to do that sort of thing mechanically.

Give a man a tolerably fair memory to start with, and piloting will develop it into a very colossus of capability. But *only in the matters it is daily drilled in*. A time would come when the man's faculties could not help noticing landmarks and soundings, and his memory could not help holding on to them with the grip of a vice; but if you asked that same man at noon what he had had for breakfast, it would be ten chances to one that he could not tell you. Astonishing things can be done with the human memory if you will devote it faithfully to one particular line of business.

At the time that wages soared so high on the Missouri River, my chief, Mr. B——, went up there and learned more than a thousand miles of that stream with an ease and rapidity that were astonishing. When he had seen each division *once* in the daytime and *once* at night, his education was so nearly complete that he took out a "daylight" license; a few trips later he took out a full license, and went to piloting day and night — and he ranked A 1, too.

Mr. B—— placed me as steersman for a while under a pilot whose feats of memory were a constant marvel to me. However, his memory was born in him, I think, not built. For instance, somebody would mention a name. Instantly Mr. J—— would break in:—

“ Oh, I knew *him*. Sallow-faced, red-headed fellow, with a little scar on the side of his throat like a splinter under the flesh. He was only in the Southern trade six months. That was thirteen years ago. I made a trip with him. There was five feet in the upper river then; the Henry Blake grounded at the foot of Tower Island, drawing four and a half; the George Elliott unshipped her rudder on the wreck of the Sunflower ” —

“ Why, the Sunflower did n't sink until ” —

“ I know when she sunk; it was three years before that, on the 2d of December; Asa Hardy was captain of her, and his brother John was first clerk; and it was his first trip in her, too; Tom Jones told me these things a week afterward in New Orleans; he was first mate of the Sunflower. Captain Hardy stuck a nail in his foot the 6th of July of the next year, and died of the lockjaw on the 15th. His brother John died two years after, — 3d of March, — erysipelas. I never saw either of the Hardys, — they were Alleghany Rivermen, — but people who knew them told me all these things. And they said Captain Hardy, wore yarn socks winter and summer just the same, and his first wife's name was Jane Shook, — she was from New England, — and his second one died in a lunatic asylum. It was in the blood. She was from Lexington, Kentucky. Name was Horton before she was married.”

And so on, by the hour, the man's tongue would go. He could *not* forget anything. It was simply impossible. The most trivial details remained as distinct and luminous in his head, after they had lain there for years, as the most memorable events. His was not simply a pilot's memory; its grasp was universal. If he were talking about a trifling letter he had received seven years before, he was pretty sure to deliver you the entire

screed from memory. And then, without observing that he was departing from the true line of his talk, he was more than likely to hurl in a long-drawn parenthetical biography of the writer of that letter; and you were lucky indeed if he did not take up that writer's relatives, one by one, and give you their biographies, too.

Such a memory as that is a great misfortune. To it, all occurrences are of the same size. Its possessor cannot distinguish an interesting circumstance from an uninteresting one. As a talker, he is bound to clog his narrative with tiresome details and make himself an insufferable bore. Moreover, he cannot stick to his subject. He picks up every little grain of memory he discerns in his way, and so is led aside. Mr. J—— would start out with the honest intention of telling you a vastly funny anecdote about a dog. He would be “ so full of laugh ” that he could hardly begin; then his memory would start with the dog's breed and personal appearance; drift into a history of his owner; of his owner's family, with descriptions of weddings and burials that had occurred in it, together with recitals of congratulatory verses and obituary poetry provoked by the same; then this memory would recollect that one of these events occurred during the celebrated “ hard winter ” of such and such a year, and a minute description of that winter would follow, along with the names of people who were frozen to death, and statistics showing the high figures which pork and hay went up to. Pork and hay would suggest corn and fodder; corn and fodder would suggest cows and horses; the latter would suggest the circus and certain celebrated bare-back riders; the transition from the circus to the menagerie was easy and natural; from the elephant to equatorial Africa was but a step; then of course the heathen savages would suggest religion; and at the end of three or four hours' tedious jaw, the watch would change and J—— would go out of the pilot-house muttering extracts from sermons he had heard years before about the efficacy of prayer as a means of grace. And the original first men-

tion would be all you had learned about that dog, after all this waiting and hungering.

A pilot must have a memory; but there are two higher qualities which he must also have. He must have good and quick judgment and decision, and a cool, calm courage that no peril can shake. Give a man the merest trifle of pluck to start with, and by the time he has become a pilot he cannot be unmanned by any danger a steamboat can get into; but one cannot quite say the same for judgment. Judgment is a matter of brains, and a man must *start* with a good stock of that article or he will never succeed as a pilot.

The growth of courage in the pilot-house is steady all the time, but it does not reach a high and satisfactory condition until some time after the young pilot has been "standing his own watch," alone and under the staggering weight of all the responsibilities connected with the position. When an apprentice has become pretty thoroughly acquainted with the river, he goes clattering along so fearlessly with his steamboat, night or day, that he presently begins to imagine that it is *his* courage that animates him; but the first time the pilot steps out and leaves him to his own devices he finds out it was the other man's. He discovers that the article has been left out of his own cargo altogether. The whole river is bristling with exigencies in a moment; he is not prepared for them; he does not know how to meet them; all his knowledge forsakes him; and within fifteen minutes he is as white as a sheet and scared almost to death. Therefore pilots wisely train these cubs by various strategic tricks to look danger in the face a little more calmly. A favorite way of theirs is to play a friendly swindle upon the candidate.

Mr. B—— served me in this fashion once, and for years afterward I used to blush even in my sleep when I thought of it. I had become a good steersman; so good, indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night and day; Mr. B—— seldom made a suggestion to me; all he ever did was to take the wheel on

particularly bad nights or in particularly bad crossings, land the boat when she needed to be landed, play gentleman of leisure nine tenths of the watch, and collect the wages. The lower river was about bank-full, and if anybody had questioned my ability to run any crossing between Cairo and New Orleans without help or instruction, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the *day-time*, was a thing too preposterous for contemplation. Well, one matchless summer's day I was bowling down the bend above island 66, brim full of self-conceit and carrying my nose as high as a giraffe's, when Mr. B—— said, —

"I am going below a while. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One could n't come to any harm, whether he ran it right or not; and as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew all this, perfectly well.

"Know how to *run* it? Why, I can run it with my eyes shut."

"How much water is there in it?"

"Well, that is an odd question. I could n't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The very tone of the question shook my confidence. That was what Mr. B—— was expecting. He left, without saying anything more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Mr. B——, unknown to me, of course, sent somebody down to the fore-castle with some mysterious instructions to the leadsmen, another messenger was sent to whisper among the officers, and then Mr. B—— went into hiding behind a smoke-stack where he could observe results. Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I got to the head of the island I had fifteen or twenty people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across, the captain glanced

aloft at me and said, with a sham uneasiness in his voice, —

“Where is Mr. B——?”

“Gone below, sir.”

But that did the business for me. My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing, and they multiplied faster than I could keep the run of them. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead! The wave of coward agony that surged through me then came near dislocating every joint in me. All my confidence in that crossing vanished. I seized the bell-rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; clutched it tremblingly once again, and pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself. Captain and mate sang out instantly, and both together, —

“Starboard lead there! and quick about it!”

This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other; only to find perils accumulating to starboard, and be crazy to get to port again. Then came the leadsman’s sepulchral cry: —

“D-e-e-p four!”

Deep four in a bottomless crossing! The terror of it took my breath away.

“M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter less three! Half twain!”

This was frightful! I seized the bell-ropes and stopped the engines.

“Quarter twain! Quarter twain! Mark twain!”

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do. I was quaking from head to foot, and I could have hung my hat on my eyes, they stuck out so far.

“Quarter less twain! Nine and a half!”

We were *drawing* nine! My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer, —

“Oh, Ben, if you love me, *back* her! Quick, Ben! Oh, back the immortal soul out of her!”

I heard the door close gently. I looked around, and there stood Mr. B——, smiling a bland, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a shout of humiliating laughter. I saw it all, now, and I felt meaner than the meanest man in human history. I laid in the lead, set the boat in her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said, —

“It was a fine trick to play on an orphan, *was n’t* it? I suppose I’ll never hear the last of how I was ass enough to heave the lead at the head of 66.”

“Well, no, you won’t, maybe. In fact I hope you won’t; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Did n’t you *know* there was no bottom in that crossing?”

“Yes, sir, I did.”

“Very well, then. You should n’t have allowed me or anybody else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing: when you get into a dangerous place, don’t turn coward. That is n’t going to help matters any.”

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly learned. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, “Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her!”

Mark Twain.

LEXINGTON.

1775.

No maddening thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid:
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations listening to its sound
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove! —

The golden age of brotherhood
 Unknown to other rivalries
 Than of the mild humanities,
 And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
 Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
 The eagle of our mountain crags,
 The lion of our Motherland!

John G. Whittier.

MERELY A MIRROR.

CAPTAIN CEPHAS SPAIGHT.

SIMPLY a small, unobtrusive, sun-browned, grizzly-bearded, quiet-spoken, jeans-clothed man, the captain. With his gray cap drawn down over his light blue eyes, you no more think a second time about the man, when you pass him upon the street, than about the chance clouds that happen at the moment to be floating overhead. Yet, when I come upon the captain on the sidewalk to-day, there is a vast deal more electricity passing between us as we clasp hands than you would think; inasmuch as we are just now in the heart of the South and the midst of the war.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Martin!" he says. Nor is Mr. Martin—myself—less pleased to see the captain, for it is many months since we parted upon the deck of the captain's coasting schooner, the very smell and motion of which is with me again as I hold my friend by the hand.

"Very glad indeed to see you, brother Martin!" my friend says again, the warmth of our meeting having by this time melted away the "Mr." from between us. Members we are, you will remark, of the same church.

"I am sure I am," I said. "Come out and take dinner and have a bed with us while you are in town. Neither will tilt and toss about quite as much as they used to do on the Susan Jane, yet"—

"You know I can't do it, brother

Martin!" the captain says, unclasping his hand from mine as he thinks of it, and standing a little off from me too. "It might ruin my character! I risk it, you well know, to be standing here talking with you on the street!" And we unconsciously grasp hands again, and immediately withdraw them, in hearty acknowledgment of the fact!

"Two things, however, I *must* say before we part," the captain adds, quite seriously, too, lowering his voice; "one is—

"COLONEL CARP."

I have to break in upon Captain Cephas Spaight, as I find the colonel standing suddenly beside me. "Colonel Carp, this is my friend Captain Spaight; captain, this is Colonel Carp! and be careful how you wound his feelings, so ardently is he infatuated in reference to the stars and the bars;" this last I add almost in a whisper. And there is this peculiarity of the shaking of hands which follows: it is so cordial between the palms of the two, so very cold and formal as to all else; a slight emphasis of mine upon a word or two possibly the cause of that.

"Anything of interest from below, captain?" It is the old colonel who asks. "We hear only this wretched stuff! Anything?"

There is the thirst of the perishing in the eyes of the colonel, and in the manner, too. Yet the tall, white-haired,

sharp - visaged, restless old gentleman, your very ideal of Don Quixote without armor and Rosinante, eager as he was, Union as he was, would have instantly refuted any news, favorable or unfavorable to the Confederacy, imparted by my friend; as eager to prove or to disprove as to hear.

"Nothing!" The word dropped, an icicle, from the cold lips of the seaman. And the old colonel would have gone on to demonstrate the fallacy of that one word, were it not plain that the captain had suddenly sunk fathoms deep into himself, a frightened fish, from the very sight of the colonel, the eager gaze of his questioner getting no reply from the eyes of the sailor, fish-like in their cold vacancy.

Because he understood the white-headed, impatient, irascible, argumentative old colonel on the instant; could tell of all that was rushing upon him, in the colonel, with the second nature by which he knew on water when a squall was coming. Not that Colonel Carp would endanger the Union cause and himself by a gesture or a syllable. But he *would* argue! Argue? Assert, over the table, that the barley coffee we have to drink these days does not taste like genuine coffee, the colonel denies and demonstrates the reverse; only less vehemently the reverse still should you make the opposite assertion. Say "This last news looks bad, colonel, for the Union side," and you are in for half an hour's argument to the opposite, — with all his heart, too, for the colonel is loyal to the centre. Try "Disastrous to Jeff Davis, colonel, this battle at Nashville; Hood annihilated, it seems!"

"Do you seriously think so? Why, sir," — roads, weather, season of the year, crops, nature of locality, rivers, peculiarities of this army and that, well-known character of the other general and this, tactics of cavalry and of infantry which a babe should be spanked if it did not understand, — "those guerrillas, too, sir!" waxing almost wrathful that you could not see it. From inexhaustible stores the colonel poured conclusive arguments upon you to the con-

trary; before the day was over, if assaulted in that direction, turning all his guns and ammunition in victorious demonstration of the exact opposite! Upon every possible and impossible point started, and with every soul he meets, the colonel's life is one incessant argument.

No mirror of finest plate-glass from the late lamented France reflects fact more accurately than does this page; all its value in that. Behold in it, then, Colonel Carp journeying, years ago, upon horseback, alone and through a desert region. Upon him behold, too, a highwayman spring suddenly from ambush, and, holding his bridle with the one hand, level a pistol at the colonel's head with the other, with the regular formula, "Your money or your life!"

But the colonel is cooler than he; delighted, after long abstinence on the solitary road, with the opportunity, and a vast deal more expert with *his* terrible weapon than the footpad with his revolver.

"Your assertion is, first, that I have money? second, that you will kill me if I do not give it up?" and the colonel, adopting thus the Socratic mode of destroying his foe, lays down each question, as he states it, with the handle of his riding whip in the palm of his left hand. "Now, sir, nothing easier than to refute both assertions! First, then" —

Refuting all my own suggestions in the matter, the colonel often narrated to me his line of argument. Sufficient to say he left his Claude Duval slain, so to speak, by the roadside as by the cold steel of his deadly dialectics; actually argued, possibly exhausted, the villain from his purpose! Fact.

It would have been better for mankind in some sense, however, had the man at least taken the colonel's money: the victorious result intensified so his ratiocination that, with manifold excellences, he was simply unendurable! You were *not* sick when he stood at your bedside during your illness! No, it was easy to show it was *not* a headache you had to-day. It was the bread you had last eaten and *not* that wetting of your feet which had made you sick! The rebels

would have shot or hung the colonel, too old for conscription, knowing his principles as they did, had they not fled from him instead, chuckling over the fact, as they dodged down all alleys out of his way, that he was their surest ally, so far as refuting was concerned, against the Union people! Many and many a time has the writer, vigorously pursued by the colonel's remorseless reasoning, headed instantly at every turn, darted at last into utter silence as into a hole, panting therein like a rabbit, while the colonel barked, so to speak, his final arguments after him from without!

Just as Captain Spaight and myself are pondering how to escape, slow Major Anderson happens in passing to say, "Bah, Colonel Carp, you were wrong about Beauregard!"

"Wrong!" and with the word the colonel is gone after the major, laying down, as he goes, the premises of a tremendous argument.

"I must tell you two things," Captain Spaight began hurriedly, when this had extricated us from the colonel. "I am up here from the coast upon Confederate business. I must leave at three o'clock, and it is more damaging than you dream of for me to be seen talking with you here. It is about that little matter of the salt, and, very important, about the torpedo ship I am building to blow up the blockading fleet!"

The captain is very pale, and speaks quite low; and having tossed with him in a storm or two at sea on the Susan Jane, his unusual manner convinces me that he has something of serious interest to tell.

"I have heard you are going over the lines, brother Martin," he says, in a manner very much the reverse of his fish-like passivity in getting rid of Colonel Carp, "and I have that to tell you which will assuredly save the fleet. You see, our torpedo vessel will be launched in two weeks; first real thick fog after that! Just as sure as it gets among those vessels they are *bound* to go up! Now the only way" —

"Ees never to put any water in" — we are interrupted just then — "nev-

ver put any, hic, an-ny war-ter in your drink, hic! It spoils the war-ter, in the first place. Of course no bod-dy cares for the war-ter! Nothing person-al, Captain Spaight, for I know you live on that. But it spoils the whisky, hic! First place. Second place, Colonel Carp, argument, sound reas'g, Q. E. D., you observe!" For it is

GENERAL MILROY ANDREWS,

who has stumbled upon us unperceived, drunk as usual!

Now, as we turn to look upon the general, as wretched an object as the world owns, if I were to tell you that this poor creature was once, not so very long ago, as noble a specimen of a man, apparently in every sense of the word, as a woman could desire for her husband, you would turn Colonel Carp and endeavor to argue me out of such a notion on the spot! But my mirror reflects actual fact. Look at this thoroughly routed and demoralized general. A few years ago erect as an Indian, now limp, swayed earthward, degraded, and dropping every hour into a lower degradation. *Not* a victim of intemperance; so please do not skip! Then, eyes bold, gray, defiant; now, bleared orbs swimming in a slinky shame. Who so faultless once in dress, perfect in all the raiment of his handsome person to the very tips of his carefully kidded hands? now the seedy rags are rotting from him in dangling tatters, the moldering thatch of his miserable hat fitly crowning such utter ruins!

If you ask, Since drink is not the cause, what is it? I reply, I do not know! Nobody living knows, or, at least, has ever revealed the secret. In this life no one ever will know certainly.

Years ago General Milroy Andrews arrived in one of the Southern States of the Atlantic coast, from New England, a ruddy, ambitious, thoroughly educated young lawyer. Temperate, honorable, eloquent, energetic, popular, rising patiently from grade to grade, the general comes at last into the charge of one of the most important offices of the State.

It is an office of the nature of a bureau for the preservation of the most important papers of the government. Behind his glass doors, in five hundred pigeon-holes and labeled receptacles, alphabetically and mathematically arranged, are those documents, upon which heaps of money depend in one way and another. A more orderly office up stairs and down, a more obliging set of clerks, evidently patterned after their chief, a more excellent and urbane chief himself, you never saw, had you been bowed in and out of the bureau that fifteenth day of December.

Yet that very midnight the town sprung from its bed at the boom and rattle of an explosion, to find that General Milroy Andrews' office had been unaccountably blown up! Though desperate efforts were made by firemen and citizens generally, scarce one of all the valuable documents was saved from the conflagration which followed. People remarked upon the suddenness with which the papers turned to ashes, some imagining a smell of turpentine about the charred bits which the wind, for it was a very windy night, whirled around. But the sympathy of the town was chiefly for the general, rushing with bare feet, in shirt and drawers, to the scene, tearing around the blazing structure almost frantic, held back only by main force of friends from rushing into the flames to save his precious documents.

In fact, for weeks after, the general was nearly beside himself, not alone for the terrible loss to government and private parties, but for so many claims, land titles, law suits, and estates involved in the destruction.

"My enemies will say it was my doing, that I was bribed to do it or to connive at it!" raved the ruined man. Raved so violently on this wise, and so long, that Shakespeare and human nature asserted itself in people, first suspecting, then openly declaring, "Methinks the general doth protest too much!" Certainly there were parties whose interests in the destruction of documents would have allowed them to pay the general almost any sum he could name,

in case some such accident took place And it was a little singular that the clerks who slept in the edifice happened that night, every soul of them, to be at a party at the general's, from which, at an early hour, the host had to excuse himself and retire, because of severe headache!

Who knows? The general's wife left him suddenly, silently, and forever. The world was divided upon the subject, but both halves thereof fell away equally from him. If he had been promised money, either he was never paid a penny, the destruction being accomplished, or he had refused it in the agonies of conscience, or had placed it very completely out of his own spending; manifestly no poorer man living than the general! Of course there was a committee of investigation; and, of course, the committee learned and published all it could at vast expense of time and patience and money, the net result being the confirmation of each half of the world in its previous opinion and in its unanimously leaving the general to himself.

And most thoroughly did he act as public executioner upon himself! Because innocent, or because guilty, he hurled himself into drunkenness as a suicide flings himself into the sea from a beetling cliff. If he is ever sober day or night, Sunday or week-day, for years now, nobody is ever there to see it! Even the best people give him whisky as they give him an old coat, a night's lodging, a meal of victuals; better the poor fellow, crawling earth-worm that he has become, should never be sober again as long as he lives!

Even Captain Cephas Spaight, a religious man abhorring drunkenness, gives him to-day a greasy Confederate bill to keep drunk upon! One can get the parallax of the fallen angels from the awful angle of this man's fall! And he may be as innocent as you or I, save of his intemperance. That we shall know about this also, hereafter, is one of the matters which makes that hereafter the most interesting of worlds; the satisfaction of our curiosity almost com-

pensating the pains of death. "And you, Mr. Martin, and you, Capten Spaight," the poor general solemnly adjures us as he reels away, not without the insight about us of children, the insane, and the drunk, "don't you two, hic, ever mix your North and your South any more than your war-ter and your whisky, hic! *Won't* mix, Federal and Confederate, you un'erstand; only spoils both. *Secesh or Union, whisky or war-ter, one or t' other, hic: won't mix!*"

As the wrecked gentleman reels away, relieving this mirror of the smell and soil of his presence, both the sailor and Mr. Martin color and wince at his Partisan word; the elements *do* effervesce within one, Heaven knows! with an anguish unknown to a heart definitely in line of battle on either side. What can you do but go with the stronger side within you? — and here that side is for the old flag, though you die for it, slain by the weaker side within yourself!

"And now I do hope I can tell you about the salt," says my friend from the coast, in rapid thaw, as the general reels downward to doom from our side. "But I must tell you first about that torpedo boat," — voice low and rapid. "I am the designer and builder of it, as you have heard, to keep from worse. Under close and suspicious watch day and night, of course. But I am the only man in the State who can do anything of the sort, and they have spent so much money and time, have had so many contraptions go out that were dead certain to blow up the blockaders and half of them never heard of again, dying like wet squibs under water, that they are resolved to succeed *this* time! Why, brother Martin, millions, yes millions in Europe in gold and silver, for our cotton, depends on it; cotton bales lying in stacks down there upon the coast, thousands of bales all ready to be rushed in from the interior! I do believe the Confederacy could afford to pay me one solid million down on deck, if I could guarantee the dispersion of the fleet, if only for a little while. And I could do it as certain as pulling trigger. And I will blow up the fleet, will

let in cargoes of arms and ammunition from Belgium and elsewhere, for this beautiful Confederacy; oh yes, I will do it — *pre-haps!*" Which is equivalent with my friend to a torrent of oaths, for he is such a grave, cold, silent soul, blue and true as steel!

Catching fire, as from such a flint I do on the spot, eager to get away though Captain Cephas Spaight is, I must and do tell him, in rapid words, of my late visit to the coast solely and expressly to see the flag, not seen, except in dreams or as drawn out through an inch or so ripped open in the mattress of my bed for the purpose, and that by night, for years now! How I ascended the tower of observation where the telescope of the coast guard is, and how my eye was so sealed to the end of the telescope through which I saw the flag flying at the masts of the blockaders that I could not —

"But, brother Martin, we'll have our whole life after the war is over to talk about all that!" my friend interrupts me. "You know I have but an hour or two. I came up here only to get the fulminating stuff that long-headed German in spectacles has been making for us. Said he'd be ready with it by three. Hah!" ejaculated the captain, suddenly ceasing to stroke his grizzled beard, "never thought of it before! That German, philosopher-looking fellow, with enormous spectacles, you know, was mixing and mashing at the detonating, fulminating, whatever they call it, powder, all in a great zinc-lined trough up there, actually smoking his pipe, pipe as large as an ear of corn, as he pounded and stirred! He fled here from the political reaction of 1849. Wonder if he will fix it all up *right?*" a comical emphasis upon the last word! "But this is not business," he adds, suddenly very grave; "if you get over the lines, brother Martin, go instantly to the commodore of the fleet and tell him — here, I'll try and describe it upon the palm of my hand." But as the seaman holds up the broad and horny palm, I touch him with a low "Hush, hush! here comes

"TOM BURROWS!"

Even as I caution the captain, the new-comer, standing on the instant between us, grasps him roughly by the shoulder with the one hand and myself with the other, exclaiming as he does so, "Talking treason, I'll bet a dime! Come along both of you; provost-marshal is holding court up-town this moment. Six feet of rope each; trees are near the front door!" and our new friend shakes us both to the utmost of his strength, trying thereafter to drag us along.

"Mr. Burrows, this is Captain Spaight," I say; "captain, this is Mr. Burrows, of whom you must have heard. You must excuse him, captain, but he will have his joke;" for I could not but observe that the gray complexion of the seaman had suddenly grown livid, not from fear, but anger.

"Oh, you are the man that bosses the gang building torpedoes down on the coast!" says our abrupt arrival with great curiosity. "But it's very suspicious, your being seen with Martin here! And I'll be hanged if we did n't have the best joke up yonder at the provost-marshal's office just now!" He was a short, thick-set, swarthy-hued man, known to all men as being eternally in jest, and he felt called upon now to exert his well-known powers for the entertainment of so celebrated a stranger as the captain, the swift torrent of his talk not arrested by, quite submerging, in fact, all the usual pebbles of pause and punctuation. "You see they'd taken it into their wooden noddles that the young English fellow traveling about with a permit from Jeff Davis yellow hair you know parted down the middle before and behind mutton-chop whiskers flying away from each cheek in long tails correspondent of the London Times they say writing a big book for us or against us nobody knows only he says he is a wonderful hater of Seward and loves Jeff with all his soul had him up just now before the provost undoubtedly the grandest jackass now braying and you ought to have seen that English snob very hair

turned white to the tips a spy you see the provost thought he might be with that little glass stuck in his eye all the time *spy-glass* you know in fact it was I told the provost about it grave as death and had the fellow taken up."

Here Mr. Burrows, who talks without the necessity of breathing, apparently, stops only to laugh. "Because it was the funniest spectacle. Provost-marshal sitting there solemn as an owl, the room full of armed men, Englishman seated on a candle box in a corner frightened to death and telling how heartily he detested Lincoln and how devotedly he admired the Confederacy as a vast advance on England itself. Mr. Provost-Marshal I said it is impossible to tell what traitorous documents this person may have in his possession. I think somebody should be detailed to look into them. You are quite right Burrows the fool said. Bless my soul sir said the Englishman there are piles of manuscript in my possession, and he held his hand a yard from the floor, that high. The greater the necessity of having them examined sir provost-marshal said. Mr. Boggs — Blacksmith Boggs, never read a page of manuscript in his life, if of print, one of the provost's guards armed with six revolvers and a yüger — you will please proceed immediately to this person's apartments and read all the written matter you find there — take him two years the Englishman said — and make full notes of the contents of the same; meanwhile we will be compelled sir to keep you in custody until Mr. Boggs — Heaven help my soul the Englishman kept saying — makes his report. If upon reading the same I find nothing of a nature injurious to our cause I will cheerfully release you. And there sits that Englishman this moment — by all means go up and see him before you leave — chewing the ends of his fly-away beard and there is Boggs up among the fellow's papers hard at it. Harder work than he ever did with tongs and sledge-hammer at the forge in the hottest August!"

However vexed at our visitor, it was as impossible not to laugh at his own excessive sense of fun in every line of

his face, word and tone and manner, as it would be to escape the shocks of the electric eel if you held one in your grasp; only, in this case, the eel so holds you instead, and writhes around you in his uproarious spirits, that you cannot escape.

Certainly Tom Burrows was a dead failure, if his mission in the world was not to make men laugh! Not merely fun alone, from every pore and always, but a mimic Tom is, so perfect a mimic that he almost actually *is*, for the moment, the person mimicked. And it is a faculty so intuitive and inseparable from the man, forever a boy, that he mimics whoever he is conversing with to a shadow, hardly conscious of the fact himself, even in the act! I remember being seated with him in a parlor conversing with the most sedate and stately lady of our mutual acquaintance, a lady whose every sentence was measured and very sad. No wonder, poor soul! husband and children had certainly done all they could to break her heart. And the conversation chanced, too, to be upon a recent phase of her severe calamities, calamities so severe as to be the talk of the town. It was with utmost difficulty, even there and then, I could refrain from laughing outright at Tom's precise reproduction of her every shade of manner and tone in speaking to her: it was as if a mirror was held up before poor Mrs. Ramsey, every tearful inflection there of face and voice, she utterly unconscious of his crime. And I noticed, out of the corners of my eyes, how even her sad, set face relaxed into smiles when Tom addressed himself to me. Although I can hardly think Tom was mimicking me, or if he was it must have been a failure, not the least like.

"You men heard the remarkable course pursued by Major Anderson yesterday? Down Main Street! Grave old soul if any ever lived, the major, yet went tearing down the street, over all the town ordinances and a school full of children just out!" our volatile friend tells us, in unceasing although irrelevant continuation of his previous remarks. "The major was riding by my jewelry estab-

lishment so exceeding erect in such solemn charge of the entire universe and it happened by the merest accident there was lying by where I was smoking a cigar at the time one of those headers things that fizz and dash about you know left over from last Fourth of July. If it had been my own father I could not have helped just touching the fuse to my cigar and pitching the thing just under the two old grays gray horse you know as well as man as they passed by pompous old soul the major always in charge of all the world! I greatly regret to hear, Mr. Martin," — the speaker turns upon me, straightens himself, throwing his stomach forward, putting a thumb in each armhole of his vest, and assuming the whole bearing, manner, and tone of Major Anderson as by magic transformation, — "that you were the author of that most disgraceful scene at the marriage of Miss Julia Wells. You would hardly believe, sir," Major Anderson continues, for, identity apart, it is the stolid major who now turns, in the person of the mimic, upon Captain Spaight, whose generally sorrowful visage has been upon a broad grin in spite of himself, indignant at it, since Tom with his contagion of fun has arrived, "forgetful of the solemnities of the occasion, disregarding even the ordinary decencies of society, having no respect for the officiating clergyman, this sober-seeming brother Martin of yours placed himself immediately behind that minister the moment he began to perform the ceremony of marriage, silently but perfectly mimicked the minister to such a degree as to confuse the bride and bridegroom, through them the clergyman, and so, the entire company assembled! It was simply disgraceful, sir!" and the personated major brings down an imaginary gold-headed cane, upon which his two hands are supposed to rest, with solemn indignation upon the pavement. "Nor is it the first offense," Major Anderson continues, in a measured and sepulchral manner; and it is all only a truthful narrative of the proceedings of, not brother Martin, but Tom Burrows himself; merely instances of some of his latest capers.

"When Miss Laura McPherson Randolph, of the oldest family in Virginia, was married in church, actually in St. Peter's, beautifully decorated for the occasion and densely crowded with the *élite* of our town, married to Brevet Brigadier-General I. Buddlecome Bankhooven, a descendant of those who came over with Hendrick Hudson, and afterward moved South, — married to the general, here upon special leave from the seat of war for the purpose, — even then, sir, this demure-faced person, prompted, in this case, by his low Union sentiments, refrained not from his disreputable courses. It was well known that he had been a devoted admirer, certainly an incessant visitor upon Miss Laura McPherson Randolph;" which was certainly the fact with Tom and the lively brunette in question, Tom being of "excellent family," too; "consequently," the personated major continued, no smile upon *his* face, "the eyes of all that vast congregation followed rather the rejected lover down the aisle than the bridal pair coming immediately upon his footsteps. Mark, sir, the villainy of the scoundrel. He seats himself upon one side of the chancel, where the officiating clergymen, for there are four in full canonicals, are the only persons present who cannot see him, draws from his pocket an enormous white handkerchief, and, a smile already upon the face of the audience in expectation, goes into convulsions of simulated weeping at his loss as the solemn service proceeds, throwing the entire church into convulsions of laughter, and the volatile bride into hysterics of the same; General I. Buddlecome Bankhooven, and the astounded officials beside the altar, being only less convulsed by their bewilderment as to the reason of the unseemly proceedings!"

"I wonder the general did not use his weapons, even if he was on furlough!" Captain Spaight breaks in. "But, my dear sir," he continues, "I have to leave at three, and must have a moment or two with" —

"Hah! jolly time, is n't it, Martin?" Tom Burrows continues — not regarding the captain in the least, as he never does

any one — with an instant and total change of manner, person, in fact. And a child who had ever seen rapid Ben Barton would have recognized the new personation in the moment. "Jolly time, jolly time!" striking the rounded back of his right hand in the palm of his left in the way peculiar to Ben Barton when "in a gale." "And splendid place this for a fellow to be married in," gazing all around as from a lofty eminence, "only a little chilly," — a shiver here. "Let me help you with your shawl, Margy. Ah, that is it. Magnificent sunrise!" shading his eyes with his hands. "All ready, reverend; go ahead!" Captain Spaight looks somewhat bewildered.

"Ben Barton, you know him, captain," Mr. Martin explains to the seaman, "was married last week to a lady after three days' acquaintance, — in rebound from another lady, — at dawn and on the top of Mount Aural." And the captain sees the scene for himself, for Tom Burrows delineates it perfectly. "Thank you, reverend, thank you! Thank you, Bodgers, same to you!" for Ben Barton is receiving his congratulations on the elevated spot. "How the wind blows! Same to you, old fellow! Thank you, Tom! Best thing you can do, Tom Burrows," holding the pretended hand of the same, "is to get married like me; cure you of your capers. Hah, Margy, take care of that precipice!" a step to one side and a downward gaze, "five hundred feet, they say. The less of this champagne, therefore, gentlemen," wave of the hand toward imaginary breakfast on the rocks, "the better for us. By the bye, reverend, — like to have forgotten it, — accept this slight token. Ah, yes, and like to have forgotten it; I leave at once to go back to the front and never once thought of a license. It is necessary you know; please get one for me!" All of which is but the reproduction of fact as well as person.

"Mr. Burrows," Mr. Martin hints at this point, "yonder comes Major Anderson" —

"Not afraid," remarks Mr. Tom, returning suddenly to himself. "Had

forgotten I am clerk escaped the ranks that way of that double-distilled dunce of a provost-marshal want to see if Englishman has left anything of his flaxen beard dozen more like cases going to have up fun alive! Bye, captain. Don't you think," holding the seaman's hand and looking in a saner manner than ever before in the cold eyes of the same, "that you had better *not* blow up that flag?"

For, as I explain to my friend, while Tom crosses the street and hurries up the other side to avoid Major Anderson, Tom is known to the innermost circle of the Union people as being himself intensely Union, making a perpetual fool of the provost-marshal, partly from that cause. Nor would he have spent so much of his time upon the captain and myself, but that it was the best way he had of showing his kindly feeling to us as being of the same thinking, under the surface, as himself.

When the Confederate government, soon after this, suddenly abolishes the provost-marshal folly throughout the South, outside the army, at least, Tom Burrows finds his only excuse for keeping out of the ranks suddenly gone. The next morning he goes too, toward the Federal lines, in hot pursuit of escaping deserters! Dressed in Confederate gray, he dashes into the houses along the road with eager questioning as to the same. In his violent hurry after the escaping scoundrels, he has barely time to snatch a meal's victuals, or a night's lodging for himself and horse, to be paid for on his speedy return. Needless to say, the deserters are but creatures of his fertile brain. Safely in the Federal camp, he remains there until disgusted; then as suddenly forsakes the Federals and returns, to be arrested as a spy and thrown into a dungeon, which it must have required all the splendor of his wit to have made endurable. But who could have been villain enough to put Tom to death in any case! Apart from his eccentricities, a warm-hearted, honorable gentleman, the very Prince Hal of his realm of good fellows; if he still lives, the soul of fun himself and the cause of fun in

others, may he live and laugh and make others laugh a thousand years! At last, these interruptions are but for a few moments.

"What I want to say," the captain continues, much more cheerful in his whole aspect and manner for the last interrupter, "is this: You know government employs me also making salt upon the coast, certain percentage of salt made coming to me. Now, I know you are none too well paid as pastor by the church here, — no minister is, these terrible times, — and I want to send you a little salt, as soon as I can. Oh, never mind thanking me. But the main matter is about that torpedo boat! If that German chemist *is* Federal, why, there is no danger, of course. But we have Confederate chemists down there, too; and the compound will be thoroughly tested. But, rotten through and through!" the captain adds reflectively, his head sunk into the grizzled beard upon his bosom. "There was that Sea-Savage, as they named it! Built farther along the coast, with the same object as ours. Most admirably and scientifically constructed by a head machinist from Richmond; the cotton, rather the arms and ammunition for it, is so exceedingly important! After it was finished, night upon night was appointed to make the attempt. The most lovely night for the purpose would come, dark as pitch, rain pouring in torrents, men eager for the excitement and the big prize money; sure as they came actually to start, some little thing — a bolt, a nut, a lever — would be found wrong, the boat closely guarded, too, day and night, and morning always came before it was fixed. At last, one night was certainly set, all undoubtedly right this time! Just before the crew got aboard, a green rocket from the blockading fleet and an explosion of the torpedo boat almost at the same moment! The machinist from Richmond was in a fury, said treason was in the camp, swore he would go to Richmond and have it investigated, and could point out the traitor. Yes, and he could, for the man stood in his boots, wore his spectacles, smoked his enormous pipe; a *German*,

you see. That is the way *I* came to be left here, the only man that is supposed to understand such things. And mine is an improvement, upon his torpedo boat I mean, built under treble watch, for those arms we must have. Now," the captain adds, as he spreads out his left palm and begins to describe upon it with the very blunt forefinger of his right hand, "when you cross the lines, see the commodore immediately; tell him on every foggy or rainy night to keep every yawl owned by the fleet rowing and watching around it for dear life, quarter of a mile circle, or we can break their line and strike the ships before the crew are ready! And this, don't forget, in case they see us coming; we *may* attempt it in broad day; there is only one angle—a degree too much or too little and you might as well pitch hard tack on our sides as cannon shot; their only possible hope is"—

"Why did n't you go quietly home with me instead of trying to tell me on the streets!" I say sharply to the captain. "Hush!

MAJOR ANDERSON.

Good morning, sir. Captain Spaight, Major Anderson!" I add as the major halts beside us, having been held in charge of Davenport, the Jewish cotton broker, since the flight of Tom Burrows, the major being the positive and the little Jew being quite the negative person of said charge. And I introduce my friends to each other, that being the cordial custom of the country; always willing to share your acquaintance with whatever other friend happens along. Better than the icy doubtfulness of each other nearer the north pole.

A superb-looking man, Major Anderson, as he solemnly takes the captain and myself in charge! A very Czar of all the Russias, commanding in physique, tone, manner, entire aspect. His gold-headed cane is a kingly sceptre, only longer than is usual, as becomes such a monarch. You are in his custody from the outset. He knows it perfectly well. So do you! A syllable will explain.

For very many years Major Anderson, created and rarely constituted for that express purpose, has been in charge of one of the State penitentiaries. Owing to emergencies, for all these long years, a lesser branch of the State refuge for idiots and lunatics has been connected with the same, although in buildings kept wholly separate. Separate except to the major, who, residing near by, divides his time very evenly between two classes of people who may be ticketed as the supremely foolish: voluntarily so, and therefore in the penitentiary; involuntarily so, and therefore in the refuge for the imbecile and the insane. And a most admirable officer the major, resigning from West Point long ago for the purpose, makes. None quite so perfectly adapted for each of his charges, people believe, in all the world. Cool, calm, firm as rock, kind as a mother, gentle as a child, with the presence of a monarch, a divinity doth hedge the major in.

A thorough Christian gentleman, in the faithful doing of his thoroughly defined work no one can dream of a defect in this grand old major. Save one, but that is tremendous! From long and unceasing charge of people placed utterly in his sole power, criminal or deranged, by night and by day for years on years, the major, wholly unconscious of the fact himself, has come to regard every human being with whom he is thrown, outside the walls of his buildings, as belonging to the one class or the other. And as the major is often puzzled to know, within those walls, whether the folly of his patient be voluntary or involuntary, whether his charge should be in chains or a strait-jacket, convict or lunatic, so as to all he meets outside! From second nature of long habit, Captain Spaight and myself are to him to-day persons to be held, on the instant, in charge. Criminal or painfully deficient, he has not had time to decide which; certainly one or the other. And that would make no difference, only a joke to be laughed at, the major merely "an eccentric genius," if by some magnetism of his presence upon us, or by some

latent weakness in our own bosoms, subtle and strange yet strong, we did not feel it too. Willfully and deliberately a fool or only unfortunately and helplessly so, one or the other, no alternative to that!

I resent, for one, however, and refuse my situation. "Tom Burrows was just telling us the way he made you scamper down street, major. Excuse me," I add hilariously, "but I would like to have been there to see. 'When next John Gilpin rides abroad, may I' " —

"I have met in my life similar cases," the major made weighty answer, not in the least angry at the reminder, with his head a little inclined in half-smiling reflection. "Madness does not invariably rave and rend and weep. Most frequently, in fact, it chatters and smiles and laughs. Poor Tom! Poor, poor fellow!" he added, but looking at me, too, in a curiously considering manner which dried the laughter from my lips. Bless me! I had often had a half thought myself that Tom's fun looked like insanity, so incessant it was and uncontrollable; and I have often shared in it to the extent of laughing at or with him. What if —

"We all know that all men are more or less depraved," he proceeded, the living reproduction of Tom's mimicry of himself of a few moments before. "And it is currently stated in medical works that no one but is insane in some point!" the major, very kind and forbearing with us, as he speaks, yet evidently classing us, with those curious, considering eyes and that indescribable manner of his, as he slowly utters the words. Criminal these? or only imbecile? Poor creatures!

The effect of the major was on the spot and upon all; perhaps the deepest debasement of all before him was on the part of the persons who had never seen or heard of the famous superintendent before, nor knew, at the moment they surrendered themselves helplessly into his hands, who he was.

On this occasion I basely essay a diversion from myself to my companion in custody. "You have heard of Cap-

tain Cephas Spaight, Major Anderson! Engaged, as you doubtless know, in the torpedo service upon our coast!"

"Ah! Preparing contrivances to blow up the blockading fleet?" the major says.

What *was* the absurd reason of it? The slow considering by the major of the seaman's face as he spoke? The gentle pity of his accents? The cheerful humoring of this new unfortunate, who dreams, poor fellow, of making tallow candles into wax by boiling them in brandy, or of creating perpetual motion by his infatuated plan of wheels and weights and levers! On the instant, Captain Spaight hangs his head, fallen in my estimation and his own, taken into moral custody by the major, who does not release me, however, from his charge.

"Humph!" That is all the major says. Impossible for any keeper to be more considerate and humane, but, on the instant, we too are of the major's opinion! Imbecile!

"The purpose," a kindly smile, "your deliberate effort, at least, and intention," smile gone, "is to drive the United States flag from our shores!" A silence. "Ah! Yes!" Imbecile? Yes, and voluntarily so! For we are all three of us Union men, perfectly known, each to the other. Imbecile *and* guilty! Deserving to occupy, if it were possible, both wards of the major's buildings. Scarce more utterly and justly in his custody in that case than we actually are here upon the streets. Yet, for your life, there is nothing you can resent, the defect being so wholly in yourself. No fault herein of this Ithuriel if we are discovered to him and to ourselves as being what we are! Very disagreeable, however. In fact, throughout the wide domain of the major, people are in the habit of rather eluding and evading this their custodian, when it is possible; their very act in doing so deepening in each his sense of personal subjection to the major's lawful authority. "Good morning, chancellor," I say, eager for a diversion from our miserable, because detected selves, as that legal dignitary

passes at this moment. "You have heard of the wedding, major?" jocularly to our keeper.

"Yes, sir, I have heard of it," the major makes reply, with a kindly bow to the chancellor, as to another one of his patients at large in the grounds for the moment, looking curiously after him as he passes up street and then bringing the same considering gaze to bear with refreshed energy upon me. "As singular an affair as I often hear of," the major continues, weighing me in the scales of his careful eyes as he speaks. "I am told you consented to go at midnight" —

"Allow me, major!" I assert myself. "We all know the chancellor to be a learned, upright, honorable, and true man in every sense of the word. We know equally well that the lady in question is very lively, beautiful, willful, and witty, exceedingly admired and sought after. Desperately in love was the chancellor for weary years. Weary, because a severe time he has of it with the capricious beauty, who is more than a match for all his legal devices and cunning cross-examinations, turning his judicial head quite gray. It was by far the most difficult case, requiring more long and eloquent pleading and knowledge of human nature than any before him heretofore in all his life!"

Not unaware of the restlessness of Captain Spaight, as a symptom naturally to be expected in his case, the major kindly listens to my defense as who should say, Let him have his way, poor fellow!

"And you married them!" he interjects, with tone and manner as of keeper humoring his charge.

"As everybody knows," I rapidly continue, "the chancellor had obtained a license often before, only to get positive refusal from the lovely tyrant when he comes for the private marriage duly appointed. Last night it was near twelve o'clock before he obtained her consent to secure a fresh license; even then, she called to him after he had left the door, running out into the front yard for the purpose, 'You need n't

bring Mr. Martin! I won't, — won't, — won't!' For she is her own mistress."

"And the chancellor persevered!" the major smilingly humors that patient also, just now elsewhere in the grounds.

"I considered it all a professional secret," I make defense, "until I find this morning that the whole town knows the story. 'You will be sure to give it back to me,'" I continue my narration, "'in case she really won't,' the lover said to me as he gave me the license, somewhat ruefully, too. 'I will, if!'" I replied; for, not being in love myself with this modern Zenobia, my blood was up, knowing the chancellor and his long ordeal as I did.

"After we were arrived at the house of the friend with whom she was staying at the time, that friend the chancellor's sincere ally also, it was but to have the chancellor rejoin me in the parlor, to lean against the mantel, his hands in his pockets, deepest dejection upon his face.

"'Well?' said I.

"'She won't,' said he.

"'Try again,' said I. But it was only to have him return, more utterly cast down.

"'She says she — will — not!'

"'Very good,' said I, after we had stood in mournful reflection for some time; 'if the lady will not come in here to be married, suppose we go in there, wherever she is with her friends?'

"'Excellent idea!' the chancellor assented. 'Because they are all in the supper room, everything in confusion there! We have had such a time of it,' the lover added, and we marched to the door thereof to have it shut hurriedly in our face, with the alarmed outcry, 'Oh, don't come in here! We'll come to the parlor!' And she did come and — they were married!"

"Just a moment!" said the major, with uplifted forefinger, for I spoke only less rapidly than was the wont of Tom Burrows, anxious to release Captain Spaight, as well as myself, from custody. "They say she said 'No, sir!' when you asked the question. Be careful!" the

major added, not aloud but in manner more impressive than words.

"She said nothing of the kind," I replied. "That is, she said nothing at all; simply gave her head the archly disdainful toss of her willful mood. Yet what could I do?" as the major regarded me sorrowfully; "we had the license, she stood by his side, even although she refused to touch him or permit him to touch her. And they were married!" I added defiantly, getting wearied, the reader with me, of the matter! And oh, those terrible days of battle and wounds and prison afterward, during which this woman clung to her husband with woman's unwearying devotion! Dead, to-day, both of them. In the case of these two, at least, the major's patients were neither fools nor knaves. "Ah, Major Anderson!" I exclaimed, breaking bounds for the moment, "I wish with all my soul some such woman had taken *you* in hand!" for the major is an old bachelor, which will make these facts more credible to the reader.

"Humph! You do?" and the major smiles in the same old considering manner upon me from his superiority, as from the summits of the Andes. "Me?" Imbecile and criminal to have dared such a thought! All I gain by that!

"But surely you know Dr. Clavis, major!" I add, making the grasp of a prisoner upon his rescuer, seizing, as I say the words, upon a lithe and wiry and very white-headed old gentleman passing us with quick and elastic step, eager-eyed energy in every feature of his face and movement. "This gentleman," I add, after due introduction, "is, if he will allow me to say it, the best surgeon in the Confederate army; at our town to-day for fresh medical supplies. And this Dr. Clavis, — you know it, doctor, — at the very beginning of the war, made a tremendous speech for the Union to a vast multitude.

'Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union strong and great!'

I remember your splendid closing, doctor, as if it were yesterday. Yet a still more powerful and thrilling address this doctor made, and to a larger crowd, on

the very same spot and upon the very next day, against the Union, as a tyrannical and detestable despotism deserving its speedy and utter overthrow!" for my long and intimate relations with Dr. Clavis allow me this freedom of remark; especially in my present emergency.

"You are walking up street?" the major speaks to the alert surgeon, before he can reply. "Anxious to be out of my hands, I see; no wonder!" the major says to us, although only with eyes and in manner, and, with a kind nod, is gone. He takes the surgeon's arm as they depart, reducing his swift step to his own slow and stately tread. In charge of him! No relief from that for the surgeon unless by amputation!

But three o'clock, the hour of his departure, is coming, by this time, upon Captain Spaight like a squall at sea. Very hurriedly he draws me out of sight of men behind two tobacco hogsheads placed the one on top of the other. With palm and finger he swiftly demonstrates to me the angle to which the commodore must depress his guns if the balls are to hurt the torpedo boat. "His best way is to keep his fires banked, plenty of steam on!" adds my friend. "The instant he sees us, — a *blue* flash from shore, remember, brother Martin; a handful of the fulminating compound accidentally thrown upon our camp-fire will do that; if we make the attempt by day the same course is best, — make right for the torpedo boat, run directly upon us and over us!" Amazing, the measure of hidden fire under so much ice! "And as to that little salt, as soon as I can. Good-by!"

Let it only be added, never from that hour have I seen Captain Cephas Spaight! Sincerely religious men there were upon both sides during the war, as there are still, even upon that side of the two, whichever it is, which is most enveloped from clear seeing of things in the powder smoke even yet lingering upon the battlefield!

But a wild, drunken reprobate before? Not a bit of it; a cool, set, mechanical-minded skeptic and unbeliever before, the captain's religion, to my cer-

tain knowledge from thorough study of his case, made him one of the purest and truest and gentlest and most loving of men; as a Christian sailor a standing miracle to all other sailors! The rebuking of the winds and the waves no such proof of the power of the Christ to these as is the captain, and the manifest and superhuman change wrought by that Christ in him!

Let me stop here a moment and ask myself again, as I have done so often before, Suppose you *had* got into the Federal lines immediately after parting with the captain, as you and he so confidently reckoned upon; would you have sought commodores and generals and imparted what you knew about Confederate affairs? In vain I face the mirror of this page toward myself herein, the reflection thereupon is too vague and undefined to be worth stating; but I doubt, I doubt.

Eight weeks after this Captain Spaight has receded from my mind, as if he were aboard the Susan Jane, quite down the horizon. For the storms blow terribly, if that figure may be continued, these days, and all the waters are wild with wind and foam! So much so that, when one morning a very roughly dressed man stands, ox-whip in hand, in the door of my house, and, after demanding and learning my name, thrusts his hand into his bosom, I am relieved when he produces therefrom, instead of a revolver, a letter, very crumpled and dirty though it be!

Yet its contents blanch my cheek only less than would those of a revolver! It is the bill for freight due the person who hands it to me for delivering the salt promised by Captain Spaight!

"One hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents in gold!" I repeat terrified.

"That's what's the matter with me! An' as soon's you can!" my visitor says impatiently. "The roads are mighty heavy, my cows is hungry and tired, an' I'm likely, as like as not, waggings, cows, an' all, to be conscripted for military duty! Hurry, if you please, an' let me get out o' the way!"

In half an hour thereafter I am down town and behold Captain Cephas Spaight's gift to me of "a little salt"! Two enormous blue and bespattered wagons stand halted beside the pavement in the centre of the town, eight yoke of oxen to each, the wiser of said "cows" having seized the opportunity to lie down, waiting events as they chew the cud of the past, a lesson therein to others of us in that terrible then! And salt is in eager demand, the Federals having destroyed the most important of the works in the region, hourly threatening the rest! Easy to find a merchant more than willing to pay the freight, store the salt, and ask a reasonable commission upon its speedy sale!

"Why, my dear sir," he said, as he did the gold and odd change in silver up in an old shot bag for the teamster, taking freight receipt therefor, "my dear sir, why, that salt will be worth to you, commissions deducted, no less than" — and he whispers the awful amount — "in gold!" Yet he is very shy of me, this merchant, in general, because no man in town is a more ardent friend, in words, of the Confederacy, and selected by me just now because of that, for wise reasons. Even then, we are not anxious to see the provost-marshal at this juncture. Nor Tom Burrows! A better joke than to put the plastic marshal up to seizing the salt, Tom would not have desired; for a joke Tom would slaughter his dearest friend. And brother Martin thinks, as the salt is being rapidly transferred, with many an anxious glance up street and down, from the wagons to the bins of the merchant, of the glad surprise of all this to the dear ones at home!

You who never can be informed of the keen and long-continued anguish of those days, laugh, if you like it, with Tom Burrows, at the statement! Brother Martin thinks, just then, Who has said that about the sparrow not falling to the ground without the knowledge of the loving Father, food supplied to it, also, by the hand which gives to the skies their stars, to the martyrs their crowns! Making a Christian of Captain

Spaight years ago; putting the thought in his heart as he placed him in the salt works in part for this! A Father shielding the gift over broad prairies, as well from scouting party in gray then, as from Tom Burrows in motley now! The eyes will moisten in the very moment that, lighting upon the teamster, they smile, too, thinking how little he knows himself

to be of the number of the angels of God, unduly elated as he is, with the salt off his mind, and just returned, wiping his lips, from a convenient saloon! And if you, O patient reader, but knew how much that salt netted before night, and how painfully that gold was needed, you would understand that never even Attie salt was so appreciated!

William M. Baker.

TOGETHER.

I WONDER if you really send
These dreams of you that come and go!
I like to say, "She thought of me,
And I have known it." Is it so?

Though other friends walk by your side,
Yet sometimes it must surely be,
They wonder where your thoughts have gone,
Because I have you here with me.

And when the busy day is done
And work is ended, voices cease,
When every one has said good night,
In fading firelight then in peace

I idly rest: you come to me,—
Your dear love holds me close to you.
If I could see you face to face
It would not be more sweet and true;

I do not hear the words you speak,
Nor touch your hands, nor see your eyes:
Yet, far away the flowers may grow
From whence to me the fragrance flies;

And so, across the empty miles
Light from my star shines. Is it, dear,
Your love has never gone away?
I said farewell and — kept you here.

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

V.

BEFORE THE OUTBREAK.

THE early summer of 1858 found Brown in Kansas instead of Virginia, where he had wished and hoped to be. On the 28th of June in that year, he wrote me from Lawrence a short letter, addressed to "F. B. Sanborn and *Dear Friends at Boston, Worcester, and —,*" and containing this passage: "I reached Kansas with friends, on the 26th inst.; came here last night, and leave here to-day for the neighborhood of late troubles. It seems the troubles are not over yet. . . I do hope you will be in earnest now to carry out, as soon as possible, the measure proposed in Mr. Sanborn's letter inviting me to Boston this last spring." (This was the raising of money for a campaign in Virginia in 1859, after the Kansas fighting had ended.) "I hope there will be *no delay* of that matter. Can you send me by express, care of E. B. Whitman, Esqr., half a dozen or a full dozen whistles, such as I described, at once?" These whistles were for use in making signals among his men when in night attacks, or amid woody or mountainous regions in the day-time, and he had both spoken and written to me about them before. They were to be "such as are used by boatswains on ships of war;" and Brown thought them of great service. "Every ten men ought to have one at least." He had also requested me to procure for him "some little articles as marks of distinction," — badges, medals, or the like, — to be given to his men in token of good conduct. Happening to be at Dr. Howe's house in South Boston one day in the spring of 1858, the doctor (who was a chevalier of the Greek Legion of Honor, for services rendered in the Greek revolution of 1820-27) had shown me his cross of Malta and other decorations, given by the Legion to its members, and some of

these seemed to me exactly what Brown would want. I therefore made rude sketches of them and showed these to Brown, who selected the Maltese cross and one or two other designs, as suitable for his badges, but I doubt if they were ever used for that purpose.

In forwarding this letter to Colonel Higginson at Worcester, I wrote as follows, on the 6th of July, 1858: "In accordance with the decision of two meetings in Boston, late in May and early in June, at which all our associates were present except yourself, our shepherd of the people went to Kansas with a few companions, to look after matters in Linn County. The arrangement of the winter still holds good, and is to be put in action next spring, with God's help." How well Brown looked after Kansas matters will be seen by the following letter, a very long one for the old soldier to write, which has never before been printed:—

MISSOURI LINE, (ON KANSAS SIDE), }
20th July, 1858. }

F. B. SANBORN, ESQ., AND FRIENDS AT BOSTON AND WORCESTER: I am here with about ten of my men, located on the same quarter section where the terrible murders of the 19th May were committed, called the Hamilton or Trading Post murders. Deserted farms and dwellings lie in all directions for some miles along the line, and the remaining inhabitants watch every appearance of persons moving about, with anxious jealousy and vigilance. Four of the persons wounded or attacked on that occasion are staying *with me*. The blacksmith Snyder, who fought the murderers, with his brother and son, are of the number. Old Mr. Hargrove, who was terribly wounded at the same time, is another. The blacksmith returned here with me, and intends to bring back his family on to his claim, within two or three days. A constant fear of new

troubles seems to prevail on both sides the line, and on both sides are companies of armed men. Any little affair may open the quarrel afresh. Two murders and cases of robbery are reported of late. I have also a man with me who fled from his family and farm in Missouri but a day or two since, his life being threatened on account of being accused of informing Kansas men of the whereabouts of one of the murderers, who was lately taken and brought to this side. I have concealed the fact of my presence, pretty much, lest it should tend to create excitement; but it is getting leaked out, and will soon be known to all. As I am not here to *seek* or *secure revenge*, I do not mean to be the first to reopen the quarrel. How soon it may be raised against me I cannot say, nor am I over-anxious. A portion of my men are in other neighborhoods. We shall soon be in great want of a small amount in a draft or drafts on New York, *to feed us*. We cannot work *for wages*, and provisions are not easily obtained on the frontier.

I cannot refrain from quoting, or rather referring to a notice of the terrible affair before alluded to, in an account found in the New York Tribune of May 31st, dated at Westport, May 21st. The writer says: "From one of the prisoners it was ascertained that a number of persons were stationed at Snyder's, a short distance from the post, a house built in the gorge of two mounds, and flanked by rock walls, a fit place for robbers and murderers." "At a spring in a rocky ravine stands a *very small* open blacksmith's shop, made of thin slabs from a saw-mill. This is the only building that has ever been known to stand there, and in that article is called a "fortification." It is to-day just as it was the 19th May, — a little pent-up

shop, containing Snyder's tools (what have not been carried off), all covered with rust, — and had never been thought of as a "fortification" before the poor man attempted in it his own and his brother's and son's defense. I give this as an illustration of the truthfulness of that whole account. It should be left to stand while it may last, and should be known hereafter as *Fort Snyder*.

I may continue here for some time. Mr. Russell and other friends at New Haven assured me before I left that, if the Lecompton abomination should pass through Congress, something could be done there to relieve me from a difficulty I am in, and which they understand. Will not some of my Boston friends "stir up their minds" in the matter? I do believe they would be listened to.¹

You may use this as you think best. Please let friends in New York and at North Elba² hear from me. I am not very stout, have much to think of and to do, and have but little time or chance for writing. The weather of late has been very hot. I will write you all when I can.

I believe all honest, sensible Free State men in Kansas consider George Washington Brown's Herald of Freedom one of the most mischievous, traitorous publications in the whole country.

July 23d. Since the previous date, another Free State Missourian has been over to see us, who reports great excitement on the other side of the line, and that the house of Mr. Bishop (the man who fled to us) was beset during the night after he left; but, on finding he was not there, they left. Yesterday a pro-slavery man from West Point (Missouri) came over, professing that he wanted to buy Bishop's farm. I think he was a spy. He reported all quiet on the other side. At present, along this part

¹ The allusion here is probably to Brown's contract with Charles Blair of Collinsville, Connecticut, the blacksmith who was to make the thousand pikes which were afterwards captured in Maryland. Brown had engaged them in 1857, and had paid in that year five hundred and fifty of the thousand dollars which the pikes were to cost when finished. In 1858 Brown had not been able, for lack of money, to complete the payment, and was afraid his contract would be forfeited and the money

already paid would be lost. He therefore communicated (as I suppose) the facts in the case to Mr. Russell, who was then the head of a military school at New Haven, and had some assurance from him of money to be raised in Connecticut to meet this Connecticut contract. But I do not remember that anything was done concerning the pikes until 1859, when Brown paid for them with money contributed in Boston.

² His wife and children.

of the line the Free State men may be said in some sense to "possess the field," but we deem it wise to "be on the alert." Whether Missouri people are more excited through fear than otherwise I am not yet prepared to judge. The blacksmith (Snyder) has got his family back; also some others have returned, and a few new settlers are coming in. Those who fled or were driven off will pretty much lose the season. Since we came here, about twenty-five to thirty of Governor Denver's men have moved a little nearer to the line, I believe.

August 6th. Have been down with the ague since last date, and had no safe way of getting off my letter. I had lain every night without shelter, suffering from cold rains and heavy dews, together with the oppressive heat of the days. A few days since, Governor Denver's officer then in command bravely moved his men on to the line, and on to the next adjoining claim with us. Several of them immediately sought opportunity to tender their service to me *secretly*. I, however, advised them to remain where they were. Soon after I came on to the line, my right name was reported, but the majority did not credit the report.

I am getting better. You will know the true result of the election of the 2d inst. much sooner than I shall, probably. I am in no place for correct *general* information. May God bless you all.

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

Inclose in envelope directed to Augustus Wattles, Moneka, Linn County, Kansas; *inside* directed to S. Morgan.

Some of the incidents and allusions in the above letter need to be further explained. The "Hamilton murders" are better known in border story as the Marais des Cygnes Massacre, — a tragedy which Whittier has celebrated in verse. Near the river named by the old French *voyageurs* of Louisiana "The Swan's Marsh" (*Marais des Cygnes* or *du Cygne*), in Southern Kansas, was a little settlement of Northern farmers. As they were planting their fields and fencing them, in May, 1858, an unprovoked

assault was made on them by a party from Missouri, under the lead of three brothers named Hamilton, from Georgia; five farmers were killed and five wounded. The murderers were not Missourians, but men from farther South, who had been in Kansas but were driven out in some of the contests of 1856-57. They marched over in an armed band from Missouri, gathered up their victims from the prairie farms and the lonely roads, or took them from their cabins, formed them into a line, and shot them down by a platoon discharge. Then the invaders gave out word that they meant to shoot all the Free State settlers in Linn County in the same way. The farmers mustered for defense, in a band of two hundred, near the Missouri line, and detailed a company of mounted men to stand guard, or to ride up and down the line, and keep watch of the Hamiltons and their band. When Brown reached the spot a month later, he put his own men on guard, and the settlers went back to their work. The Governor of Kansas, Denver, also sent armed men, perhaps United States troops, to keep the peace, and it is to these that Brown alludes as having offered to serve under him. Brown went to the spot where the massacre took place, assuming the name of "Captain Morgan" for the occasion, fortified himself, and gave out that he was there to fight or be peaceable as the other side might choose; "they could make him as good a neighbor or as bad as they pleased." Gradually his secret came out, and the terror of his name frightened the enemy away; the Hamiltons left the neighborhood, and the troubles there ceased. But Brown himself fell sick and was obliged to take shelter for a few weeks with his friend Wattles, at Moneka. I wrote to him early in July a letter which reached him there, and to which he replied as follows:—

OSAWATOMIE, KANSAS, 10th September, }
1858. }

DEAR FRIEND, AND OTHER FRIENDS,
— Your kind and very welcome letter of the 11th July was received a long

time since, but I was sick at the time, and have been ever since until now; so that I did not even answer the letters of my own family, or any one else, before yesterday, when I began to try. I am very weak yet, but gaining well. All seems quiet now. I have been down about six weeks. As things now look I would say that, if you have not already sent forward those little articles,¹ do not do it. Before I was taken sick there seemed to be every prospect of some business very soon; and there is some now that requires doing; but, under all the circumstances, I think not best to send them.

I have heard nothing direct from Forbes for months, but expect to when I get to Lawrence. I have but fourteen regularly employed hands, the most of whom are now at common work, and some are sick. Much sickness prevails. How we *travel* may not be best to write. I have often met the "notorious" Montgomery,² and think *very favorably* of him.

It now looks as though but little business can be accomplished until we get our mill in operation. I am *most* anxious about that, and want you to name the earliest date possible, as near as you can learn, when you can have your matters gathered up. *Do let me hear from you on this point* (as soon as consistent), so that I may have some idea how to arrange my business. *Dear friends, do be in earnest*; the harvest we shall reap, if we are only up and doing.

13th September, 1858. Yours of the 25th August, containing draft of Mr. S. for fifty dollars is received. I am most grateful for it, and to you for your kind letter. This would have been sooner mailed but for want of stamps and envelopes. I am gaining slowly, but hope to be on my legs soon. Have no further news.

Mailed, September 15th. Still weak.
Your friend.

The money which I sent to Brown, as above acknowledged, was probably contributed by Gerrit Smith, who, first

¹ The boatswain's whistles.

² This was James Montgomery, one of the bravest

and last, gave Brown or sent him about one thousand dollars. Most of the smaller sums which Brown received during the years 1858-59, I suppose, passed through my hands, while the larger sums were paid to him directly by Mr. Stearns or other contributors. Most of the correspondence on this Virginia business also went through my hands; it being Brown's custom to write one letter to be read by the half-dozen persons with whom he desired to communicate; and this letter generally (by no means always) coming to me in the first instance. My custom was to show it to Mr. Parker and Dr. Howe, when they were at home, then to send it to Mr. Stearns, who sometimes forwarded it to Colonel Higginson or some more distant correspondent, and sometimes returned it to me. It appears that both the letters just quoted came back to me in October, 1858, and were by me forwarded to Higginson on the 13th of that month, with this comment:—

"I received the inclosed letter from our friend a week or two since. You see he is anxious about future operations. Can you do anything for him before next March, and if so, what? The partners in Boston have talked the matter over, but have not yet come to any definite proposal. I send you also an older letter, which should have been sent to you, but, by some fault of others, was not."

Colonel Higginson expressed the hope that the enterprise would not be deferred longer than the spring of 1859, and made some contribution to the fund, as also did Mr. Parker and the other members of the secret committee. No active movement to raise money was undertaken, however, until the winter and spring of 1859. On the 19th of January, 1859, three weeks after Brown's incursion into Missouri, where he freed a dozen slaves, I wrote thus to Colonel Higginson: "I have had no private advices from J. B. since I wrote you. He has begun the work in earnest, I fancy, and will find enough to do where partisans on the Kansas border, and during the civil war colonel of a black regiment in South Carolina.

he is for the present. I earnestly hope he may not fall into the hands of the United States or Missouri. If he does not, I think we may look for great results from this spark of fire. If Forbes is a traitor, he will now show his hand, and we can pin him in some way." On the 4th of March I wrote again: "Brown was at Tabor (Iowa) on the 10th February, with his stock in fine condition, as he says in a letter to G. Smith. He also says he is ready with some new men to set his mill in operation, and seems to be coming East for that purpose. Mr. — proposes to raise one thousand dollars for him, and to contribute one hundred dollars himself. I think a larger sum ought to be raised, but can we raise so much as this? Brown says he thinks any one of us who talked with him might raise the sum if we should set about it; perhaps this is so, but I doubt. As a reward for what he has done, perhaps money might be raised for him. At any rate, he means to do the work, and I expect to hear of him in New York within a few weeks. Dr. Howe thinks J. F. and some others, not of our party, would help the project if they knew of it."

Following up this last suggestion, I sounded several antislavery men of wealth and influence in the spring of 1859, and did obtain some subscriptions from persons who were willing to give to a brave man forcibly interfering with slavery, without inquiring very closely what he would do next. But on the other hand I found that Brown's manly action in Missouri had made some of our friends more shy of him. A striking example of this change of feeling has been furnished me by an old abolitionist of Western Iowa, who vouches for the anecdote.

Early in February, 1859, Brown was at Tabor, as he had often been before, but this time with a party of Missouri fugitive slaves. Now although the little village had got the name of being a "station on the Underground Railroad," very few fugitives had been openly brought there, and none under such appalling circumstances. These slaves had actually been taken from their mas-

ters' houses, and one of the slave-holders, while aiming his revolver at one of the liberators, was himself shot down. After many skirmishes and narrow escapes, Brown had reached Tabor with his party, expecting friends and aid there; but great was his surprise to find himself disowned by the very men who had aided him before. A slave-holder from Missouri happened to be visiting in the village, and it was judged best to satisfy him that Tabor was not the home of abolitionists. A public meeting was called for Monday morning, and announced in the churches of that whole region on the Sunday preceding. The people flocked in, and the slave-holder was there as well as John Brown and his true men; among them his lieutenant, John Henry Kagi, who was killed at Harper's Ferry. The meeting was addressed by one Deacon C—, who had hitherto been reckoned an active coadjutor of Brown, but who now called on his neighbors and fellow-Christians to declare that the forcible rescue of slaves was robbery and might lead to murder, and that the citizens of Tabor "had no sympathy with John Brown in his late acts." When the deacon had offered his resolution and made his speech, the opposite opinion was advocated by James Vincent, a minister, who had been an active abolitionist in England and America, and who had supposed the meeting called to devise means for aiding the fugitives. Mr. Vincent asked, "Have we not all, citizens of Tabor, aided John Brown before? has he not counseled with us and we with him, and has he not been sent on his way with our money and our prayers? Suppose our brother, Deacon C—, were traveling in Missouri with his covered wagon, and his own brother, a slave, should ask to be carried into Iowa, to escape being sold away from his family; who believes that our neighbor would turn from his own brother and refuse him?" To which the poor deacon replied that he would not aid a slave to escape in Missouri, not even his own brother. Mr. Vincent then offered an ironical resolution, drawn

up by Kagi, to this effect: "*Whereas, John Brown and his associates have been guilty of robbery and murder in the State of Missouri, Resolved, That we, the citizens of Tabor, repudiate his conduct and theirs, and will hereupon take them into custody and hold them to await the action of the Missouri authorities.*" The meeting evaded this caustic test of its sincerity, but went on denouncing Brown and his acts. In the midst of these natural but disgraceful proceedings, John Brown arose, speechless with astonishment and grief, and went his way from the meeting and from the town, to which he never returned. In the whole assembly there were but four persons who were willing to stand by their old friend, and to have it known that they had helped him. "I often think," writes one of the four, "of John Brown as I saw him in that last sad meeting. He listened to these bitter reproaches of old-time friends in silence, and offered no reply. As he left the house he put me in mind of the Saviour, his whole bearing was so lofty, so dignified, so full of meekness; yet his countenance indicated a tremendous conflict within. The thought of that scene fills my heart anew with anguish, yet gratitude that, by the help of God, I was enabled to withstand the tide that had set in against him."

Similar experiences, though less painful and less dramatic in their incidents, awaited Brown in other places. When he reached Boston in May, he was invited to dine one Saturday at the Bird Club, and there for the first time met Senator Wilson, now Vice-President of the United States, who has thus described the interview: "The last of May, 1859, I met John Brown at the Parker House in Boston. There were a dozen persons present; Brown came in with somebody,¹ and was introduced to quite a number of gentlemen who were there. I was introduced to him, and he, I think, did not recollect my name. I stepped aside. In a moment, after speaking to somebody else, he came up again, and said to me that he did not understand

my name when it was mentioned. He then said, in a very calm but firm tone, 'I understand you do not approve of my course;' referring, as I supposed, to his going into Missouri and getting slaves, and running them off. It was said with a great deal of firmness of manner, and it was the first salutation after speaking to me. I said I did not; I believed it to be a very great injury to the antislavery cause; that I regarded every illegal act, and every imprudent act, as being against it. I said that, if this action had been a year or two before, it might have been followed by the invasion of Kansas by a large number of excited people on the border, and a great many lives might have been lost. He said he thought differently, believed he had acted right, and that it would have a good influence." If Brown had known Senator Wilson as well as he did that Kansas friend who reproved him for the same cause, he would perhaps have gone further, and given the senator the same answer:² "Brown called in to see me, in going out of Kansas in 1859, and I censured him for going into Missouri and getting those slaves. He said, 'I considered the matter well; *you will have no more attacks from Missouri.* I shall now leave Kansas; probably you will never see me again. *I consider it my duty to draw the scene of the excitement to some other part of the country.*'" In this aim he certainly succeeded.

Even Dr. Howe, who had been concerned in the Greek revolution, the French revolution of July, 1830, and the Polish revolution of 1831, was distressed, on his return from Cuba in the spring of 1859, to find that Brown had actually been taking the property of slave-holders with which to give their escaping slaves an outfit, and for a time withdrew his support from the veteran, who chafed greatly at this unexpected rebuff. I have an impression that Dr. Howe, on his way home from Cuba (whither he accompanied Theodore Parker in February, 1859), had journeyed through the Carolinas, and had there accepted the splendid hospitality of the

¹ The late Major Stearns, of Medford.

² Testimony before Senator Mason's committee.

rich planters; and that it shocked him to think he might have been instrumental in giving up to fire and pillage the noble mansions where he had been entertained. If so, it was a generous reluctance which held him back from heartily entering again into John Brown's plans; nor did he after 1858 so completely support them as before, although he never withdrew from the secret committee, and continued to give money to the enterprise. Parker never returned to Boston, but died in Florence soon after Brown's execution. He contributed nothing after 1858, nor did Higginson give so much, or interest himself so warmly in the enterprise after its first postponement. All this would have made it more difficult, during 1859, to raise the money which Brown needed, had it not been for the munificence of Mr. Stearns, who, at each emergency, came forward with his indispensable gifts. After placing about twelve hundred dollars in Brown's hands in the spring and summer of 1859, he still continued to aid him in one way and another, until almost the day of the outbreak, which was delayed by the slowness of Brown's own movements during the spring and summer of 1859.¹

Up to this time the enterprise of Brown, aiming at the very heart of slav-

ery, and destined to be successful by its rebound, even when failing signally in its immediate effect, had wholly escaped public notice. The disclosures of Forbes, such as they were, left no permanent impression on the mind of any person not previously acquainted with the plot. In the summer of 1859, less than two months before Harper's Ferry was captured, a second and more direct disclosure was made, in a letter written from Cincinnati to the Secretary of War at Washington. This official was then a Virginian, John B. Floyd, afterwards in high command in the Confederate army; but although the information sent to him was in the main very exact, and though one would have supposed a Virginian specially sensitive to such intelligence, it does not appear that General Floyd gave the matter more than a passing thought. He received the letter quoted below while at a Virginian watering-place, but probably did not read it twice, although he laid it away at first as a paper of some moment. It has never been ascertained who wrote the letter, but it has been ascribed to a young man then connected with one of the Cincinnati newspapers. This person had become acquainted with a Hungarian refugee, formerly in the suite of Kossuth, then living in Kansas under the name of Leonhard or Lenhart.

¹ I find this in one of my letters, dated "Concord, June 4, 1859:" "Brown has set out on his expedition, having got some eight hundred dollars from all sources except from Mr. Stearns, and from him the balance of two thousand dollars; Mr. S— being a man who, 'having put his hand to the plow, turneth not back.' Brown left Boston for Springfield and New York on Wednesday morning at 8.30, and Mr. Stearns has probably gone to New York to-day, to make final arrangements for him. Brown means to be on the ground as soon as he can, perhaps so as to begin by the 4th of July. He could not say where he should be for a few weeks, but letters are addressed to him, under cover to his son John, Jr., at West Andover, Ohio. This point is not far from where Brown will begin, and his son will communicate with him. Two of his sons will go with him. He is desirous of getting some one to go to Canada and collect recruits for him among the fugitives, — with Harriet Tubman or alone, as the case may be." This letter shows I had then no thought that the attack would be made at Harper's Ferry, nor had Mr. Stearns, to whom I was then in the habit of talking or writing about this matter every few days. I have no doubt he knew as much as I did about the general plan. On the 18th of August, Brown sent me word from Cham-

bersburg that he was again delayed for want of money, and must have three hundred dollars, which I undertook to raise for him. On the 4th of September I had sent him two hundred dollars, of which Dr. Howe gave fifty; on the 14th of September I had all but thirty-five dollars of the remaining hundred, Colonel Higginson having sent me twenty dollars. I think the balance was paid by Mr. Stearns, who on the 8th of September had written thus to one of the secret committee: "By reading Mr. Sanborn's note to me a second time, I see that the inclosed ought to have been sent to you with his note. Please read it and inclose again to him. I hope you will be able to get the fifty dollars. We have done all we could, and fall short another fifty as yet." The "inclosed" here was an urgent appeal from Chambersburg for money. On the 6th of October — ten days before the attack was made — I wrote to Higginson, "The three hundred dollars desired has been made up and received. Four or five men will be on the ground next week, from these regions and elsewhere." These facts were all known to Mr. Stearns, who within a fortnight of the outbreak was in consultation with Mr. Lewis Hayden, and other colored men of Boston, about forwarding recruits to Brown. I think he paid some of the expenses of recruits, but am not certain.

The Hungarian had fought in Kansas on the side of the North, possibly under Brown himself, and had learned in some detail the plan of the Virginia campaign, which it is believed he communicated in an unguarded moment to the Cincinnati reporter, who could not contain the secret, but sat down at once (it is said), and wrote thus to the Secretary of War:

CINCINNATI, August 20, 1859.

SIR, — I have lately received information of a movement of so great importance that I feel it to be my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a secret association, having for its object the liberation of the slaves at the South by a general insurrection. The leader of the movement is Old John Brown, late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of their leading men, a white man, in an armory in Maryland; where it is situated I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready, those of their number who are in the Northern States and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains of Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry. Brown left the North about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and are probably distributing them already. As I am not fully in their confidence, this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but trust that you will not disregard the warning on that account.

As will be seen by referring to what I have written above, and in previous chapters, the writer of this letter knew more about the details of Brown's movements, in some particulars, than his Massachu-

setts committee did; more even than his own followers generally did at that time. It was not until a month after the letter was written that Frederick Douglass learned from Brown in Chambersburg of his purpose to attack at *Harper's Ferry*, nor did Brown's soldiers know it till about the same time. I had myself supposed that the blow would be struck farther west, and nearer to Ohio than to Baltimore and Washington. Another of Brown's principal friends had looked to Kentucky as the point of attack. Whoever wrote this letter then, though "not fully in their confidence," must have derived his information from some one very near to Brown himself, and must have been duly impressed with the value of the secret he made haste to reveal. But he might as well have written his message in the waters of the Ohio River. The secretary, in his testimony before Senator Mason's committee, the next winter, thus described his state of mind upon receiving the mysterious letter: —

"My attention was a little more than usually attracted by it, and therefore I laid it away in my trunk. I do not know but that I should have paid some little attention to it, notwithstanding it was anonymous (as the man seemed to be particular in the details), but he confused me a little by saying these people were at work in an armory in Maryland. I knew there was no armory in Maryland, and supposed, therefore, that he had gone into details for the purpose of exciting the alarm of the Secretary of War, and to have a parade about that for nothing; and that mistake in the statement satisfied me there was nothing in it.¹ Besides, I was satisfied in my own mind that a scheme of such wickedness and outrage could not be entertained by any citizen of the United States. I put the letter away and thought no more of it until the raid broke out. I showed it to nobody, I believe, except some members of my family, until the outbreak. I have no means of knowing who wrote it, or what the object in writing it was."

It is now plain, of course, that the

¹ The armory or arsenal at Harper's Ferry (a place named in the letter) was less than a mile, I be-

lieve, from Maryland, yet Mr. Floyd does not seem to have thought of it.

writer's object was to put the government on its guard; but why he did not afterwards disclose himself, and claim the credit of his revelation, is somewhat mysterious. Perhaps even now, if he is living, this letter-writer will make himself known, and tell the source of his intelligence.

Another warning was more publicly given by a well-known opponent of slavery, the late Gerrit Smith, but this also passed unheeded. Writing to the colored men of Syracuse, New York, a week later than the date of this Cincinnati letter (August 27, 1859), Mr. Smith said, among other things, "It is, perhaps, too late to bring slavery to an end by peaceable means — too late to vote it down. For many years I have feared, and published my fears, that it must go out in blood. These fears have grown into belief. So debauched are the white people by slavery that there is not virtue enough left in them to put it down. If I do not misinterpret the words and looks of the most intelligent and noble of the black men who fall in my way, they have come to despair of the accomplishment of this work by the white people. The feeling among the blacks that they must deliver themselves gains strength with fearful rapidity. No wonder, then, is it that intelligent black men in the States and in Canada should see no hope for their race in the practice and policy of white men. No wonder they are brought to the conclusion that no resource is left to them but in God and insurrections. For insurrections then we may look any year, *any month, any day*. A terrible remedy for a terrible wrong! But come it must, unless anticipated by repentance and the putting away of the terrible wrong." I have always supposed that Mr. Smith had the plans of John Brown in his mind when writing these words, and still more explicitly in the remarkable passage that follows. He added, at the close of his letter, —

"It will be said that these insurrections will be failures — that they will be put down. Yes, but will not slavery nevertheless be put down by them? For what portions are there of the South that

will cling to slavery after two or three considerable insurrections shall have filled the whole South with horror? And is it entirely certain that these insurrections will be put down promptly, and before they can have spread far? Will telegraphs and railroads be too swift for even the swiftest insurrections? Remember that telegraphs and railroads can be rendered useless in an hour. Remember too that many, who would be glad to face the insurgents, would be busy in transporting their wives and daughters to places where they would be safe from that worst fate which husbands and fathers can imagine for their wives and daughters. I admit that but for this embarrassment Southern men would laugh at the idea of an insurrection, and would quickly dispose of one. But trembling as they would for their beloved ones, I know of no part of the world where, so much as in the South, men would be like, in a formidable insurrection, to lose the most important time, and be distracted and panic-stricken.

"When the day of her calamity shall have come to the South, and fire and rape and slaughter shall be filling up the measure of her affliction, then will the North have two reasons for remorse: —

"First, That she was not willing (whatever the attitude of the South at this point) to share with her in the expense and loss of an immediate and universal emancipation.

"Second, That she was not willing to vote slavery out of existence.

"But why should I have spoken of the sorrows that await the South? Whoever he may be that foretells the horrible end of American slavery is held both at the North and the South to be a lying prophet — another Cassandra. The South would not respect her own Jefferson's prediction of servile insurrection. How then can it be hoped that she will respect another's? If the South will not with her own Jefferson 'tremble' when reflecting that 'God is just,' if she will not see with her own Jefferson that 'the Almighty has no attributes which can take side with' her in 'a contest' with her slaves, then who

is there, either North or South, that is capable of moving her fears and helping her to safety?"¹

Such predictions were indeed looked upon, at the North and at the South, as the ravings of Cassandra. To the unthinking public, slavery had never seemed more secure, or more likely to continue for centuries, than in this very year 1859. But Brown and his friends believed that it could be overthrown; that it *must* be overthrown, and that speedily, else it would destroy the nation. Unlike Mr. Smith, Brown did not contemplate insurrection, but, as I have said, something like partisan warfare, at first on a small scale, then more extensive. Yet he did not shrink from the extreme consequences of his position. A man of peace for more than fifty years of his life, he nevertheless understood that war had its uses, and that there were worse evils than warfare for a great principle. He more than once said to me, and doubtless said the same to others, "I believe in the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence; I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth — men, women, and children — by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail *in this country*. I mean exactly so, sir." He also told me that "he had much considered the

matter, and had about concluded that a forcible separation of the connection between master and slave was necessary to fit the blacks for self-government." First a soldier, then a citizen, was his plan with the liberated slaves. "When they stand like men, the nation will respect them," he said; "it is necessary to teach them this." He looked forward, no doubt, to years of conflict, in which the blacks, as in the later years of the civil war, would be formed into regiments and brigades and be drilled in the whole art of war, as were the black soldiers of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Des-salines, in Hayti. But in his more inspired moments he foresaw a speedier end to the combat which he began. Once he said, "A few men in the right, and knowing they are right, can overturn a mighty king. Fifty men, twenty men, in the Alleghanies, could break slavery to pieces in two years." Within less than three years from the day he crossed the Potomac with his twenty men, Abraham Lincoln had made his first proclamation of emancipation. Before six years had passed, every one of the four million slaves in our country was a free man. The story of the six weeks (from October 16 to December 2, 1859) in which John Brown wrought his portion of this six years' work will close the chronicle of his campaign in Virginia.

F. B. Sanborn.

¹ Soon after the capture of Brown's papers at the Kennedy farm, a letter of Gerrit Smith's, found among them, was published in all the newspapers, and was the first occasion of connecting his name with that of Brown in the undertaking. But for a misprint, natural enough in copying the almost illegible handwriting of Mr. Smith, the name of Mr. Stearns, as well as mine and that of my friend Morton, would have been at once coupled with John Brown's. The Mr. "Kearney" thrice mentioned in the letter given below was, in fact, Mr. "Stearns." The word "Washington" is also a misprint, but for what I have now forgotten, — perhaps "Westport," on Lake Champlain, where Brown was soon after the date of the letter. He was at Keene, half-way between Westport and North Elba, on the 9th of June. At this time Brown had left Kansas, expecting never to return. The letter as printed was this: —

PETERBORO', June 4, 1859.

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN:

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I wrote you a week ago, directing my letter to the care of Mr. Kearney. He replied, informing me that he had forwarded

it to Washington, but as Mr. Morton received last evening a letter from Mr. Sanborn, saying your address would be your son's home, namely, West Andover, I therefore write you without delay, and direct your letter to your son. I have done what I could thus far for Kansas, and what I could to keep you at your Kansas work. Losses by indorsement and otherwise have brought me under heavy embarrassment the last two years, but I must, nevertheless, continue to do, in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for two hundred dollars. Let me hear from you on the receipt of this letter. You live in our hearts, and our prayer to God is that you may have strength to continue in your Kansas work.

My wife joins me in affectionate regard to you, dear John, whom we both hold in very high esteem.

I suppose you put the Whitman note into Mr. Kearney's hands. It will be a great shame if Mr. Whitman does not pay it.

What a noble man is Mr. Kearney. How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work. Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

THE FASTIDIOUS GOBLIN.

THERE lived an imp of Endor,
Eternities gone by,
Who saw the Lord of splendor
Create his starry sky.

He saw the great suns stealing
From nothing and from night,
The worlds begin their wheeling,
The comets take their flight.

The mighty, mingled forces
Suffused creation's frame;
Along the astral courses
Throbbled swiftmess, heat, and flame.

The galaxies went singing
Adown their wondrous ways;
The universe was ringing
With gladness and with praise.

Then thought this pygmy goblin
He too would make a sphere,
And straight began his cobbling,
And wrought perchance a year.

But nothing could he fashion;
No world for him might be:
He lacked the godlike passion,
Creative love lacked he.

His work had neither motion,
Nor light, nor form, nor grace, —
A wreck on being's ocean,
A blur on glory's face.

So, seeing that no creature
Of his might track the skies,
He throned himself as teacher
And dared to criticise:

The meteors were crazy,
The systems far too vast;
The milky way was hazy,
The suns were overcast.

The plan was accidental,
The start foretold the close;

The tone was sentimental,
The scenes lacked Greek repose.

In nature all was lacking,
And lacking too in art;
A little wholesome hacking
Would better every part.

The motives should be fewer,
The aim more pure and high;
And any good reviewer
Could make a finer sky.

Or, if he praised, 't was only
The dimmest of the host;
The grand orbs shining lonely
Were those he flouted most.

And ever since his mission
Has been to blame and sneer,
Consigning to perdition
The lights God holdeth dear:

The first, the greatest critic,
The model of his kind,
The goblin analytic
Who hates creative mind.

J. W. DeForest.

A MEMORABLE MURDER.

AT the Isles of Shoals, on the 5th of March in the year 1873, occurred one of the most monstrous tragedies ever enacted on this planet. The sickening details of the double murder are well known; the newspapers teemed with them for months: but the pathos of the story is not realized; the world does not know how gentle a life these poor people led, how innocently happy were their quiet days. They were all Norwegians. The more I see of the natives of this far-off land, the more I admire the fine qualities which seem to characterize them as a race. Gentle, faithful, intelligent, God-fearing human beings, they daily use such courtesy toward each other and all who come in contact with them,

as puts our ruder Yankee manners to shame. The men and women living on this lonely island were like the sweet, honest, simple folk we read of in Björnson's charming Norwegian stories, full of kindly thoughts and ways. The murdered Anethe might have been the Eli of Björnson's beautiful Arne or the Ragnhild of Boyesen's lovely romance. They rejoiced to find a home just such as they desired in this peaceful place; the women took such pleasure in the little house which they kept so neat and bright, in their flock of hens, their little dog Ringe, and all their humble belongings! The Norwegians are an exceptionally affectionate people; family ties are very strong and precious among them.

Let me tell the story of their sorrow as simply as may be.

Louis Wagner murdered Anethe and Karen Christensen at midnight on the 5th of March, two years ago this spring. The whole affair shows the calmness of a practiced hand; *there was no malice in the deed*, no heat; it was one of the coolest instances of deliberation ever chronicled in the annals of crime. He admits that these people had shown him nothing but kindness. He says in so many words, "They were my best friends." They looked upon him as a brother. Yet he did not hesitate to murder them. The island called Smutty-Nose by human perversity (since in old times it bore the pleasanter title of Haley's Island) was selected to be the scene of this disaster. Long ago I lived two years upon it, and know well its whitened ledges and grassy slopes, its low thickets of wild-rose and bayberry, its sea-wall still intact, connecting it with the small island Malaga, opposite Appledore, and the ruined break-water which links it with Cedar Island on the other side. A lonely cairn, erected by some long ago forgotten fishermen or sailors, stands upon the highest rock at the southeastern extremity; at its western end a few houses are scattered, small, rude dwellings, with the square old Haley house near; two or three fish-houses are falling into decay about the water-side, and the ancient wharf drops stone by stone into the little cove, where every day the tide ebbs and flows and ebbs again with pleasant sound and freshness. Near the houses is a small grave-yard, where a few of the natives sleep, and not far, the graves of the fourteen Spaniards lost in the wreck of the ship *Sagunto* in the year 1813. I used to think it was a pleasant place, that low, rocky, and grassy island, though so wild and lonely.

From the little town of Laurvig, near Christiania, in Norway, came John and Maren Hontvet to this country, and five years ago took up their abode in this desolate spot, in one of the cottages facing the cove and Appledore. And there they lived through the long winters and the lovely summers, John making a com-

fortable living by fishing, Maren, his wife, keeping as bright and tidy and sweet a little home for him as man could desire. The bit of garden they cultivated in the summer was a pleasure to them; they made their house as pretty as they could with paint and paper and gay pictures, and Maren had a shelf for her plants at the window; and John was always so good to her, so kind and thoughtful of her comfort and of what would please her, she was entirely happy. Sometimes she was a little lonely, perhaps, when he was tossing afar off on the sea, setting or hauling his trawls, or had sailed to Portsmouth to sell his fish. So that she was doubly glad when the news came that some of her people were coming over from Norway to live with her. And first, in the month of May, 1871, came her sister Karen, who stayed only a short time with Maren, and then came to Appledore, where she lived at service two years, till within a fortnight of her death. The first time I saw Maren, she brought her sister to us, and I was charmed with the little woman's beautiful behavior; she was so gentle, courteous, decorous, she left on my mind a most delightful impression. Her face struck me as remarkably good and intelligent, and her gray eyes were full of light.

Karen was a rather sad-looking woman, about twenty-nine years old; she had lost a lover in Norway long since, and in her heart she fretted and mourned for this continually: she could not speak a word of English at first, but went patiently about her work and soon learned enough, and proved herself an excellent servant, doing faithfully and thoroughly everything she undertook, as is the way of her people generally. Her personal neatness was most attractive. She wore gowns made of cloth woven by herself in Norway, a coarse blue stuff, always neat and clean, and often I used to watch her as she sat by the fire spinning at a spinning-wheel brought from her own country; she made such a pretty picture, with her blue gown and fresh white apron, and the nice, clear white muslin bow with which she was in the

habit of fastening her linen collar, that she was very agreeable to look upon. She had a pensive way of letting her head droop a little sideways as she spun, and while the low wheel hummed monotonously, she would sit crooning sweet, sad old Norwegian airs by the hour together, perfectly unconscious that she was affording such pleasure to a pair of appreciative eyes. On the 12th of October, 1872, in the second year of her stay with us, her brother, Ivan Christensen, and his wife, Anethe Mathea, came over from their Norseland in an evil day, and joined Maren and John at their island, living in the same house with them.

Ivan and Anethe had been married only since Christmas of the preceding year. Ivan was tall, light-haired, rather quiet and grave. Anethe was young, fair, and merry, with thick, bright sunny hair, which was so long it reached, when unbraided, nearly to her knees; blue-eyed, with brilliant teeth and clear, fresh complexion, beautiful, and beloved beyond expression by her young husband, Ivan. Mathew Hontvet, John's brother, had also joined the little circle a year before, and now Maren's happiness was complete. Delighted to welcome them all, she made all things pleasant for them, and she told me only a few days ago, "I never was so happy in my life as when we were all living there together." So they abode in peace and quiet, with not an evil thought in their minds, kind and considerate toward each other, the men devoted to their women and the women repaying them with interest, till out of the perfectly cloudless sky one day a bolt descended, without a whisper of warning, and brought ruin and desolation into that peaceful home.

Louis Wagner, who had been in this country seven years, appeared at the Shoals two years before the date of the murder. He lived about the islands during that time. He was born in Ueckermünde, a small town of lower Pomerania, in Northern Prussia. Very little is known about him, though there were vague rumors that his past life had not been without difficulties, and he had

boasted foolishly among his mates that "not many had done what he had done and got off in safety;" but people did not trouble themselves about him or his past, all having enough to do to earn their bread and keep the wolf from the door. Maren describes him as tall, powerful, dark, with a peculiarly quiet manner. She says she never saw him drunk—he seemed always anxious to keep his wits about him: he would linger on the outskirts of a drunken brawl, listening to and absorbing everything, but never mixing himself up in any disturbance. He was always lurking in corners, lingering, looking, listening, and he would look no man straight in the eyes. She spoke, however, of having once heard him disputing with some sailors, at table, about some point of navigation; she did not understand it, but all were against Louis, and, waxing warm, all strove to show him he was in the wrong. As he rose and left the table she heard him mutter to himself with an oath, "I know I'm wrong, but I'll never give in!" During the winter preceding the one in which his hideous deed was committed, he lived at Star Island and fished alone, in a wherry; but he made very little money, and came often over to the Hontvets, where Maren gave him food when he was suffering from want, and where he received always a welcome and the utmost kindness. In the following June he joined Hontvet in his business of fishing, and took up his abode as one of the family at Smutty-Nose. During the summer he was "crippled," as he said, by the rheumatism, and they were all very good to him, and sheltered, fed, nursed, and waited upon him the greater part of the season. He remained with them five weeks after Ivan and Anethe arrived, so that he grew to know Anethe as well as Maren, and was looked upon as a brother by all of them, as I have said before. Nothing occurred to show his true character, and in November he left the island and the kind people whose hospitality he was to repay so fearfully, and going to Portsmouth he took passage in another fishing schooner, the Addison

Gilbert, which was presently wrecked off the coast, and he was again thrown out of employment. Very recklessly he said to Waldemar Ingebertsen, to Charles Jonsen, and even to John Hontvet himself, at different times, that "he must have money if he murdered for it." He loafed about Portsmouth eight weeks, doing nothing. Meanwhile Karen left our service in February, intending to go to Boston and work at a sewing machine, for she was not strong and thought she should like it better than housework, but before going she lingered awhile with her sister Maren — fatal delay for her! Maren told me that during this time Karen went to Portsmouth and had her teeth removed, meaning to provide herself with a new set. At the Jonsens', where Louis was staying, one day she spoke to Mrs. Jonsen of her mouth, that it was so sensitive since the teeth had been taken out; and Mrs. Jonsen asked her how long she must wait before the new set could be put in. Karen replied that it would be three months. Louis Wagner was walking up and down at the other end of the room with his arms folded, his favorite attitude. Mrs. Jonsen's daughter passed near him and heard him mutter, "Three months! What is the use! In three months you will be dead!" He did not know the girl was so near, and turning, he confronted her. He knew she must have heard what he said, and he glared at her like a wild man.

On the fifth day of March, 1873, John Hontvet, his brother Mathew, and Ivan Christensen set sail in John's little schooner, the Clara Bella, to draw their trawls. At that time four of the islands were inhabited: one family on White Island, at the light-house; the workmen who were building the new hotel on Star Island, and one or two households beside; the Hontvet family at Smutty-Nose; and on Appledore, the household at the large house, and on the southern side, opposite Smutty-Nose, a little cottage, where lived Jørgе Edvardt Ingebertsen, his wife and children, and several men who fished with him. Smutty-Nose is not in sight of the

large house at Appledore, so we were in ignorance of all that happened on that dreadful night, longer than the other inhabitants of the Shoals.

John, Ivan, and Mathew went to draw their trawls, which had been set some miles to the eastward of the islands. They intended to be back to dinner, and then to go on to Portsmouth with their fish, and bait the trawls afresh, ready to bring back to set again next day. But the wind was strong and fair for Portsmouth and ahead for the islands; it would have been a long beat home against it; so they went on to Portsmouth, without touching at the island to leave one man to guard the women, as had been their custom. This was the first night in all the years Maren had lived there that the house was without a man to protect it. But John, always thoughtful for her, asked Emil Ingebertsen, whom he met on the fishing-grounds, to go over from Appledore and tell her that they had gone on to Portsmouth with the favoring wind, but that they hoped to be back that night. And he would have been back had the bait he expected from Boston arrived on the train in which it was due. How curiously everything adjusted itself to favor the bringing about of this horrible catastrophe! The bait did not arrive till the half past twelve train, and they were obliged to work the whole night getting their trawls ready, thus leaving the way perfectly clear for Louis Wagner's awful work.

The three women left alone watched and waited in vain for the schooner to return, and kept the dinner hot for the men, and patiently wondered why they did not come. In vain they searched the wide horizon for that returning sail. Ah me, what pathos is in that longing look of women's eyes for far-off sails! that gaze so eager, so steadfast, that it would almost seem as if it must conjure up the ghostly shape of glimmering canvas from the mysterious distances of sea and sky, and draw it unerringly home by the mere force of intense wistfulness! And those gentle eyes, that were never to see the light of another sun, looked

anxiously across the heaving sea till twilight fell, and then John's messenger, Emil, arrived — Emil Ingebertsen, courteous and gentle as a youthful knight — and reassured them with his explanation, which having given, he departed, leaving them in a much more cheerful state of mind. So the three sisters, with only the little dog Ringe for a protector, sat by the fire chatting together cheerfully. They fully expected the schooner back again that night from Portsmouth, but they were not ill at ease while they waited. Of what should they be afraid? They had not an enemy in the world! No shadow crept to the fireside to warn them what was at hand, no portent of death chilled the air as they talked their pleasant talk and made their little plans in utter unconsciousness. Karen was to have gone to Portsmouth with the fishermen that day; she was all ready dressed to go. Various little commissions were given her, errands to do for the two sisters she was to leave behind. Maren wanted some buttons, and "I'll give you one for a pattern; I'll put it in your purse," she said to Karen, "and then when you open your purse you'll be sure to remember it." (That little button, of a peculiar pattern, was found in Wagner's possession afterward.) They sat up till ten o'clock, talking together. The night was bright and calm; it was a comfort to miss the bitter winds that had raved about the little dwelling all the long, rough winter. Already it was spring; this calm was the first token of its coming. It was the 5th of March; in a few weeks the weather would soften, the grass grow green, and Anethe would see the first flowers in this strange country, so far from her home where she had left father and mother, kith and kin, for love of Ivan. The delicious days of summer at hand would transform the work of the toiling fishermen to pleasure, and all things would bloom and smile about the poor people on the lonely rock! Alas, it was not to be.

At ten o'clock they went to bed. It was cold and "lonesome" up-stairs, so Maren put some chairs by the side of the lounge, laid a mattress upon it, and

made up a bed for Karen in the kitchen, where she presently fell asleep. Maren and Anethe slept in the next room. So safe they felt themselves, they did not pull down a curtain, nor even try to fasten the house-door. They went to their rest in absolute security and perfect trust. It was the first still night of the new year; a young moon stole softly down toward the west, a gentle wind breathed through the quiet dark, and the waves whispered gently about the island, helping to lull those innocent souls to yet more peaceful slumber. Ah, where were the gales of March that might have plowed that tranquil sea to foam, and cut off the fatal path of Louis Wagner to that happy home! But nature seemed to pause and wait for him. I remember looking abroad over the waves that night and rejoicing over "the first calm night of the year!" It was so still, so bright! The hope of all the light and beauty a few weeks would bring forth stirred me to sudden joy. There should be spring again after the long winter-weariness.

"Can trouble live in April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?"

I thought, as I watched the clear sky, grown less hard than it had been for weeks, and sparkling with stars. But before another sunset it seemed to me that beauty had fled out of the world, and that goodness, innocence, mercy, gentleness, were a mere mockery of empty words.

Here let us leave the poor women, asleep on the lonely rock, with no help near them in heaven or upon earth, and follow the fishermen to Portsmouth, where they arrived about four o'clock that afternoon. One of the first men whom they saw as they neared the town was Louis Wagner; to him they threw the rope from the schooner, and he helped draw her in to the wharf. Greetings passed between them; he spoke to Mathew Hontvet, and as he looked at Ivan Christensen, the men noticed a flush pass over Louis's face. He asked were they going out again that night? Three times before they parted he asked that question; he saw that all the three

men belonging to the island had come away together; he began to realize his opportunity. They answered him that if their bait came by the train in which they expected it, they hoped to get back that night, but if it was late they should be obliged to stay till morning, baiting their trawls; and they asked him to come and help them. It is a long and tedious business, the baiting of trawls; often more than a thousand hooks are to be manipulated, and lines and hooks coiled, clear of tangles, into tubs, all ready for throwing overboard when the fishing-grounds are reached. Louis gave them a half promise that he would help them, but they did not see him again after leaving the wharf. The three fishermen were hungry, not having touched at their island, where Maren always provided them with a supply of food to take with them; they asked each other if either had brought any money with which to buy bread, and it came out that every one had left his pocket-book at home. Louis, standing by, heard all this. He asked John, then, if he had made fishing pay. John answered that he had cleared about six hundred dollars.

The men parted, the honest three about their business; but Louis, what became of him with his evil thoughts? At about half past seven he went into a liquor shop and had a glass of something; not enough to make him unsteady, —he was too wise for that. He was not seen again in Portsmouth by any human creature that night. He must have gone, after that, directly down to the river, that beautiful, broad river, the Piscataqua, upon whose southern bank the quaint old city of Portsmouth dreams its quiet days away; and there he found a boat ready to his hand, a dory belonging to a man by the name of David Burke, who had that day furnished it with new thole-pins. When it was picked up afterward off the mouth of the river, Louis's anxious oars had eaten half-way through the substance of these pins, which are always made of the hardest, toughest wood that can be found. A terrible piece of rowing must that have

been, in one night! Twelve miles from the city to the Shoals, —three to the light-houses, where the river meets the open sea, nine more to the islands; nine back again to Newcastle next morning! He took that boat, and with the favoring tide dropped down the rapid river where the swift current is so strong that oars are scarcely needed, except to keep the boat steady. Truly all nature seemed to play into his hands; this first relenting night of earliest spring favored him with its stillness, the tide was fair, the wind was fair, the little moon gave him just enough light, without betraying him to any curious eyes, as he glided down the three miles between the river banks, in haste to reach the sea. Doubtless the light west wind played about him as delicately as if he had been the most human of God's creatures; nothing breathed remonstrance in his ear, nothing whispered in the whispering water that rippled about his inexorable keel, steering straight for the Shoals through the quiet darkness. The snow lay thick and white upon the land in the moonlight; lamps twinkled here and there from dwellings on either side; in Eliot and Newcastle, in Portsmouth and Kittery, roofs, chimneys, and gables showed faintly in the vague light; the leafless trees clustered dark in hollows or lifted their tracery of bare boughs in higher spaces against the wintry sky. His eyes must have looked on it all, whether he saw the peaceful picture or not. Beneath many a humble roof honest folk were settling into their untroubled rest, as "this planned piece of deliberate wickedness" was stealing silently by with his heart full of darkness, blacker than the black tide that swirled beneath his boat and bore him fiercely on. At the river's mouth stood the sentinel light-houses, sending their great spokes of light afar into the night, like the arms of a wide humanity stretching into the darkness helping hands to bring all who needed succor safely home. He passed them, first the tower at Fort Point, then the taller one at Whale's Back, steadfastly holding aloft their warning fires. There was no signal from the warning

bell as he rowed by, though a danger more subtle, more deadly, than fog, or hurricane, or pelting storm was passing swift beneath it. Unchallenged by anything in earth or heaven, he kept on his way and gained the great outer ocean, doubtless pulling strong and steadily, for he had no time to lose, and the longest night was all too short for an undertaking such as this. Nine miles from the light-houses to the islands! Slowly he makes his way; it seems to take an eternity of time. And now he is midway between the islands and the coast. That little toy of a boat with its one occupant in the midst of the awful, black, heaving sea! The vast dim ocean whispers with a thousand waves; against the boat's side the ripples lightly tap, and pass and are lost; the air is full of fine, mysterious voices of winds and waters. Has he no fear, alone there on the midnight sea with such a purpose in his heart? The moonlight sends a long, golden track across the waves; it touches his dark face and figure, it glitters on his dripping oars. On his right hand Boone Island light shows like a setting star on the horizon, low on his left the two beacons twinkle off Newburyport, at the mouth of the Merrimack River; all the light-houses stand watching along the coast, wheeling their long, slender shafts of radiance as if pointing at this black atom creeping over the face of the planet with such colossal evil in his heart. Before him glitters the Shoals' light at White Island, and helps to guide him to his prey. Alas, my friendly light-house, that you should serve so terrible a purpose! Steadily the oars click in the rowlocks; stroke after stroke of the broad blades draws him away from the lessening line of land, over the wavering floor of the ocean, nearer the lonely rocks. Slowly the coast-lights fade, and now the rote of the sea among the lonely ledges of the Shoals salutes his attentive ear. A little longer and he nears Apple-dore, the first island, and now he passes by the snow-covered, ice-bound rock, with the long buildings showing clear in the moonlight. He must have looked at them as he went past. I wonder we

who slept beneath the roofs that glimmered to his eyes in the uncertain light did not feel, through the thick veil of sleep, what fearful thing passed by! But we slumbered peacefully as the unhappy women whose doom every click of those oars in the rowlocks, like the ticking of some dreadful clock, was bringing nearer and nearer. Between the islands he passes; they are full of chilly gleams and glooms. There is no scene more weird than these snow-covered rocks in winter, more shudderful and strange: the moonlight touching them with mystic glimmer, the black water breaking about them and the vast shadowy spaces of the sea stretching to the horizon on every side, full of vague sounds, of half lights and shadows, of fear, and of mystery. The island he seeks lies before him, lone and still; there is no gleam in any window, there is no help near, nothing upon which the women can call for succor. He does not land in the cove where all boats put in, he rows round to the south side and draws his boat up on the rocks. His red returning footsteps are found here next day, staining the snow. He makes his way to the house he knows so well.

All is silent: nothing moves, nothing sounds but the hushed voices of the sea. His hand is on the latch, he enters stealthily, there is nothing to resist him. The little dog, Ringe, begins to bark sharp and loud, and Karen rouses, crying, "John, is that you?" thinking the expected fishermen had returned. Louis seizes a chair and strikes at her in the dark; the clock on a shelf above her head falls down with the jarring of the blow, and stops at exactly seven minutes to one. Maren in the next room, waked suddenly from her sound sleep, trying in vain to make out the meaning of it all, cries, "What's the matter?" Karen answers, "John scared me!" Maren springs from her bed and tries to open her chamber door; Louis has fastened it on the other side by pushing a stick through over the latch. With her heart leaping with terror the poor child shakes the door with all her might, in vain. Utterly confounded and bewildered, she

hears Karen screaming, "John kills me! John kills me!" She hears the sound of repeated blows and shrieks, till at last her sister falls heavily against the door, which gives way, and Maren rushes out. She catches dimly a glimpse of a tall figure outlined against the southern window; she seizes poor Karen and drags her with the strength of frenzy within the bedroom. This unknown terror, this fierce, dumb monster who never utters a sound to betray himself through the whole, pursues her with blows, strikes her three times with a chair, either blow with fury sufficient to kill her, had it been light enough for him to see how to direct it; but she gets her sister inside and the door shut, and holds it against him with all her might and Karen's failing strength. What a little heroine was this poor child, struggling with the force of desperation to save herself and her sisters!

All this time Anethe lay dumb, not daring to move or breathe, roused from the deep sleep of youth and health by this nameless, formless terror. Maren, while she strives to hold the door at which Louis rattles again and again, calls to her in anguish, "Anethe, Anethe! Get out of the window! run! hide!" The poor girl, almost paralyzed with fear, tries to obey, puts her bare feet out of the low window, and stands outside in the freezing snow, with one light garment over her cowering figure, shrinking in the cold winter wind, the clear moonlight touching her white face and bright hair and fair young shoulders. "Scream! scream!" shouts frantic Maren. "Somebody at Star Island may hear!" but Anethe answers with the calmness of despair, "I cannot make a sound." Maren screams, herself, but the feeble sound avails nothing. "Run! run!" she cries to Anethe; but again Anethe answers, "I cannot move."

Louis has left off trying to force the door; he listens. Are the women trying to escape? He goes out-of-doors. Maren flies to the window; he comes round the corner of the house and confronts Anethe where she stands in the snow. The moonlight shines full in his face;

she shrieks loudly and distinctly, "Louis, Louis!" Ah, he is discovered, he is recognized! Quick as thought he goes back to the front door, at the side of which stands an ax, left there by Maren, who had used it the day before to cut the ice from the well. He returns to Anethe standing shuddering there. It is no matter that she is beautiful, young, and helpless to resist, that she has been kind to him, that she never did a human creature harm, that she stretches her gentle hands out to him in agonized entreaty, crying piteously, "Oh, Louis, Louis, Louis!" He raises the ax and brings it down on her bright head in one tremendous blow, and she sinks without a sound and lies in a heap, with her warm blood reddening the snow. Then he deals her blow after blow, almost within reach of Maren's hands, as she stands at the window. Distracted, Maren strives to rouse poor Karen, who kneels with her head on the side of the bed; with desperate entreaty she tries to get her up and away, but Karen moans, "I cannot, I cannot." She is too far gone; and then Maren knows she cannot save her, and that she must flee herself or die. So, while Louis again enters the house, she seizes a skirt and wraps round her shoulders, and makes her way out of the open window, over Anethe's murdered body, barefooted, flying away, anywhere, breathless, shaking with terror.

Where can she go? Her little dog, frightened into silence, follows her, — pressing so close to her feet that she falls over him more than once. Looking back she sees Louis has lit a lamp and is seeking for her. She flies to the cove; if she can but find his boat and row away in it and get help! It is not there; there is no boat in which she can get away. She hears Karen's wild screams, — he is killing her! Oh where can she go? Is there any place on that little island where he will not find her? She thinks she will creep into one of the empty old houses by the water; but no, she reflects, if I hide there, Ringe will bark and betray me the moment Louis comes to look for me. And Ringe saved her life, for next day Louis's bloody

tracks were found all about those old buildings where he had sought her. She flies, with Karen's awful cries in her ears, away over rocks and snow to the farthest limit she can gain. The moon has set; it is about two o'clock in the morning, and oh, so cold! She shivers and shudders from head to feet, but her agony of terror is so great she is hardly conscious of bodily sensation. And welcome is the freezing snow, the jagged ice and iron rocks that tear her unprotected feet, the bitter brine that beats against the shore, the winter winds that make her shrink and tremble; "they are not so unkind as man's ingratitude!" Falling often, rising, struggling on with feverish haste, she makes her way to the very edge of the water; down almost into the sea she creeps, between two rocks, upon her hands and knees, and crouches, face downward, with Ringe nestled close beneath her breast, not daring to move through the long hours that must pass before the sun will rise again. She is so near the ocean she can almost reach the water with her hand. Had the wind breathed the least roughly the waves must have washed over her. There let us leave her and go back to Louis Wagner. Maren heard her sister Karen's shrieks as she fled. The poor girl had crept into an unoccupied room in a distant part of the house, striving to hide herself. He could not kill her with blows, blundering in the darkness, so he wound a handkerchief about her throat and strangled her. But now he seeks anxiously for Maren. *Has* she escaped? What terror is in the thought! Escaped, to tell the tale, to accuse him as the murderer of her sisters. Hurriedly, with desperate anxiety, he seeks for her. His time was growing short; it was not in his programme that this brave little creature should give him so much trouble; he had not calculated on resistance from these weak and helpless women. Already it was morning, soon it would be daylight. He could not find her in or near the house; he went down to the empty and dilapidated houses about the cove, and sought her everywhere. What a picture! That blood-stained butcher,

with his dark face, crawling about those cellars, peering for that woman! He dared not spend any more time; he must go back for the money he hoped to find, his reward for this! All about the house he searches, in bureau drawers, in trunks and boxes: he finds fifteen dollars for his night's work! Several hundreds were lying between some sheets folded at the bottom of a drawer in which he looked. But he cannot stop for more thorough investigation; a dreadful haste pursues him like a thousand fiends. He drags Anethe's stiffening body into the house, and leaves it on the kitchen floor. If the thought crosses his mind to set fire to the house and burn up his two victims, he dares not do it: it will make a fatal bonfire to light his homeward way; besides, it is useless, for Maren has escaped to accuse him, and the time presses so horribly! But how cool a monster is he! After all this hard work he must have refreshment to support him in the long row back to the land; knife and fork, cup and plate, were found next morning on the table near where Anethe lay; fragments of food which was not cooked in the house, but brought from Portsmouth, were scattered about. Tidy Maren had left neither dishes nor food when they went to bed. The handle of the tea-pot which she had left on the stove was stained and smeared with blood. Can the human mind conceive of such hideous *nonchalance*? Wagner sat down in that room and ate and drank! It is almost beyond belief! Then he went to the well with a basin and towels, tried to wash off the blood, and left towels and basin in the well. He knows he must be gone! It is certain death to linger. He takes his boat and rows away toward the dark coast and the twinkling lights; it is for dear life, now! What powerful strokes send the small skiff rushing over the water!

There is no longer any moon, the night is far spent; already the east changes, the stars fade; he rows like a madman to reach the land, but a blush of morning is stealing up the sky and sunrise is rosy over shore and sea, when panting, trembling, weary, a creature accursed, a

blot on the face of the day, he lands at Newcastle — too late! Too late! In vain he casts the dory adrift; she will not float away; the flood tide bears her back to give her testimony against him, and afterward she is found at Jaffrey's Point, near the "Devil's Den," and the fact of her worn thole-pins noted. Wet, covered with ice from the spray which has flown from his eager oars, utterly exhausted, he creeps to a knoll and reconnoitres; he thinks he is unobserved, and crawls on towards Portsmouth. But he is seen and recognized by many persons, and his identity established beyond a doubt. He goes to the house of Mathew Jonsen, where he has been living, steals up-stairs, changes his clothes, and appears before the family, anxious, frightened, agitated, telling Jonsen he never felt so badly in his life; that he has got into trouble and is afraid he shall be taken. He cannot eat at breakfast, says "farewell forever," goes away and is shaved, and takes the train to Boston, where he provides himself with new clothes, shoes, a complete outfit, but lingering, held by fate, he cannot fly, and before night the officer's hand is on his shoulder and he is arrested.

Meanwhile poor shuddering Maren on the lonely island, by the water-side, waits till the sun is high in heaven before she dares come forth. She thinks he may be still on the island. She said to me, "I thought he must be there, dead or alive. I thought he might go crazy and kill himself after having done all that." At last she steals out. The little dog frisks before her; it is so cold her feet cling to the rocks and snow at every step, till the skin is fairly torn off. Still and frosty is the bright morning, the water lies smiling and sparkling, the hammers of the workmen building the new hotel on Star Island sound through the quiet air. Being on the side of Smutty-Nose opposite Star, she waves her skirt, and screams to attract their attention; they hear her, turn and look, see a woman waving a signal of distress, and, surprising to relate, turn tranquilly to their work again. She realizes at last there is no hope in that direction; she must go

round toward Appledore in sight of the dreadful house. Passing it afar off she gives one swift glance toward it, terrified lest in the broad sunshine she may see some horrid token of last night's work; but all is still and peaceful. She notices the curtains the three had left up when they went to bed; they are now drawn down; she knows whose hand has done this, and what it hides from the light of day. Sick at heart, she makes her painful way to the northern edge of Malaga, which is connected with Smutty-Nose by the old sea-wall. She is directly opposite Appledore and the little cottage where abide her friend and countryman, Jorge Edvardt Ingebertsen, and his wife and children. Only a quarter of a mile of the still ocean separates her from safety and comfort. She sees the children playing about the door; she calls and calls. Will no one ever hear her? Her torn feet torment her, she is sore with blows and perishing with cold. At last her voice reaches the ears of the children, who run and tell their father that some one is crying and calling; looking across, he sees the poor little figure waving her arms, takes his dory and paddles over, and with amazement recognizes Maren in her night-dress, with bare feet and streaming hair, with a cruel bruise upon her face, with wild eyes, distracted, half senseless with cold and terror. He cries, "Maren, Maren, who has done this? what is it? who is it?" and her only answer is "Louis, Louis, Louis!" as he takes her on board his boat and rows home with her as fast as he can. From her incoherent statement he learns what has happened. Leaving her in the care of his family, he comes over across the hill to the great house on Appledore. As I sit at my desk I see him pass the window, and wonder why the old man comes so fast and anxiously through the heavy snow.

Presently I see him going back again, accompanied by several of his own countrymen and others of our workmen, carrying guns. They are going to Smutty-Nose, and take arms, thinking it possible Wagner may yet be there. I call down-stairs, "What has happened?"

and am answered, "Some trouble at Smutty-Nose; we hardly understand." "Probably a drunken brawl of the reckless fishermen who may have landed there," I say to myself, and go on with my work. In another half-hour I see the men returning, reinforced by others, coming fast, confusedly; and suddenly a wail of anguish comes up from the women below. I cannot believe it when I hear them crying, "Karen is dead! Anethe is dead! Louis Wagner has murdered them both!" I run out into the servants' quarters; there are all the men assembled, an awe-stricken crowd. Old Ingebertsen comes forward and tells me the bare facts, and how Maren lies at his house, half crazy, suffering with her torn and frozen feet. Then the men are dispatched to search Appledore, to find if by any chance the murderer might be concealed about the place, and I go over to Maren to see if I can do anything for her. I find the women and children with frightened faces at the little cottage; as I go into the room where Maren lies, she catches my hands, crying, "Oh, I so glad to see you! I so glad I save my life!" and with her dry lips she tells me all the story as I have told it here. Poor little creature, holding me with those wild, glittering, dilated eyes, she cannot tell me rapidly enough the whole horrible tale. Upon her cheek is yet the blood-stain from the blow he struck her with a chair, and she shows me two more upon her shoulder, and her torn feet. I go back for arnica with which to bathe them. What a mockery seems to me the "jocund day" as I emerge into the sunshine, and looking across the space of blue, sparkling water, see the house wherein all that horror lies!

Oh brightly shines the morning sun and glitters on the white sails of the little vessel that comes dancing back from Portsmouth before the favoring wind, with the two husbands on board! How glad they are for the sweet morning and the fair wind that brings them home again! And Ivan sees in fancy Anethe's face all beautiful with welcoming smiles, and John knows how happy his good and faithful Maren will be to see him back

again. Alas, how little they dream what lies before them! From Appledore they are signaled to come ashore, and Ivan and Mathew, landing, hear a confused rumor of trouble from tongues that hardly can frame the words that must tell the dreadful truth. Ivan only understands that something is wrong. His one thought is for Anethe; he flies to Ingebertsen's cottage, she may be there; he rushes in like a maniac, crying, "Anethe, Anethe! Where is Anethe?" and broken-hearted Maren answers her brother, "Anethe is — at home." He does not wait for another word, but seizes the little boat and lands at the same time with John on Smutty-Nose; with headlong haste they reach the house, other men accompanying them; ah, there are blood-stains all about the snow! Ivan is the first to burst open the door and enter. What words can tell it! There upon the floor, naked, stiff, and stark, is the woman he idolizes, for whose dear feet he could not make life's ways smooth and pleasant enough — stone dead! Dead — horribly butchered! her bright hair stiff with blood, the fair head that had so often rested on his breast crushed, cloven, mangled with the brutal ax! Their eyes are blasted by the intolerable sight: both John and Ivan stagger out and fall, senseless, in the snow. Poor Ivan! his wife a thousand times adored, the dear girl he had brought from Norway, the good, sweet girl who loved him so, whom he could not cherish tenderly enough! And he was not there to protect her! There was no one there to save her!

"Did Heaven look on
And would not take their part!"

Poor fellow, what had he done that fate should deal him such a blow as this! Dumb, blind with anguish, he made no sign.

"What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul."

Some of his pitying comrades lead him away, like one stupefied, and take him back to Appledore. John knows his wife is safe. Though stricken with horror and consumed with wrath, he is not paralyzed like poor Ivan, who has been

smitten with worse than death. They find Karen's body in another part of the house, covered with blows and black in the face, strangled. They find Louis's tracks, — all the tokens of his disastrous presence, — the contents of trunks and drawers scattered about in his hasty search for the money, and, all within the house and without, blood, blood everywhere.

When I reach the cottage with the arnica for Maren, they have returned from Smutty-Nose. John, her husband, is there. He is a young man of the true Norse type, blue-eyed, fair-haired, tall and well-made, with handsome teeth and bronzed beard. Perhaps he is a little quiet and undemonstrative generally, but at this moment he is superb, kindled from head to feet, a fire-brand of woe and wrath, with eyes that flash and cheeks that burn. I speak a few words to him, — what words can meet such an occasion as this! — and having given directions about the use of the arnica, for Maren, I go away, for nothing more can be done for her, and every comfort she needs is hers. The outer room is full of men; they make way for me, and as I pass through I catch a glimpse of Ivan crouched with his arms thrown round his knees and his head bowed down between them, motionless, his attitude expressing such abandonment of despair as cannot be described. His whole person seems to shrink, as if deprecating the blow that has fallen upon him.

All day the slaughtered women lie as they were found, for nothing can be touched till the officers of the law have seen the whole. And John goes back to Portsmouth to tell his tale to the proper authorities. What a different voyage from the one he had just taken, when happy and careless he was returning to the home he had left so full of peace and comfort! What a load he bears back with him, as he makes his tedious way across the miles that separate him from the means of vengeance he burns to reach! But at last he arrives, tells his story, the police at other cities are at once telegraphed, and the city marshal follows Wagner to Boston. At eight o'clock that

evening comes the steamer *Mayflower* to the Shoals, with all the officers on board. They land and make investigations at Smutty-Nose, then come here to Appledore and examine Maren, and, when everything is done, steam back to Portsmouth, which they reach at three o'clock in the morning. After all are gone and his awful day's work is finished at last, poor John comes back to Maren, and kneeling by the side of her bed, he is utterly overpowered with what he has passed through; he is shaken with sobs as he cries, "Oh, Maren, Maren, it is too much, too much! I cannot bear it!" And Maren throws her arms about his neck, crying, "Oh, John, John, don't! I shall be crazy, I shall die, if you go on like that." Poor innocent, unhappy people, who never wronged a fellow-creature in their lives!

But Ivan — what is their anguish to his! They dare not leave him alone lest he do himself an injury. He is perfectly mute and listless; he cannot weep, he can neither eat nor sleep. He sits like one in a horrid dream. "Oh, my poor, poor brother!" Maren cries in tones of deepest grief, when I speak his name to her next day. She herself cannot rest a moment till she hears that Louis is taken; at every sound her crazed imagination fancies he is coming back for her; she is fairly beside herself with terror and anxiety; but the night following that of the catastrophe brings us news that he is arrested, and there is stern rejoicing at the Shoals; but no vengeance taken on him can bring back those unoffending lives, or restore that gentle home. The dead are properly cared for; the blood is washed from Anethe's beautiful bright hair; she is clothed in her wedding-dress, the blue dress in which she was married, poor child, that happy Christmas time in Norway, a little more than a year ago. They are carried across the sea to Portsmouth, the burial service is read over them, and they are hidden in the earth. After poor Ivan has seen the faces of his wife and sister still and pale in their coffins, their ghastly wounds concealed as much as possible, flowers upon them and the priest praying over

them, his trance of misery is broken, the grasp of despair is loosened a little about his heart. Yet hardly does he notice whether the sun shines or no, or care whether he lives or dies. Slowly his senses steady themselves from the effects of a shock that nearly destroyed him, and merciful time, with imperceptible touch, softens day by day the outlines of that picture at the memory of which he will never cease to shudder while he lives.

Louis Wagner was captured in Boston on the evening of the next day after his atrocious deed, and Friday morning, followed by a hooting mob, he was taken to the Eastern depot. At every station along the route crowds were assembled, and there were fierce cries for vengeance. At the depot in Portsmouth a dense crowd of thousands of both sexes had gathered, who assailed him with yells and curses and cries of "Tear him to pieces!" It was with difficulty he was at last safely imprisoned. Poor Maren was taken to Portsmouth from Appledore on that day. The story of Wagner's day in Boston, like every other detail of the affair, has been told by every newspaper in the country: his agitation and restlessness, noted by all who saw him; his curious, reckless talk. To one he says, "I have just killed two sailors;" to another, Jacob Toldtman, into whose shop he goes to buy shoes, "I have seen a woman lie as still as that boot," and so on. When he is caught he puts on a bold face and determines to brave it out; denies everything with tears and virtuous indignation. The men whom he has so fearfully wronged are confronted with him; his attitude is one of injured innocence; he surveys them more in sorrow than in anger, while John is on fire with wrath and indignation, and hurls maledictions at him; but Ivan, poor Ivan, hurt beyond all hope or help, is utterly mute; he does not utter one word. Of what use is it to curse the murderer of his wife? It will not bring her back; he has no heart for cursing, he is too completely broken. Maren told me the first time she was brought into Louis's presence, her heart leaped so fast she could

hardly breathe. She entered the room softly with her husband and Mathew Jonsen's daughter. Louis was whittling a stick. He looked up and saw her face, and the color ebbed out of his, and rushed back and stood in one burning spot in his cheek, as he looked at her and she looked at him for a space, in silence. Then he drew about his evil mind the detestable garment of sanctimoniousness, and in sentimental accents he murmured, "I'm glad Jesus loves me!" "The devil loves you!" cried John, with uncompromising veracity. "I know it was n't nice," said decorous Maren, "but John could n't help it; it was too much to bear!"

The next Saturday afternoon, when he was to be taken to Saco, hundreds of fishermen came to Portsmouth from all parts of the coast, determined on his destruction, and there was a fearful scene in the quiet streets of that peaceful city when he was being escorted to the train by the police and various officers of justice. Two thousand people had assembled, and such a furious, yelling crowd was never seen or heard in Portsmouth. The air was rent with cries for vengeance; showers of bricks and stones were thrown from all directions, and wounded several of the officers who surrounded Wagner. His knees trembled under him, he shook like an aspen, and the officers found it necessary to drag him along, telling him he must keep up if he would save his life. Except that they feared to injure the innocent as well as the guilty, those men would have literally torn him to pieces. But at last he was put on board the cars in safety, and carried away to prison. His demeanor throughout the term of his confinement, and during his trial and subsequent imprisonment, was a wonderful piece of acting. He really inspired people with doubt as to his guilt. I make an extract from The Portsmouth Chronicle, dated March 13, 1873: "Wagner still retains his amazing *sang froid*, which is wonderful, even in a strong-nerved German. The sympathy of most of the visitors at his jail has certainly been won by his calmness and his general appearance, which is

quite prepossessing." This little instance of his method of proceeding I must subjoin: A lady who had come to converse with him on the subject of his eternal salvation said, as she left him, "I hope you put your trust in the Lord," to which he sweetly answered, "I always did, ma'am, and I always shall."

A few weeks after all this had happened, I sat by the window one afternoon, and, looking up from my work, I saw some one passing slowly, — a young man who seemed so thin, so pale, so bent and ill, that I said, "Here is some stranger who is so very sick, he is probably come to try the effect of the air, even thus early." It was Ivan Christensen. I did not recognize him. He dragged one foot after the other wearily, and walked with the feeble motion of an old man. He entered the house; his errand was to ask for work. He could not bear to go away from the neighborhood of the place where Anethe had lived and where they had been so happy, and he could not bear to work at fishing on the south side of the island, within sight of that house. There was work enough for him here; a kind voice told him so, a kind hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was bidden come and welcome. The tears rushed into the poor fellow's eyes, he went hastily away, and that night sent over his chest of tools, — he was a carpenter by trade. Next day he took up his abode here and worked all summer. Every day I carefully observed him as I passed him by, regarding him with an inexpressible pity, of which he was perfectly unconscious, as he seemed to be of everything and everybody. He never raised his head when he answered my "Good morning," or "Good evening, Ivan." Though I often wished to speak, I never said more to him, for he seemed to me to be hurt too sorely to be touched by human hand. With his head sunk on his breast, and wearily dragging his limbs, he pushed the plane or drove the saw to

and fro with a kind of dogged persistence, looking neither to the left nor right. Well might the weight of woe he carried bow him to the earth! By and by he spoke, himself, to other members of the household, saying, with a patient sorrow, he believed it was to have been, it had so been ordered, else why did all things so play into Louis's hands? All things were furnished him: the knowledge of the unprotected state of the women, a perfectly clear field in which to carry out his plans, just the right boat he wanted in which to make his voyage, fair tide, fair wind, calm sea, just moonlight enough; even the ax with which to kill Anethe stood ready to his hand at the house door. Alas, it was to have been! Last summer Ivan went back again to Norway — alone. Hardly is it probable that he will ever return to a land whose welcome to him fate made so horrible. His sister Maren and her husband still live blameless lives, with the little dog Ringe, in a new home they have made for themselves in Portsmouth, not far from the river-side; the merciful lapse of days and years takes them gently but surely away from the thought of that season of anguish; and though they can never forget it all, they have grown resigned and quiet again. And on the island other Norwegians have settled, voices of charming children sound sweetly in the solitude that echoed so awfully to the shrieks of Karen and Maren. But to the weirdness of the winter midnight something is added, a vision of two dim, reproachful shades who watch while an agonized ghost prowls eternally about the dilapidated houses at the beach's edge, close by the black, whispering water, seeking for the woman who has escaped him — escaped to bring upon him the death he deserves, whom he never, never, never can find, though his distracted spirit may search till man shall vanish from off the face of the earth, and time shall be no more.

Celia Thaxter.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

UNDER the new title of *Cosmism* Mr. Fiske gives the philosophical and scientific doctrines of Mr. Spencer, extended and developed into a complete theory of the universe. The book contains an outline of the Spencerian theories, so clearly stated and so vividly illustrated that most readers will prefer the disciple to the master. There is added to this a very considerable body of original speculation and criticism, all in the line of the same system and elaborated with all the great learning and ingenuity needed by a co-laborer with Mr. Spencer. In the *Prolegomena*, which extend through much of the first volume, are expounded the fundamental principles of *Cosmism*. It is not to be expected that many of Mr. Spencer's old opponents will be converted by this latest and strongest presentation of his philosophy. There is nothing added to appease the Ontologists. The Positivists will be as puzzled as ever to understand how the *Cosmist* can swear so stoutly by their own law of relativity, and yet smuggle in that much-coveted but contraband belief in external reality. The *Cosmic* test of truth

lets it pass easily enough, but, *Quis custodiet ipsum custodem?*

According to this test, "A proposition of which the negation is inconceivable is necessarily true in relation to human intelligence." But that much-discussed word, inconceivable, is still equivocal, and too uncertain for a touch-stone of truth. There is plainly one sort of inconceivability which occurs when experience has already shaped an idea and we cannot contradict it by forming the opposite. Such inconceivability is evidence of past experience, and therefore of truth. There may be a question about the value of a test which merely tells us that when we are in no doubt we may be sure; but its accuracy is unquestionable. There is another kind of inconceivability, which occurs when we lack experience to form the proposed idea. In this sense a proposition in jurisprudence would be inconceivable to a child, because unintelligible, and its negation equally inconceivable. So, also, following Mr. Fiske's statements made in his *Prolegomena*, the final divisibility of matter is inconceivable,

¹ *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution, with Criticisms on the Positive Philosophy.* By JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B., Assistant Librarian, and formerly Lecturer on Philosophy, at Harvard University. In two volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume II. Civilized Nations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Ezra Stiles Gannett, Unitarian Minister in Boston, 1824-1871. A Memoir. By his Son, WILLIAM C. GANNETT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself. Now first edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other Writings. By JOHN BIGELOW. In three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

Dress-Reform: A Series of Lectures delivered in Boston, on Dress as it affects the Health of Women. Edited by ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Hearts and Hands. A Story in Sixteen Chapters. By CHRISTIAN REID, author of *A Daughter of Bohemia*, *Valerie Aylmer*, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Too Much Alone. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of *A Life's Assize*, *Pemie Keller*, *George Geith*, etc. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

My Story. A Novel. By Mrs. K. S. MACQUOID, the author of *Patty*. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

The History of Democracy; or, Political Progress, Historically Illustrated. From the Earliest to the

Latest Periods. By NAHUM CAPEN, LL. D., author of *The Republic of the United States of America: its Duties to Itself and its Responsible Relations to other Countries, etc.* With Portraits of Distinguished Men. Volume I. Hartford: American Publishing Company. 1874.

Transactions of the Third National Prison Reform Congress, held at St. Louis, Missouri, May 13-16, 1874. Being the Third Annual Report of the National Prison Association of the United States. Edited by E. C. WINES, D. D., LL. D., Secretary of the Association. New York: Office of the Association, 320 Broadway. 1874.

The Last Journals of David Livingstone, in Central Africa. From Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Five to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his Faithful Servants Chuma and Susi. By HORACE WALLER, F. R. G. S., Rector of Twywell, Northampton. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

At the Sign of the Silver Flag. A Novel. By B. L. FARJEON, author of *Jessie Trim*, *King of No-Land*, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

Checkmate. By J. S. LE FANU, author of *Uncle Silas*, *Tenants of Malory*, etc. Author's Illustrated Edition. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

A Rambling Story. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE, author of *The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare*, *The Iron Cousin*, *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, *The Trust* and *The Remittance*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

and its final indivisibility equally so, because experience has not reached to either of these conceptions. Similar to this, though temporary instead of permanent, was the inconceivability of the antipodes, which Mr. Mill cites as a case of an idea once inconceivable but not false. This second kind of inconceivability is only a test of ignorance, and leaves the question of truth undecided.

If any one thinks that these two kinds of inconceivability are easily distinguishable, let him remember that the Old-World philosopher was probably as sure that the antipodes stood for a notion contradictory and absurd as is Mr. Spencer that the non-persistence of force involves a contradiction of ideas. There is certainly needed another test before we can apply the Cosmic test of inconceivability, and it is for want of this that the Cosmic philosophy, taking refuge under the ambiguity of words, can claim at the same time to hold to the relativity of all knowledge, and to know the noumenal world.

By the law of the relativity of knowledge we know only phenomena, and propositions concerning "things in themselves" are unintelligible, and stand only as words without meaning. This is set out with much clearness in the *Prolegomena*. And yet the Cosmic philosopher strenuously insists that he knows that an unrelated world exists. He justifies himself by the argument that the idea of a noumenon is involved in all our thinking, and implied in the very doctrine itself of relativity, because it is impossible to talk of relation and phenomenon, without implying something which causes the relation and the appearance. In short, he appeals to the test of truth, and says there is an unrelated world, for we cannot conceive of it non-existing while phenomena remain. But what experience have we to warrant our asserting that it exists? Is not this inconceivability one caused by lack of experience instead of by experience? The world of "things in themselves" is, *ex vi termini*, one of which we can never have experience. Then how can any test of truth, which is a mere index to the record of experience, have any applicability to it? Make the logical necessity as strong as you please, you never get a noumenal necessity.

The body of the *Synthesis* in the second volume is devoted to the laws of life, of mind, and of society. Starting with the conception of life as an adjustment of the

organism to the forces incident upon it from without, Mr. Fiske traces a similar correspondence of inner with outer changes in the phenomena of mind, and of social communities. He has so wide a command of facts in each department, and is so much a master of the evolutionists' skill in marshaling them, that the view is very comprehensive and suggestive.

Life of every kind is a process of change within meeting change without. This ranges from the feeble adjustments by which the lowest creatures maintain for a while the unequal warfare against the threatening environment, up to the far-reaching adaptations which make the highest animals comparative masters of the situation. Mind is a process of inner arrangement similar in kind but greater in complexity and consequent efficiency. As we go up the scale of being, no one, according to the Cosmic teaching, can tell you when the process first becomes so complex that we must call it mind. The extremes are unlike enough, but they are connected by an unbroken series of means, among which the only difference is that of degree. A similar adjustment is described as the essential characteristic of the growth of society from the primitive family to the modern nation. Thus the life of an oyster and the common-weal of the state, with all that lies between, are summed up in the word adaptation. We must indeed go further back, for organic existence begins, we know not where, in inorganic; and life is to be distinguished in degree, but perhaps not in kind, from simple chemical activity.

The very possibility of such an arrangement of the facts of science as exhibits this unbroken continuity gives a philosophy of evolution an antecedent plausibility, which Mr. Fiske greatly heightens by his art of giving dissolving views of the universe.

Admirable and ingenious as is this view of the unity of nature, it is not altogether clear how the definition of the process of life is of that transcendent importance which Mr. Fiske attributes to it. Indeed, the attempt to define at all, as a distinct thing, one section of this finely graduated series, seems somewhat repugnant to a philosophy of evolution. By the Cosmic definition, "Life,—including also intelligence as the highest known manifestation of life,—is the continuous establishment of relations within the organism in correspondence with relations existing or arising in the environment." It is hard to see how this describes

anything peculiar to animate as distinct from inanimate existence, or why it is not as applicable to the molecular changes going on in a rock heated by the sun, as to the workings of a living organism. The peculiarity, whatever it is, which gives an organism its self-asserting, self-serving power, is not disclosed. If the definition is purposely allowed to cover all existence, upon the theory that inorganic existence is the same in kind with organic, it should at least mark the difference of degree. If there is not even that, then there is no such thing as life to distinguish. It is all life or no life, as you choose to call it.

The evolution of society is in a similar way summed up in one sentence, which is intended to cover the entire course of history. After following Mr. Fiske in his review of facts which corroborate the law as a generalization, one asks with some doubt whether such a law, even if true, will be of practical use in the study of history. Has Mr. Fiske been guided by it to any results, or has he worked out his knowledge and then summed it up in the briefest space he could? This question is of course distinct from any question of the truth of the statement. But as this Cosmic law is put forth as the supreme achievement in the philosophy of history, we have a right to ask that it shall be something more than true. It should guide us in our search for specific causes and effects, and help us to understand those "lessons of history," so easy to read in both ways until bitter experience has taught us which is wrong. If the law of social evolution is only the product of an effort to find ideas and words so comprehensive that they will cover all the known facts of history, even though emptied of all definite contents in order to be vague enough, then the law may be true and yet disappointing.

This is the Cosmic law of social progress: "The evolution of society is a continuous establishment of psychical relations within the community, in conformity to physical and psychical relations arising in the environment; during which both the community and the environment pass from a state of relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a state of relatively definite, coherent heterogeneity; and during which the constituent units of the community become ever more distinctly individuated."

Suppose we try to work this formidable engine at short range, by bringing it to bear upon a specific problem in history.

We shall ask, What is the condition or action of the community to be studied? what that of the environment? how did one affect the other? There is the whole question as open as it was before the Cosmic law was put together. When we have found out what were the causes or what were the effects, our results may conform to the law of adaptation. But to find these results we must look through the world within and the world without, and this we have always been doing with the help of the law of causation. The law mentions none of the forces at work, and describes the operation of none. It is somewhat as if Mr. Darwin had propounded, instead of his law of natural selection, the law that organisms are provided with contrivances fitted to the environment, but had omitted to point out how they got them. Such a law would however be specific enough to be of use; the Cosmic law applies to no one thing more than to any other, and can never point out a path in advance.

Nor does the deficiency in the working value of the Cosmic laws of sociogeny appear to be supplied by the statement that the controlling tendency of society is toward increasing individuation. This does not, any more than the law of adaptation, say how, or how much. And moreover the evidence in this case is not so complete as to make the conclusion perfectly satisfactory. The word individuation undoubtedly sums up well enough Mr. Maine's view that the early changes of society were from tribal toward national life. But it is one thing to state a tendency, and quite a different thing to point out the tendency essential to social progress from beginning to end. Whether there is any single tendency dominant from first to last seems very doubtful. Civilization is a complex process, and comprises an infinity of movements, of which now one and now another may be the most important. But if there is any single tendency, we could be assured of having it only after a much more extended examination of facts than Mr. Fiske, drawing mainly from periods of primitive culture, has given. The qualifications which he finds necessary, as it is, leave the law too vague to be applied anywhere with precision.

The law of social evolution, however, taken as a whole, certainly expresses a truth, whether or not the most suggestive; and Mr. Fiske has reached his generalization through extended historical researches

of which he gives us constant glimpses by his easy allusion to the most remote subjects. The only doubt is whether the law has been of practical use to him in his investigations, which have probably led to many minor conclusions of greater value than the final statement, that has been stretched to cover them.

To the final chapters of the book, in which is set forth the Cosmic religion, most readers will turn with more of interest than to any others. And justly. Yet the few words that could be said about them in such a notice as the present, it would seem almost better to leave unsaid. The bare statement that Mr. Fiske and his followers worship the Unknowable, which is God only because we never can know anything about it, will seem to those who do not read the book to describe a scientific parody upon religion. Yet no one who sees the strength of Mr. Fiske's religious feeling, and the simplicity of his fervor, can doubt that he finds something real in the God he has chosen.

There are those who profess to be in no need of a God, and confidently predict the time when science will satisfy all those who now want, they know not what. To them the Cosmic religion will seem a faltering pause in the progress from anthropomorphic theism to the undisturbed indifference of science. They will have only a compassionate tolerance for one who confesses to be subject to the emotions that clamor for a religion. They will say to Mr. Fiske in particular, You at least are cut off from it, for you have built upon the relativity of knowledge, and must not affirm anything, even existence, of the unrelated Infinite.

There are, on the other hand, those who are convinced of the eternal need to the human race of a religion. If any philosophy makes it impossible, they will say that philosophy stands self-convicted of infirmity, and look for the time when the present dominance of intellect shall be made to yield something to the demands of the emotions.

That many of those who feel this mighty power of religion will be satisfied with what Mr. Fiske offers, we cannot think. That Unknowable may always remain an object of awe to contemplative minds, but it is an impertinence to approach it with love, or faith, or worship. It is indeed constant to help and hurt. But its constancy is no more a comfort than is that of gravi-

tation, which is its most impressive manifestation. With this majesty of inscrutable might alone it assumes to fill the place of that Power to whom men in all ages have cried for hope and comfort.

Whether a religion with so much left out is a religion at all may be a question of words. But it can be said that if awe and submission are all that is left, the new religion is something so unlike the present, that the worshiper of to-day will feel little gratitude to the Cosmic philosophy for saving it. To that worshiper the Cosmist will say, "It is the religion of the future. I wish to hurry no one, but am content to wait until the world willingly puts away childish things for Cosmism." To this there is no answer but patient looking for the inevitable. But who can now see in the Cosmic religion the promise of such sweetness and light that he will turn from his old hope to pray that this new kingdom come?

— In the second volume of *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, Mr. Bancroft treats of the civilized nations, these being the races inhabiting Mexico and Central America. For greater convenience they are divided into two groups, the Nahuas and the Mayas. The latter was the older branch, the other the more widely spread. North of Tehuantepec were to be found the Nahua races, south of this isthmus the Mayas. Of the Nahuas the Aztecs were the only ones with whom the invading Europeans came into actual contact, and hence they stand as the representatives of early American civilization. In fact, however, they were late successors to what had been acquired by earlier races. Trustworthy information goes back as far as to the sixth century of the Christian era, when we find the Toltecs holding the power, and there are traces of their predecessors, also Nahuas, of whom we have only legendary knowledge. The Toltecs' empire lasted for five centuries, when civil wars, due to religious dissensions, with consequent pestilence and famine, undermined its power. To it succeeded the Chichimec empire, itself yielding to the advance of the Aztecs in the early part of the fifteenth century. In another hundred years these races met with a deadlier foe in the Spaniard. The Mayas represent the Maya-Quiché civilization of Central America. It is impossible to determine the date of the original Maya empire, or that of its decadence. In the sixteenth century the

Mayas proper were occupying Yucatan. The main divisions were the Cocomes, Tutul Xius, Itzas, and Cheles, which appear to have been the names of royal or sacerdotal families rather than of subject tribes. Their history, however, is in a most unsettled state.

For the description of each of these two great groups, Mr. Bancroft has arranged his copious material in five divisions. The first of these includes the system of government, the order of succession, the ceremonies of election, coronation, and anointment, and, generally, the distinctive traits of royal life. The second describes the social system, that is, the divisions of society, the method of holding land, the domestic life of the people, and their family relations. The third includes the means and methods of war; the fourth, their trade and commerce, their sciences, arts, and manufactures; the fifth, their judiciary and legal methods. This excellent classification serves to convey to the reader a very complete notion of what he is reading about. It is very plain that the writer of this history has had by no means an easy task in getting at the exact truth about these early civilizations. Of course when there is nothing but tradition to go by, the task is very difficult, but even with the accounts written by the Spaniards to serve as authority, allowance has to be made for their exaggeration of the strength of their foes, and their wealth, and the accounts of native historians might very well have been of a sort that would not satisfy a critic like, say, Sir George Cornewall Lewis. In this complicated state of affairs, Mr. Bancroft has given all the evidence, and the reader can differ or agree, as he pleases.

To make even an abstract of what is itself so compact an accumulation of facts would be impossible. It is only left to make mention once more of the indefatigable industry of the historian, and of the soundness of his judgment. He nowhere states an opinion, which may be wise, but which is formed from proof not submitted to the reader; far from it: everything is put down, so that the book is a very satisfying one to read. Mr. Bancroft says: "I have no inclination to draw analogies, believing them, at least in a work of this kind, to be futile; and were I disposed to do so, space would not permit it. Nations in their infancy are almost as much alike as are human beings in their earlier years, and in studying these people, I am struck

at every turn by the similarity between certain of their customs and institutions and those of other nations; comparisons might be happily drawn between the division of lands in Anahuac and that made by Lycurgus and Numa in Laconia and Rome, or between the relations of Aztec master and slave and those of Roman patron and client, for the former were nearly as mild as the latter; but the list of such comparisons would never be complete, and I am fain to leave them to the reader."

The Aztecs seem to have been an intelligent race; fond of feasting and show; brave fighters; in many relations of life mild and amiable, in others, notably in their treatment of their captives, very cruel; grossly superstitious, with a religion stained by all manner of bloody rites: in a word, they had noticeably some of the virtues and some of the faults of childhood. In some ways they remind us of the Japanese, especially in their ingenuity, their indifference to cruel punishments, and, alongside of those qualities, their general innocence and great capacity of enjoyment. However this may be, they were an interesting race, and the space devoted to them and their neighbors by Mr. Bancroft will be found delightful reading. It makes a volume to which nothing but praise can be given. Both erudition and agreeableness are to be found in it, with neither sacrificed to the other.

— The memoir of the late Dr. Gannett, by his son, Rev. William C. Gannett, is one of those rare books which will be keenly satisfying to the personal friends of the subject, and very interesting to those who knew him only by fame, or not at all. The intimate life of the man, as it is here shown, will enable those to whom his acquaintance had endeared him to recall fully that devoted character which must win every reader by its purity, its meekness, its high aims, its sublime unselfishness; and the events of which he was part — the rise of Unitarianism in New England, its troubles from within through the spirit of transcendentalism, its early arrest, its embarrassments with the antislavery movement, and its present divisions through radicalism or "free religion" — are things in which all who care to know the intellectual history of the country are concerned. Mr. Gannett has treated them with remarkable clearness, and with the greatest fairness, and in all respects we think his work unexceptionably well done. His father's character is painted with a tenderness which one acknowledges with in-

stant sympathy, and yet with a fullness which will not hide his human foibles. These indeed all leaned to virtue's side, and there are few of us who would not be better for some touch of that good man's failings, if only we might grieve over them with something of his sincere self-condemnation. In all things his life was patterned upon the character of that Saviour whose very compassion seemed to prostrate the humility of his disciple the more. Yet if one looked only upon the martyr-side of Dr. Gannett, he would greatly mistake and wrong him. His career was one of active combat in many respects; he was a man of profound convictions, and of very decided opinions. Reared in the Calvinistic faith, he early forsook it, with a courage greater than men can now understand to have been required, and he remained through life the stanch, old-fashioned Unitarian he became, while Unitarianism continually changed, and meant hardly the same thing to-day that it meant yesterday. He deeply deplored slavery, but he never could be brought to approve of the ideas of the abolitionists, valuing the Union which their movement seemed to threaten as the only means of ending slavery; and he never countenanced the war for the Union, because he believed all wars were wrong. His record in these matters is one which all abolitionists and patriots can now read with profound respect for his sincerity, and tenderness for the loving heart which the reproach of indifference to any form of human misery cruelly wrung, and for the struggles by which he maintained himself in what he considered civic duty. His whole history in these matters is scrupulously set down by his son, who also gives us with a singularly unobtrusive delicacy the many facts and traits about which there never could be two minds. There is something very winning in the sweetness with which those little peculiarities that make one smile are recognized by the biographer, and Dr. Gannett is brought personally before us in his daily life, the joys and heavy sorrows of his home, with a modesty in which there is no affectation of apology. One has sometimes indeed to look twice at the reticent words that portray his goodness, his industry, his high standard of duty, his active charity, his self-devotion; his griefs, his bereavements, are never dwelt upon, though they qualify all our sense of him; the terrible disaster in which he perished is hardly more than intimated.

The book abounds in many interesting sketches and notices of his contemporaries, Channing, Norton, Emerson, Parker, and the rest; there are abundant passages from Dr. Gannett's journals, letters, and sermons, and at the close of the volume a number of his sermons are printed entire.

— In 1868 Mr. Bigelow introduced a new edition of Franklin's Autobiography, the correct text of which he had been so fortunate as to discover. We noticed at the time the excellent service which he rendered to literature by this work, and we have to thank him again for a similar service. The Autobiography is again given, with the account of its fortunes, substantially as in the edition of 1868, and then from the mass of Franklin's letters Mr. Bigelow has arranged a continuation of the narrative, taking it up where the Autobiography is interrupted, in 1757, and carrying it on to the last letter written, so that the Autobiography itself and the supplementary Letters present in three volumes, of a little more than five hundred pages each, a connected life in Franklin's own words. He has occasionally introduced a short paper by Franklin, where the letters make special mention of such or the narrative would be rendered more complete by the insertion. Thus he has given the stinging Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One; the ironical Edict by the King of Prussia; the two careful *résumés*, An Account of the Transactions relating to Governor Hutchinson's Letters and An Account of Negotiations in London for Effecting a Reconciliation between Great Britain and the American Colonies; the clever moral of The Whistle; his unfinished Journal of the Negotiations for Peace with Great Britain from March 21 to July 1, 1782; and has given also in its proper place that masterly analysis of the disturbing causes of the Revolution, Franklin's Examination before the House of Commons, which, as Burke said, made Franklin appear like a school-master questioned by a pack of school-boys. The notes to the Autobiography and Letters are brief and pertinent; they are drawn sometimes from Sparks's edition of Franklin's works, at others from William Temple Franklin's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, and sometimes are the editor's own. The work of the editor throughout is unobtrusive. "I am not aware," he says, "that any other eminent man has left so complete a record of his own life" as Franklin, and it has been his object simply to arrange that rec-

ord and to supply in foot-notes what was lacking in the way of explanation of allusions not intelligible to the general reader, or of necessary connection in the diary.

Mr. Bigelow advises the reader that he has not undertaken to give all of Franklin's letters, nor always the whole of every letter, but has made his selection in accordance with his purpose to make a connected autobiographic narrative. Upon this plan he has omitted all of Franklin's letters written prior to 1757. These were not many nor very important, yet we think he might well have used portions of them as annotations to the Autobiography. Nor has he omitted so many letters subsequent to that date as his admission would seem to imply. On the contrary, he has left out so few that we think it a pity he did not give them all, and so satisfy the hungry reader and relieve him from the sense of uneasiness which an incomplete series of letters always leaves in the mind, especially when there is no complete series easily to be had. By extending the volumes but a few pages, the editor might have announced to the satisfaction of his readers that he had given all of Franklin's printed letters save the strictly philosophical ones. A comparison, besides, of these volumes with Sparks's edition leads us to wonder why Mr. Bigelow omitted certain letters here and there. The interesting letters to Cadwallader Evans on silk culture occupy but little space, yet only one or two are given; letters to John Bartram are now and then omitted, and some interesting ones to Hugh Roberts, of the Junto. There is, besides, a gap of the years 1764, 1765, in which Franklin's letters to his wife and others in America are not given, but only an account in other form of his exertions to secure the repeal of the Stamp Act. The omission of unimportant paragraphs in the letters, and of the address and subscription, has served to condense the material with only slight loss to the reader, but we regret that Mr. Bigelow did not more frequently allow some of the expressions of affection and tenderness to remain, "trifles light as air," but serving to display a very attractive side of Franklin's character. The bibliography at the close would have been improved by a chronological rather than an alphabetical arrangement of titles. A good index completes the furnishing of the volumes, and an engraving on steel from the pastel by Duplessis is prefixed to the work.

We hope that this convenient edition will

induce many to make themselves familiar with Franklin's character and services to the country. The deficiencies as well as the excellences of that character stand forth unmistakably in the writing. His enemy could hardly have stated more sharply than has Franklin himself the prudential limitations of his virtue. Perhaps it might be necessary to call in testimony of others to understand the singular position which he occupied in France, yet if one follows closely his correspondence with the French court and with his fellow-commissioners, it is not difficult to detect the eminence he occupied. Apart too from the worth of these letters as an illustration of Franklin's character, they are invaluable for the disclosure they make of the growth of the spirit of independence. Franklin was one of the first to foresee the tide of events, one of the last to abandon the hope of a reconciliation. Through his clear interpretation it is not hard to see the workings of the material causes of the Revolution, and while the sagacity and cheerfulness of the man stood him in stead of the penetrating purpose of a high ambition and of faith in eternal principles, they were of extraordinary value in the field of diplomacy. The ease with which Franklin did great things misleads some; the absence of any high imaginative power has rendered him uninteresting to many, but no one can study the movements of the latter half of the eighteenth century and not see how clearly Franklin dominated in that material province which was at once the glory and the shame of the period. "A bad woman," says Mr. Ruskin, "may have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of voice comes out of the past morality of her race;" and Franklin, not to press the analogy too closely, carried back to London and Paris the remains of that spirit of freedom and righteousness which had found a better chance on the western continent to withstand the forces that had for a century worked against it abroad. It may not be amiss to add that the letters of Franklin are extremely interesting for the picture they give of manners and social condition.

—Mrs. Woolson's book on reform in women's dress contains a series of lectures delivered early last year in Boston, by a number of ladies whose opinions on the matter are certainly deserving of great respect. They unite in condemning almost everything that women wear, but we cannot help thinking that in their fervor they sometimes overshoot their mark. For in-

stance, instead of urging women who have plenty of money to dress simply, in order that they may not tempt those who are poorer to extravagance, would it not be as well and wiser to advise those who are poorer not to try to rival their richer contemporaries? No one recommends that all people should live in the same sort of house, with as many pictures and the same sort of carpets as every one else, and the absurdity of recommending that they should is obvious. Why then does not the same hold true of dress? For the details of the dress the reader must be referred to the little volume, in which, beneath a good deal of rhetoric, there is to be found some good advice about what it is best to wear. These reformers have the great merit that they do not wholly sacrifice beauty to health; if they did their cause would be hopeless.

— Under the alliterative title of *Hearts and Hands* we find a story of the flirtations of Miss Sybil Courtenay, a young woman of North Carolina, at the White Sulphur Springs. When this smooth-named belle is the object of the attentions of two men with such heart-breaking names as Gerald Langdon and Cecil Mainwaring, it is only natural that she should treat with the utmost ignominy and contempt a man whose sponsors in baptism had so failed of their duty as to let John, commonly turned to Jack, be prefixed to the unsonorous family name of Palmer. Her less sternly treated lovers were elegant in many other ways: they were accomplished flirts, and the successful Gerald had a dark past behind him, not free from attractive mystery. In a word, the novel is as silly in an innocent way as a novel can well be. If the illustrations of the fashion-plates could descend from the walls of the milliners' and tailors' shops and go about, it is only fair to presume that their thoughts, words, and actions would be such as are described in *Hearts and Hands*. Christian Reid has never attained the loftiest heights, but she has, and notably in *A Daughter of Bohemia*, done much better than this.

— The dangers of marrying a man who is interested in chemistry are clearly pointed out in *Too Much Alone*. He will have an odious and false-hearted friend; he will neglect his wife's parlor for his more fascinating laboratory, — she will, however, revenge herself by desperate flirting, — and he will leave his most deadly drugs in tempting spots for his only son to feed upon. In short, Mrs. Riddell does not smile upon

physical science. Her pen is brought into use against its demoralizing advance. Lina Mandsley is left a penniless orphan, and, carried away by the spirit of the age, she marries Maurice Stern, whose business it is to prepare chemicals. It is not a happy marriage. Her unwise attempt to put the laboratory in order, to throw out the vile-smelling messes, to clean the stained vessels, is the least of the many mistakes this novel records. While her husband is away she languishes in her parlor, receiving indiscreetly the adoration of a sprig of the aristocracy, with whom she nearly runs away, and all because of her loneliness. But it is quite impossible for ladies in their fine clothes to sit in the laboratory, or by the side of the blast furnace; nor can husbands bring their acids into the parlor, so that a certain amount of separation of husband and wife would seem unavoidable.

A treacherous friend is almost as bad. Gordon Glенаen can not only sneer at Mrs. Maudsley; he can break out into gross impertinence; and as for peculation, he thinks nothing of it. Indeed, taking dishonorable means to find out how a rival makes drugs seems to be considered an elevating employment of the scientific mind. Sudden and diversified penury lends incident to this novel, of which one of the principal charms is that it is still very new. Mrs. Riddell has in her time written better stories than *Too Much Alone*.

— If the reader of *My Story* will only consent to take for granted the rather wild improbability that there is anything binding in the sort of marriage by which Captain Brand and Gertrude Stewart were united, there may yet be a hope of his getting some gratification out of the novel. The heroine is a young woman who, when half beside herself with terror at the prospect of her mother's immediate death, gets married reluctantly to the captain of the merchant-ship in which she is sailing, although she not only does not love him, but also has a positive dislike of him. He is represented as a model of all the virtues, though his conduct in this matter is, to say the least, ungenerous; and he is only to claim her for his wife after the interval of a year or two. This time she passes on shore, and the record of this part of her life is what makes the novel. She is a selfish girl, far from indisposed to flirting with any man she sees, and as void of conscience as she well could be. Naturally Captain Brand has but little chance of winning her love while

he grows angry at her doings, and quite as naturally when he is angry with her she becomes fond of him, and all is peace between them. These scenes are not ill told, and the setting of the story is good, so that, on the whole, the novel is readable, — is, indeed, much better than many.

— It is not possible for everybody to read through Mr. Nahum Capen's *History of Democracy*, but everybody who can read it will find much entertainment in its pages. The reader will be grateful to an author who has taken so much pains to bring together a great many amusing and instructive quotations, and the good faith with which Mr. Capen exposes himself to the smile of the younger generation, while writing in tedious earnest for the politicians of his own time, is a real commendation of his work. It is not usual to find men who willingly make themselves ridiculous for the good of others. At the same time there is merit enough in the huge volume to commend it more seriously to those who make some study of political history. Its method is whimsical, its assumptions not always tenable, its style grotesque; but it indicates wide acquaintance with English and American history, extensive reading, and a sincere belief, based upon conviction as well as tradition, that a democratic form of government, such as we have in the United States, is the only good one in the world. It is true that when Mr. Capen began writing his bulky book, thirty or forty years ago, his panegyric on democracy was meant to be also an encomium on the political party of Jackson and Van Buren, then calling itself "democratic," but which proved to be, in course of time, the fierce upholder of slavery. Traces of this partisan purpose are manifest enough in the volume as it stands, and in the long array of commendatory letters with which the publishers introduce it, — letters written, for the most part, by democratic politicians or ready writers, now dead or superseded. Here are words of praise from those "old public functionaries" Buchanan, Dallas, Van Buren, Marcy, Toucey, and Cass, from Henry A. Wise, B. F. Hallet, Robert J. Walker, and Charles O'Connor; also from the late Mr. Sparks and from Nathaniel Hawthorne, a personal friend as well as a brother democrat. The more recent, and, as we may call them, the post-diluvian commendations of Montgomery Blair, Charles Levi Woodbury, and the younger John Quincy Adams, give the work a less spec-

tral appearance, as if it were not merely "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," but had some relevancy and pertinence to our own times since the Civil War. This is doubtless true; nor did we ever, as a nation, more need to be recalled to the ancient English fountains of liberty and law, than at the present time. Mr. Capen does this by his citations rather than by his arguments or his rhetoric, neither of which can be highly praised. Thus he checks himself in the midst of a disquisition on the great Duke of Marlborough, to explain what the Athenian ostracism was; and then, without the least notice to the astonished reader, he goes on, "The mythological character of Hercules is invested with all those elements of power which are naturally associated with the excesses of interest or passion, and checks and balances are provided necessary to harmony and protection." This abrupt and inscrutable transition seems almost too much like the oratory of that fine old tory Castlereagh, to have a place in the lucubrations of an ardent democrat. "I have now shown," said Lord Castlereagh, after speaking an hour without conveying to the House the slightest conception of what he was driving at, "I have now shown that the Tower of London is a common-law principle." Much in the same fashion does Mr. Capen suspend his account of Pope's Atossa, the Duchess of Marlborough, to discourse with learned dullness on the mission and characteristics of man and woman. Here we are given to understand that "man is endowed with physical strength and power of endurance. He conquers the monster wherever found, and trains the sagacious beast wherever wanted. He meets and masters the foe of personal safety, the robber of gold and chastity, the oppressor of weakness, the slanderer of virtue and of innocence. . . . The characteristics of the true woman may be seen and felt, but language is inadequate to their description." However convincing these propositions may appear, they do not seem quite indispensable to a history of democracy.

Indeed, the great maxim of our author plainly is that legal one, "Surplusage does not vitiate." What may be useful for an indictment, however, is apt to be cumbrous in an essay, or in the pages of history. Although Mr. Capen has taken many years to complete his work, he has not found time enough yet for condensing it to the posterity point. Lumber, even literary lumber,

is hard to carry, and if trusted to the stream of time, it is quite sure to be stranded at the first turn. A book of half its size would have twice as good chances with this generation even, as the big octavo of Mr. Capen. Calling itself a "history of American democracy," this first volume begins with the creation and comes down through Greece and Rome, France, England, and the American colonies, almost to the opening of our Revolution, a hundred years ago. There is a great deal concerning the Puritans and the Quakers, the English sovereigns and statesmen from Cromwell downward, the literary politicians of Queen Anne's reign, the settlement of the United States, etc. Mr. Bancroft's history is freely drawn upon, and so are many writers who have done something in the historical way, from Burnet, Hume, and Macaulay, to George Barstow and James Parton. Mr. Capen has not caught the historian's manner from any of them, however; he has fallen, rather, into the worst and most round-about way of generalizing and sermonizing upon whatever comes before him. Mr. Bancroft has done much in this way, but he is by no means so vague and tiresome as Mr. Capen, in his didactic passages. At times, to be sure, the latter is pointed enough, as when he quotes Pope's famous compliment to Harley,

"Above all pain, all anger, and all pride,"

and adds, "This made him incapable of sense, indignation, and self-respect." A quicker perception of the ludicrous would have preserved Mr. Capen from some faults, but perhaps would have taken away from the graver merits of the volume, which are considerable.

— The name and the labors of Dr. Wines in the cause of prison reform have become known all over the world, as the volume before us testifies, with its reports and letters from Spain and Russia, from Roumania and California, from Boston and Botany Bay, from London, Paris, Rome, Madras, Madrid, Stockholm, New Zealand, Berlin, Texas, Philadelphia, Amsterdam, Dublin, and Hobart Town. The pilgrimages of Howard, remarkable as they were, and the extent of his inquiries into "the state of the prisons," will bear no comparison with the longer journeys and œcumenical researches of this New Jersey Howard of the nineteenth century. What Burke said of Howard in 1780 may with equal truth be said of Dr. Wines, though of course the Bedfordshire sheriff had the immense ad-

vantage of being first in the field. "This gentleman," said Burke to the electors of Bristol, "has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity." But like all discoverers and circumnavigators Howard could only touch at a few ports and lay down a general map of his voyages; he neither colonized nor converted nor legislated. There was great philanthropy and silent British heroism in the man, but little science or method; so that Bentham, a dozen years after Burke's eulogy and soon after Howard's death, could say justly, while eulogizing him, "Mr. Howard's publications present no complete and regular system of prison management. They afford a rich fund of materials, but a quarry is not a house. No leading principles, no order, no connection. My venerable friend was much better employed than in arranging words and sentences." But Dr. Wines has not only traveled far and corresponded farther, but he has also shown great industry in developing a prison system, and in "arranging words and sentences." He composes treatises, translates reports, compiles statistics, and makes no more of editing a volume of seven hundred pages, than we should of a single magazine article. Of this the work before us is sufficient evidence.

This book is, in fact, a year-book or annual cyclopædia of theoretical and practical penal science. Besides Dr. Wines's own reports on the work of the National Prison Association (with obituary notices of Dr. Lieber, Charles Sumner, Judge Edmonds, General Pillsbury, and other deceased prison reformers) and on the condition of the hundred American prisons and reformatories of which he speaks, there are also reports and communications from Sir Walter Crofton, Miss Mary Carpenter, M. Bonneville de Marsangy, Baron von Holtzendorff, Count Sollohub, Señor Armengol y Cornet, Signor Beltrani-Scalia, and a dozen or twenty more of the recognized leaders of opinion in their respective countries, all bearing on this one subject, how best to prevent crime and reform criminals. And

along with these communications, or making part of them, comes a fund of recent and authentic intelligence concerning the state of the prisons and of the penal laws in the whole civilized world. Without going into a close calculation, we should estimate that the book contains information, either general or specific, relating to the prisons of at least three hundred millions of people. In these prisons there must have been confined in 1873-74 not less than a million persons. Thus the number reported in British India was more than one hundred and eighty thousand, in one hundred and eighty-seven prisons; in the United States more than one hundred thousand, of whom something more than forty thousand were constantly in prison, etc. Considering that crime is so fast increasing in our own country, it is comforting to know that this is not everywhere the case. Thus in Australia, to which British convicts used to be sent, the number of criminals is diminishing and the prisons are no longer crowded; the same is true of Ireland, and of some portions of England and Scotland. In Italy, where it is only of late years that any systematic effort has been made to repress crime in general, something seems to have been accomplished; while in Spain things are much worse than formerly, on account of the foolish practice of opening the prisons at every political revolution. Thus Don Pedro Armengol says, in his *Reincidencia*, quoted by Dr. Wines, "Spain is a prison turned loose" (*un presidio suelto*). "As the result of amnesties, exemptions, commutations, and pardons, the population of the prisons has been dispersed throughout the entire Spanish territory, and it would seem to be a constant monomania in Spain that all political crises should be celebrated with a general jubilee in favor of those who have broken the law." In Italy they have a better way of turning convicts loose. They set them at farm-work in great rural prisons or "agricultural colonies," which now contain an average, in several establishments, of more than three thousand convicts, and discharge about five hundred to their homes in each year. The effect of this occupation is thought to be better than that of mechanical and in-door labors. Italy also has a school for prison officers, now containing about four hundred men who are qualifying themselves for service in the prisons.

We notice, in some of Dr. Wines's translations from the French, Spanish, and other languages, too close and literal a rendering

of the original idioms, which have no proper place in English. Thus we hear of "reclusion," "abnormity," "recidivists," etc. Sometimes this indicates only the technical use of the words; since prison-discipline, like other matters, must have a dialect of its own. But it is a good rule to be as little technical as possible, and to follow the English idiom always, until usage drives us away from it.

— There are no more delightful books of travel than those which recount explorations in Africa, and of these the palm is certainly borne by Livingstone's histories. The volume we have before us to-day, Livingstone's *Last Journals*, is as interesting as any for the information it gives the reader, while it has another and a higher value for the light it throws on the indomitable energy, the sincerity, and the simplicity of one of the most remarkable men of modern times. As a record of the last days and final sufferings of the great explorer it has a sad charm which could tempt to its perusal a man who never opened a book of travels.

The volume opens with Livingstone's arrival at Zanzibar, January 28, 1866, and his subsequent preparations for starting to the interior. He had under his command a large and well-equipped party, but it would be hard to exaggerate the continual annoyance caused by his worthless men. His servants were indolent and untrustworthy beyond belief; they threw away their heavy loads, tried to bring others to follow in their disgraceful ways, shammed sickness, and wounded the beasts of burden to render them equally incompetent. Very soon Livingstone was obliged to send them back to the coast. Not long afterwards others of his men deserted him, bringing the false news of his death. This was when he was at Lake Nyassa. A more serious matter to him was the loss of all his medicines, which took place in January, 1867, through the treachery of two deserting carriers. His comments on this well deserve copying: "All the other goods I had divided, in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of that undercurrent of vexations which is not wanting in even the smoothest life, and certainly not worthy of being moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and a people; but this loss I feel most keenly. Everything of this kind

happens by the permission of One who watches over us with most tender care; and this may turn out for the best by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious, charm-dreading people farther north. I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and to the heathen." He says, "I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie," and there can be but little doubt that then, being deprived of what was next essential to food, it was only a matter of comparatively short time before the fatal fevers of the country would wholly break down an already much-tried constitution. Certainly from this date we find frequent mention of his suffering from grievous illnesses. Nothing daunted his unconquerable spirit, however. He pushed on, as his diary tells us in its simple words, and it is interesting to notice how indifferent to danger this experienced traveler became. *Loneliness with him seems to have had the unusual effect of diminishing the feeling of self-importance.* His only feeling was enthusiasm for his work. No man who ever kept a journal so unrelentingly suppressed himself; but by so doing Livingstone left a full record of himself, with his manifold virtues and his freedom from egotism. Every one will turn to his mention of the arrival of Stanley. He says, "Appetite returned; and instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn, — as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, — but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming."

The last entry was made April 27, 1873. It reads, "Knocked up quite, and remain — recover — sent to buy milch-goats. We are on the bank of the Molilamo." For the preservation of these journals, and for information of his death, we are indebted to the affection of two of his men, Chuma and Susi, who seem to have derived from the explorer some knowledge of the importance of his work, and who have given by their energy the strongest proof of the influence he exercised over those he met. That they should have brought his body and his papers to the coast was a direct result of Livingstone's own spirit; he really inspired these men with sufficient affection and perseverance to accomplish this deed, and it stands as a most touching tribute to his remarkable qualities. The chapter recount-

ing their ingenuity and activity is very interesting reading. The editor truly says, "Thus in his death, not less than in his life, David Livingstone bore testimony to that good-will and kindness which exist in the heart of the African." As Livingstone himself wrote, jugglery and sleight of hand, which had been suggested to Napoleon III., would fail to have effect on the Africans; they are too sensible to be influenced by such childishness. "Nothing brings them to place thorough confidence in Europeans but a long course of well-doing. . . . Goodness or unselfishness impresses their minds more than any kind of skill or power." Surely Livingstone's life proves this.

As is well known, Livingstone's body was honored by burial in Westminster Abbey, or, rather, England was honored by the ability to deposit in that resting-place of poets and heroes one of the noblest of her sons. On the tablet dedicated to his memory stand these words, taken from a letter written, by a singular coincidence, just one year before the day of his death, "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

That England should maintain this form of recognition of greatness is not one of the least noticeable examples of that country's disposition to escape sometimes from what is merely practical. It is a wise and honorable token of respect. Few men have better deserved it than did Livingstone, whose whole life was a lesson to idle, selfish, faint-hearted humanity.

The editor has done his part well. His explanatory notes are of assistance to the reader, and of interest are the fac-similes of the last pages of Livingstone's diary, and of the piece of the Standard newspaper on which, in lieu of anything better, he was obliged to make some notes. It might be said, perhaps, that some of the painful illustrations could be omitted. They are really too painful.

—It is a melancholy thing to notice how much effort, observation, and invention go to the making of even a decidedly poor novel. Mr. Farjeon certainly does not stand in the ranks of the great English novelists, but he puts into every story he writes an amount of cleverness which shows how high a position among the mechanical arts that of writing a certain sort of novel has attained. In this last one, *At the Sign of the Silver Flaggon*, a good part of the story

is laid in the gold fields of Australia. There is a certain air of truth in this part of the book, but never enough to make the reader forget that he has in his hands a story with incidents devised to pass away his time, rather than an irrepressible outburst from a genuine writer. It may be asking too much of novelists that they should always wait for the divine fire, but one may well be excused from admiring so artificial a production as this. But although artificial, it is tolerably readable, for one reads willingly many things one cannot admire.

— What more could a novel need, to be interesting, than to have a murderer for its hero, who is rich, unprepossessing to the eye, madly in love with an innocent heroine, always about to marry her, and yet continually baffled by that unfailing favorite, the crafty detective, and the virtuous, white-haired uncle who stands in close relationship to the Cheeryble brothers of Nicholas Nickleby? All the lofty intellectual pabulum which goes to the making of the impossible novel which cloaks its absurdities under the name of realism is to be found in *Checkmate*. He is an inexperienced novel-reader who lets the misdeeds of these precious jail-birds make him shiver, who does not know that although they have a good deal of rope given them, it will be caught into a tight knot just before the end of the book is reached. Novels of this sort do not aim high; they only claim to help the reader through an hour of idleness or discomfort, and for this purpose *Checkmate* is possibly as good as another; it certainly contains badness enough to satisfy any one. It is a singular comment on our civilization that for entertainment we have to go to records of wickedness. The device by which the murderer, by a combination of surgical operations, changes the appearance of his face so as nearly to elude detection, is undoubtedly novel, but whether it is worth while writing a book to introduce this trick, which is easier on paper than in the flesh, is another question.

— Mrs. Clarke's story is properly described by its title, for it is a very rambling story she tells us. That it bears the stamp of probability it would not be easy to say. In fact, it is as romantic an invention as could well be devised, and to those readers who find themselves tired of following the

antics of the hero of the realistic novel, who has to be perpetually looked after lest he should perform some murder on which the whole plot depends in some unobserved moment, it will be a welcome book. There is an agreeable, old-fashioned flavor about the story, and even the fact that the amiable hero addresses his sister as "sister mine" need not poison the minds of those who take it up for an hour's diversion. It is a sort of fairy-story of the nineteenth century, and does not deserve too critical an examination.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Gustave Droz is an author of some repute; indeed, he has been generally considered one of the most promising of the younger French novelists; his cleverness is undeniable. Very frequently his ability has been employed more for the amusement of his compatriots than for the purposes of didactic instruction; at times, however, he has shown a willingness to devote his skill to simple portrayals of unobjectionable matter, as for example in a little sketch which appeared translated into English, three or four years ago, in Lippincott's Magazine, with the title *Making an Omelette*. The tender pathos of this short tale could not have been bettered. His longer novels too are deserving of praise. They show his humor, his pathos, and even if they cannot all be recommended for universal reading, those who take them up and are prepared for a rather violent assault on the feelings will be struck by the many claims for excellence which they present. Of these, *Around a Spring* is the best known; it has been translated into English, as has *Babolain*, which is as grim a novel as one can find in a large circulating library. Since the appearance of the one last named, Droz has kept silence until now, when he again appears before the public with a new novel, called *Une Femme Génante*. This is so inferior to the others both in conception and execution, so vulgar and degrading a book, that it is the duty of every one who has opportunity to mention it, to warn the public what to expect. The story tells the love of a Breton apothecary, Corentin Kerroch by name, for his wife Céline, a Parisian woman, clever in a petty way, and hard-working. This statement would seem to

Une Femme Génante. Par GUSTAVE DROZ. Paris: 1875.

Fritz Reuter. *Sein Leben und seine Werke*. Von HERMANN EBERT. Güstrow. 1874.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

promise a state of affairs not always to be found in this author's novels. How well this promise is kept will be seen. After three years of married life Céline dies. Co-rentin is exceedingly overcome by grief, and in his despair has the body of his wife exhumed after her burial, in order that he may embalm it. Having done this he fits up a suite of rooms in his house for its accommodation. He is always in this room, reading aloud to his wife's body, and all as repulsive as you please. After this tasteful preparation the farce begins. To give the offensive details of his gradual indifference, and of the alleged comic incidents, would be more than tiresome. The upshot of the whole story is that after a time Co-rentin wearies of his artificial devotion, and, having fallen in love with the daughter of a neighbor, is very glad to have the embalmed body of his first wife returned to its proper resting-place. This dignified picture of human affection, this insult to the human race, is all that the writer has to show after four years of silence. A greater downfall it would have been hard to find. Our only apology for mentioning the book at all is, as has been said, to keep possible readers from the vain expectation of finding it in any way as clever as some of the rest of his work.

So great a change for the worse would be considered unequaled, were it not that Cherbuliez, whose fame was even greater, has added to his list of works a lamentable novel of flirtation, of which an "emancipated" English girl is the heroine. The title of the book is Miss Rovel; it has lately been appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The story is a description of the wiles by which a young Englishwoman, of more than doubtful antecedents, brings down a cynical French savant, who has had his heart-break, but who recovers under the fascinations of this ingenious maiden. What had been cleverness in some of Cherbuliez's best work, becomes, in this, a trivial appeal to catch the momentary attention of the reader. It is like the mannerism of an old beau, whose words flow in a certain formal way, once capable of amusing, now seeming merely to echo what was at one time wit. Instead of making an attempt to please or even to thrill his reader, Cherbuliez seems only to have tried to baffle him, to puzzle him continually, and to surprise him by new developments. This is a tendency he has shown before, though generally he has kept it in its proper subordinate place; but in Miss

Rovel it is all that the book contains. His cleverness becomes as tiresome a trick as incessant punning. One almost yearns for a deep draught of conscientious stupidity. With these two unsatisfactory novels French fiction makes just now but a poor showing. It furnishes an example of the degeneracy which is sure sooner or later to appear in an over-worked field; every man has to try to outdo a host of rivals, and the jaded taste of the public is satisfied with nothing but very strong sensations. Novelty is required before anything else, and that being obtained, the means by which it has been furnished are judged very gently.

— Hermann Ebert's *Life of Fritz Reuter* is an interesting book. The author has accumulated with care as well as industry a large number of facts about Reuter, and given them to the public in a volume of moderate compass. To be sure, there are some passages which bring to the reader's lips a smile which the author did not intend to excite; but these are not very many in number, and are certainly harmless enough. Such a passage is that in which after crediting Reuter's father with devotion to the practical in his own house, and his mother with devotion to the ideal, he goes on to say that the latter represented the *ewige Weibliche* in the family mansion. Of course she did.

Reuter's father was *Bürgermeister* of Stavenhagen, and apparently an excellent magistrate. He lived and ruled in a stormy time, that of the French invasion, which brought heavy troubles upon his fellow-citizens. During them all the *Bürgermeister* was a sound adviser and a trustworthy leader. At home he was a somewhat rigid ruler; it was his wish that his son Fritz should study law, instead of following his own tastes and studying painting. Opposition was useless, and Fritz was sent to the university. When there his devotion to jurisprudence was of the slackest; he joined the loud but harmless talking bands of students, and, as is well known, was arrested and confined for seven years in prison. Ebert does not bring a very large number of new facts to throw light on this period. But it is easy to see how carefully Reuter forbore, in his *Ut mine Festungstid*, from any exaggeration in his pathetic description of his sufferings. It was indeed a most bitter experience.

It is interesting to read of Reuter's first attempt as an author. He was living in Trepton, as a teacher, when he wrote the

first part of his *Läuschen un Rimeln*, but that was easier than to find a publisher. Hence he determined to be his own publisher. For the moderate sum of two hundred thalers, which was lent him by a friend, he set to work and had an edition of twelve hundred copies struck off, in six weeks. Such was the success of the book, that a second edition was called for, and the author's fame was made. It was in November, 1853, that the book first appeared. Of his subsequent success this *Life* gives full information. His works appeared in swift succession until he felt his skill deserting him, when he wisely ceased writing. Although no mention is made in this biography of the fact, it is well known that Reuter was for many years the victim of a mania for drink, which he developed during his years of imprisonment. His wife, who seems to be a most worthy woman, helped him in his struggles against what was really a disease. She also encouraged him in his literary pursuits.

There has been in modern times no Ger-

man writer more popular than Fritz Reuter. Others have been more coolly admired, but his truthful delineations, his charming humor, and his unaffected pathos won for him a very high place in the estimation of his readers. What he did was to describe what he had seen, or felt, or known. It has been found possible to trace almost the whole of his life in his various writings. It is certainly to be hoped that those who are already familiar with German will be willing to take the little trouble necessary to acquire the power of reading *Plattdeutsch*, to be able to enjoy him in the original. For those who are anxious to put their hands on some satisfactory account of Reuter, no better book can be found than Ebert's simple, kindly, unpretending biography. Of course it has no index. In two or three centuries, perhaps, German writers will learn how best to put their copious contributions to the instruction of the public in a useful form. Meanwhile readers will have to make indexes for themselves.

ART.

MR. HAMERTON'S *Portfolio*¹ is easily chief among English art periodicals, and has the advantage of being written by men who not only are familiar with the literature of art and the works of artists, but are artists by profession, and so know the feelings, aims, and technicalities of artists. The editor is probably better acquainted with Continental artists and their work than most of his insular fellows, and his art theories and criticisms are proportionately more catholic and more valuable. He is an agreeable writer, a clear thinker, who does not fly over his readers' heads, and, if he seldom rises into the region of the highest feeling, is likely to have the more influence with the average educated Englishman, who abhors the transcendental. He has, moreover, the collaboration of men of acquirement and culture both literary and technical, as, for example, Messrs. W. B. Scott and F. W. Burton. Hence *The Portfolio*, instead of being a magazine of current gossip about artists and their doings, is a work of perma-

nent value, apart from its excellent illustrations, as a collection of able essays, critical, historical, technical, and personal, very free from narrowness and professional or national prejudice.

The editor continues and concludes in this volume the series of papers entitled *The Sylvan Year*, begun in 1873, — meditative papers, pleasantly descriptive of landscape scenery in various aspects, illustrated by abundance of quotations from poets old and new, Latin, French, Italian, and English, from Virgil to Rossetti, and by a number of small etchings, some by the writer and some by French artists, more or less apposite and more or less interesting. There is also a number of articles, erudite and chatty, on some important pictures in the National Gallery, by Mr. Wornum, the keeper of the gallery, chiefly interesting for the admirable etchings that accompany them; and a suggestive series of papers by Mr. Basil Champney, on Winchelsea, Rye, and Romney Marsh. These last have since been published. New York: J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. 1874.

¹ *The Portfolio, an Artistic Periodical.* Edited by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With numerous illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday,

lished in a very attractive volume. They are full of close observation, with a pleasant savor of refinement and poetry.

The volume for 1874 contains some interesting articles about etching, of which *The Portfolio* is a representative among Englishmen, being the only English periodical illustrated by it. One is in answer to a letter in *The Architect*, by Mr. Ruskin, in which with characteristic energy he argues against what he considers the idle effort to give *chiaroscuro* in etching. Mr. Ruskin had already in his Oxford Lectures (those published under the title of *Ariadne Florentina*) taken the wider ground that *chiaroscuro* should be banished from all engraving except mezzotint, and that local color should be preferred to it. Mr. Hamerton—who has always argued that the line is the characteristic element in etching, and should therefore be frankly shown and made the most of—nevertheless upholds stoutly both the practicability, in thoroughly skillful hands, and the value of etched *chiaroscuro*; and the general superiority of the French etchers, who cherish it, to the English, who neglect it, is a strong point in its favor. Without venturing into the controversy we may say that if *chiaroscuro* is difficult in etching, the rendering of color is impossible, and can only be suggested by the baldest conventionalizing, which to most artists' eyes, we think, is pretty unsatisfactory, though it be the frankest confession of incapability. The shades and tints of mezzotint, it may be added, are naturally of a very insipid kind, and tolerable only when emphasized and enforced by etching, as in the *Liber Studiorum*, or by the burin.

We do not see how any engraver working on Mr. Ruskin's theory could have given a satisfactory rendering of Turner's pictures, except by mezzotint. This process, however, was hardly used for any of his works after the *Liber Studiorum*, in which there were special reasons for this treatment. There are in the volume before us very interesting etchings of Turner's pictures by French artists. *The Burial of Wilkie*, for example, is a picture which, as we remember it, it would be absurd to engrave at all except for its *chiaroscuro*, for so neutral is its color and so vague its drawing that there is little else in it, and the etching of it, by M. Brunet-Debaines, is just the most successful of the Turners in this volume, and with the necessary limitations of engraving seems to us an admirable rendering of the wild and poetic brilliancy of the

picture. We doubt if any of the present generation of Englishmen, with their preference for the line, would have expressed it so well. The French device of leaving a film of ink on the plate, to underlie the darks, gives an effect analogous to that of the line and mezzotint in which the *Liber Studiorum* is executed; but to our thinking it renders even better the most brilliant passages of Turner's light and shade, though not the most delicate ones. M. Gaucherel's etching of the Sun of Venice well suggests the glow of sunlight and the liquid ripple of water in the original. M. Rajon is less successful with the Fighting Téméraire (an uninviting subject, perhaps, to a patriotic Frenchman). This picture without its wonderful color is at best a wraith, but the etching is feeble, and gives a poor suggestion of the rich *chiaroscuro* of the original, being far inferior in this to the English engraving of it.

The most remarkable of the etchings is Jacquemart's, after Sir Antonio Moro's portrait of Elizabeth of Valois. It is a wonderful combination of precise drawing and clearness in detail with decision and vigor of general effect. To those who know the difficulties of stopping-out and biting-in minute portions of a plate, its brilliant intricacy of light and shade is no less than marvelous. For quiet mastery of the needle and perfect freedom of handling there is nothing better than the superb etching by Waltner after Rembrandt's portrait of himself at thirty, in the National Gallery, which is the frontispiece of the volume. A remarkably vigorous etching, full of rough character and spirit, is that from the Banquet of the Civic Guard of Franz Hals, by Professor Unger; and a Russian amateur, Massaloff, has rendered one of Rembrandt's portraits with much power, though with less freedom. Lalanne is represented by a bit of landscape from a fragment of a larger plate, which shows well his characteristic brilliancy, firmness, and grace. This is one of the illustrations of a new and cheaper edition of *Etchers and Etching* which we are glad to see announced in *The Portfolio*, and in which, we infer, the illustrations are to be changed. There are many other excellent prints scattered through the volume. Mr. Hamerton contributes several plates of not much pretension; it must be confessed that he is less interesting as an etcher than as a writer.

The illustrations of Mr. Champney's papers are worth noticing as good examples

of Mr. Alfred Dawson's process of typographic etching, a process in which the surface of the plate is attacked by the acid, leaving the lines in relief, so that they may be printed with letter-press, and which seems to give very satisfactory impressions from plates, in clear and decisive lines such as Mr. Ruskin would approve, but has not here lent itself kindly to tints.

It is the glory of *The Portfolio* that it is in a way cosmopolitan, free from the prejudices of nations and schools. The papers in this volume are all by Englishmen, but the plates are from the hands of English, French, German, and Russian artists, half the whole number being French.

— In this country, not having the education of example, we find ourselves obliged to resort largely, for the cultivation of a pure popular taste in art and architecture, to hand-books. The increasing industry of publishers and compilers in producing works of this scope attests the strong demand which the public is just now making for this cultivation; works on painting multiply to an almost bewildering extent; and at last we receive that which should perhaps have come first — an elementary treatise on architecture “for general students.”¹ Having pledged ourselves to the arts, we are manifesting a disposition to “put them through” somewhat as if they were matter of belated legislation, to be disposed of by a given date; so that there is danger of flimsiness in the means employed for calling into being a national taste. This, however, Mrs. Horton seems in the main to have avoided. Her book is unpretentious and evidently sincere. The reader, at the same time that the beginnings of the art are not slighted, will not find himself wearied at the start by that too detailed attention to antiquities which compilers feeling the dignity of history hanging over them are apt to bestow. Less than one half the book carries us through Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman architecture, and without disaster of inaccuracy. Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance follow; and a little discussion of recent architecture in England, France, Germany, and America forms the conclusion.

We are not sure that the authoress has quite solved the extremely difficult problem of adapting her subject to “general

students.” In all books of this sort a difficulty arises in presenting the broad principles, the æsthetics of the matter in hand, in company with the mass of technical detail which even lay readers must learn to command to some extent. Definitions are apt to smother the ardent *feeling* of beauty which it should be a primary care to kindle in all art-students. Mrs. Horton might easily have omitted some that she gives in the beginning, for they are found in the glossary. On the other hand, the glossary should be made complete; we notice the omission of certain words, as “counterport” and “cavetto,” described in the text, while others, also described, are included in the glossary. And it is misleading to find on page 56 the statement that “in all the orders the shafts diminish in diameter *from the base upwards* about one sixth of their diameter,” while on page 73 it is said, without any warning, that Penrose found that “the external lines of the columns were curved, forming a parabolic entasis.” Now “parabolic entasis” is not explained, except by a definition in the glossary which is not at all sufficient for a general student. In this connection, we must observe that Mr. Penrose was *not* sent out by the British government, as here stated, but by the Dilettanti Society — a significant fact, as showing that government patronage is not essential to undertakings of this sort. It is to a society of gentlemen, of enthusiasts for the advancement of artistic knowledge, that we owe the most valuable and suggestive discoveries contributed to modern investigation of Greek architectural science. Before closing the list of corrections, we may point out that this manual would gain greatly by the addition of more elaborate and systematic illustrations than now accompany it; we think that no introductory work to this study can reach its full efficacy until provided with profile outlines (perhaps, for greater effect, to be slightly exaggerated) of the different orders, and accurate front views of buildings embodying the same. The chapters on American architecture are very well considered; the criticisms of the Capitol at Washington, certain railroad depots in New York and Boston, and the Harvard Memorial Hall are just and temperate; and on the whole, the book can hardly fail to exercise a good influence.

York: Published by Hurd and Houghton; The Riverside Press. 1874.

¹ *Architecture, for General Students*. By CAROLINE W. HORTON. With Descriptive Illustrations. New

MUSIC.

ON the 18th of February Robert Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* was brought out at the eighth Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association, by the Cecilia Club under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. This, the first performance of one of Schumann's choral works in Boston, was in many respects a fine one. Our new choral society, the Cecilia, may especially congratulate itself upon having got through with an inordinately difficult task in a most creditable manner. The difficulties the chorus had to encounter, and which they most triumphantly conquered, were neither few nor light. Perhaps the least of them was the intrinsic difficulty of the music itself. The choral part of *Paradise and the Peri* is in many places as nearly impossible as vocal writing well can be. Schumann's knowledge of the capabilities of the human throat was slight, at best, and it almost seems as if in writing this score, the composer, rather at a loss to know exactly what singers could or could not do, had cut the Gordian knot by taking it for granted that they could do almost anything. The final chorus of the first part, for instance, might well make even the most courageous chorus mistrust its own powers, written as it is with apparent total disregard of the fact that even the longest-winded singers must be allowed to draw breath sometimes. But, as we have said, the Cecilia came out triumphant; after what severe rehearsing one almost trembles to think of. Under Mr. Lang's pitiless *bâton*, woe to the luckless singer who made even the smallest slip! Back he and the rest of the chorus must go to the beginning of the phrase, until perfection crowned the work. But what superb results were gained! The chorus sang *with authority*. If all else went wrong, one felt sure of their being right. Unfortunately much else did go wrong; and here we come to the chief difficulty the chorus had to meet. The orchestra (rather a heterogeneous body, if we may say it) had to play an unusually difficult work, wholly new to them, and in an unaccustomed style, under a conductor with whose ways they were not familiar, after only three rehearsals! In fact, matters looked so threatening at the last rehearsal, that it showed no mean amount of courage

in Mr. Lang, rather new to the trade as he was, to face his task at all on the afternoon of the concert. He rose to the height of the occasion, however, and pulled his forces through much better than could have been anticipated. Another trouble was that the solo singers, with the notable exception of Miss Welsh, the contralto, were discouragingly unfamiliar with their parts. With whom the fault lay we do not know, but the fact is that several excellent artists were placed in a very false position. A conductor can do much towards infusing life into a timid chorus or orchestra, but before a soloist who does not know her part through and through so as to be able to sing it with assurance, the best conductor who ever wielded *bâton* is helpless. The solo singer ought to be the real leader in a performance; the conductor's position is simply that of accompanist; he should never have to take the initiative. He accompanies the singer with chorus and orchestra, instead of at the piano-forte. At rehearsals and in all preliminary studies his word should be law; there should be no manner of dispute between the singers and him. He is the absolute ruler and infallible authority. He has to teach the chorus and orchestra to follow him, but to teach the solo singers to lead him as he wishes to be led. At the performance he steps down from his throne and puts the reins into the singer's hands. What then is the ill-starred conductor to do, when the singers, instead of singing like autocrats in their own right, and to the manner born, hang breathless upon every movement of his *bâton*, and seem to hesitatingly ask his permission for every note they utter? What hold can the greatest singer who ever breathed have upon an audience when she has to think of two things at once? She may sing —

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done,
The gates are passed and heaven is won,"

until she is hoarse, but the only thing the public will hear will be: "I hope to heaven that I shall keep my place!" Imagine a *peri* going to heaven, counting her bars! Our respect and admiration for the many and fine artistic qualities of Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mr. George L. Osgood are not one whit lessened by what we heard in

the Music Hall the other afternoon. We know of no singers in the country whom we should rather have seen in their places. They simply attempted the impossible, and, if we may be allowed to say so, they owed it to their own reputation, that of their conductor and the Cecilia Club, — we will even say, strange as it may sound in this country, they owed it to their audience, — not to attempt it. It is needless to say that the Harvard Musical Association owed it to the singers and orchestra to have allowed them many more rehearsals. A part of the shortcomings of the singers are no doubt to be attributed to the necessarily inefficient condition of the orchestra (for which the orchestra was by no means to blame); but to show that this is only a part of the evil, we will merely mention the really charming effect Miss Welsh (a far less experienced singer than either of the others) made, simply by knowing her part so well that she could sing as if, so far as she was concerned, orchestra, chorus, and conductor had no existence. It is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that artists like Mrs. Smith and Mr. Osgood could sing their parts, even though they were reading at sight, without doing much that was fine. The parts of the *Peri* and the tenor are extremely difficult, and are written, as was Schumann's wont, with royal disregard for the compass of the soprano and tenor voice. Upon the whole, the performance was rather good than poor; it was only so much less good than the excellent executive material warranted! Admitting the disastrous conditions under which the work was given, it would not be too much to say that the performers and conductor covered themselves with glory.

About the composition itself we might write volumes, but mercifully will not. It is, in fact, hardly yet time to do so. Schumann's work depends so much upon a sympathetic rendering, much more than Mendelssohn's choral works, the singer has to read so much between the lines, that we hardly feel that the public can have got an adequate enough idea of the work from the performance of the other afternoon, for us to talk about it intelligibly and to any real purpose. We anxiously await another performance. As a mere confession of faith we are willing to own almost unbounded admiration for the work.

— Dr. Chomet's *The Influence of Music*

¹ *The Influence of Music on Health and Life.*
By Dr. H. CHOMET. Translated from the French by

on Health and Life¹ is undeniably a curious work. The fact alone that it is an attempt to bring music within the already extended catalogue of *materia medica* shows a certain daring originality of conception. The doctor's Theory of Sound, and explanation of the acoustic properties of sonorous bodies, is not less strikingly original. We will merely quote what seems to us a significant passage in Dr. Chomet's book, and leave our readers to draw their own inferences. The doctor says: —

"If we but recall the nature of imponderable fluids, such as heat, light, and electricity; if we admit, what is accepted as truth by the whole world, that these fluids, either latent or apparent, are developed through the changes, or simply the modifications of all bodies, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, changes produced by blows or friction, by chemical composition or decomposition; again, if we recall the readiness of almost all bodies in nature to be impregnated by one or more of these imponderable fluids, it will be very interesting to see if, when sound is produced in resonant bodies, there is not an escape of some fluid, like magnetism, heat, electricity, light, which themselves are different manifestations of one and the same fluid; if, in a word, we may not be allowed to admit the existence of a *sonorous* or *musical fluid*; the name matters little.

"If the production of sound, or of the sonorous fluid, be developed under the same conditions and circumstances as other imponderable fluids, if it follow the same laws, if, like them, it give rise to similar phenomena, shall we not have some ground, some reason to suspect its existence? As for me, I unhesitatingly admit it."

In as far as the doctor bases the therapeutic application of music upon his own peculiar hypothesis, we must look upon his medical theories with distrust. He however gives some very interesting examples in which music has had an undeniable physical effect upon living organisms, which examples may well give serious cause for reflection.

The more purely musical part of the book, the chapters on the character of music and musical history, are not uninteresting, albeit written with the calm, unquestioning conviction of an amateur, whose knowledge of his subject does not extend far below the surface. Enthusiasm is not wanting, and

Mrs. LAURA A. FLINT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

at times the author seems in danger of being embarrassed by the number of *greatest* composers he has to deal with. Some of his opinions can at worst provoke a smile ; such as, for instance, —

"We cannot hesitate to admit that Rossini, up to the present time, is the greatest and most finished composer that the nineteenth century has yet seen."

Some of us may remember that the present century was well out of its teens when a certain man, "not without talent,"¹ died in Vienna, by name Ludwig von Beethoven!

Upon the whole, the doctor's tendency to "evolve the camel from his own consciousness" is rather a marked one. His catalogue of the various characteristics of national music, resulting from differences of climate and temperature, is so delightfully systematic, so exactly as it would be convenient to have them, that one is almost tempted to believe in it.

The translator seems to be as well aware of the questionable points in the book as any one, and openly states in the preface that she cannot agree with the doctor's theories. We all owe her a debt of gratitude for putting a book of such undoubted originality of thought within reach of the English-reading public, and who knows but Dr. Chomet may at last find us all at his feet, doing homage to his newly promulgated hypothesis of sound?

The translation is, upon the whole, very good and clear, though without any pretensions to brilliancy of style, which, by the way, we strongly suspect the original French to have been somewhat deficient in. Only in a very few places are we led to think that the translator has mistaken the author's meaning. One misstatement we would however call attention to, and that is in the translator's foot-note to page 46; a misstatement that she may very likely have been drawn into by a corresponding one implied in the text. Dr. Chomet says, in speaking of the old Grecian modes, "Later, several modes were again added: the Hyper-Dorian, Hyper-Lydian, Hyper-Phrygian, Hypo-Dorian, Hypo-Lydian, and Hypo-Phrygian." The translator's foot-note says, "As the Greek prefix indicates, these additional modes differ from the original ones by the position of the key-note; it be-

ing in one case above, in the other below. For instance, the key-note of the *Hyper-Dorian* is four tones above that of the *Dorian*, that of the *Hypo-Dorian* four tones below it." Thus the key-note of the *Dorian* mode being as nearly as possible our modern D, the key-note of the *Hyper-Dorian* would be A, and that of the *Hypo-Dorian* G, making the *Hyper-Dorian* and *Hypo-Dorian* two different modes, as Dr. Chomet seems to imply that they were. This is wrong. Leaving out of the question that the *Dorian* is an authentic mode, and the *Hypo-Dorian* its relative plagal mode, that is, that they both have the same key-note D, — only that in all authentic modes the key-note (*Grundton*, or fundamental note) falls upon the first degree of the scale, and in the plagal modes upon the fourth, — we will point out that the hyper modes begin their scale a *fifth* higher than the corresponding authentic modes, and the hypo modes a *fourth* lower. Thus if the *Dorian* scale begins on D, the *Hyper-Dorian* will begin on A, and the *Hypo-Dorian* also on A. *Hypo* and *hyper* are, in fact, only different names for essentially the same thing.

— Professor F. L. Ritter's *History of Music*² is one of the most excellent books of the sort that we know. To sound learning, above all an exhaustive knowledge of his subject, the author unites rare critical acumen and catholicity of spirit. We should, perhaps, be tempted to call him too little of an extremist, were it not evident that the middle ground he holds between the extreme classicists (so called) and the modern radical *Naturalists*³ comes from carefully and conscientiously formed convictions, and not from indecision and timidity. Ritter is by no means one of those pitiable tertium quids who sit tottering on the fence, yearning for what they instinctively like in art, yet not daring openly to break with what they know to be respectable and of good repute. Ritter is none of these, but a man capable of looking through the husks of things and finding real meaning in the kernel, free enough from all prejudice to give that meaning its full weight. His style is wonderfully direct and compact, perhaps a thought dry, but this may be the unavoidable result of great condensation. His estimate of the merits and demerits of

¹ "A director of fine arts (who deplored his loss) once acknowledged to me that this same Beethoven was *not without talent* (n'était pas sans talent)." Hector Berlioz: *Les Grotesques de la Musique*.

² *History of Music*. In the form of Lectures. By

FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER, Professor of Music at Vassar College. Second Series. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1874.

³ *Vide Atlantic* for May, 1874, page 632.

composers and schools of music is to our mind almost invariably just, and founded upon true comprehension of what is eternal in art, unbiased by all that is merely transient and accidental. Especially excellent is what he says of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Mendelssohn has been the unfortunate object of more superlatives, both admiring and execrative, than any other composer, with perhaps the exception of Richard Wagner. He is hardly ever mentioned save in hysterics. Ritter shows a very just appreciation of what fire all this smoke has come from. His notice of Berlioz is upon the whole the best and most intelligent appreciation of that little comprehended composer that we have yet seen. The remarks upon church music are excellent, as far as they go, but, to our thinking they only touch one side of that exceedingly knotty question, and that is the æsthetic one.

— We have before us the piano-forte score of *Ruth and Naomi*,¹ a Scriptural Idyl in the guise of a cantata, by Leopold Damrosch. We have always had, and still have, an unreasonable unwillingness to say much about a work of this sort before hearing it. We know that omniscience is the indispensable attribute of a critic, and that we ought to be able to see, or rather scent out, all the faults or beauties of the most complex score from even the most imperfect piano-forte arrangement. But we really cannot. The work seems to us to contain much that is genuine and strong, especially in the choruses, together with much that is unspontaneous and, so to speak, manufactured. In *Ruth's* air, "Entreat me not to leave thee," for example, the perpetual employment of enharmonic modulation, the wandering off to distant keys so that every time the theme returns in the original key it springs upon you as from round the corner, can only be called tricky. The following chorus, "Thy mercy, O Lord," is really fine, and has a certain Händel smack to it, which is especially grateful after the dilutions of Mendelssohn that most young composers give us nowadays. *Naomi's*

prophecy, "Hail, hail, the Lord is with me," is particularly striking and effective, we had almost said powerful. The chorus which follows it (the last in the work) is, all things considered, the best of all. The opening *adagio* theme is peculiarly beautiful. We have a suspicion, though it would be difficult to tell why, that the work is very finely instrumented. At all events we hope to have a chance to hear it performed, when we can form some genuine opinion as to its merits.

— Of a very interesting collection of Swedish and Finnish songs we have before us *Stjernan*, by Karl Collan, and *Tuol on mun Kultani*, of very old Finnish origin.² The piano-forte accompaniments to these songs are uncommonly well written, which is saying much, as some of the older ones, the Finnish song, for instance, present some difficulties to the harmonist. The last-mentioned song bears evident marks of being originally written on a different musical scale from ours. As for the songs themselves, they hardly come within the province of criticism. The folk-song is to be revered and accepted as beautiful, almost as a work of nature is. We do not criticise or analyze a rose, otherwise than chemically, to make attar of roses. Poetry we can write about it, but rhapsodizing does not happen to be our trade. We are very glad to see so copious a collection of genuine, pure people's-music offered to the public in so acceptable a shape.

— We most heartily recommend Dr. Von Bülow's edition of Cramer's piano-forte studies.³ It is an invaluable addition to this class of music. There is hardly a pianist, certainly no teacher, living, who cannot learn something from Von Bülow. The man positively shows a genius for fingering.

— *Baby's Eyes*,⁴ by Allie E. Ropes, is carefully written, and shows a good appreciation of the effect that can be drawn from certain languid, dreamy discords. It has rather the air of the work of a beginner who is a thought over-anxious to exhaust all his musical resources at once, but it is still refined and quite pleasing.

¹ *Ruth and Naomi*. A Scriptural Idyl (words taken from the Bible). By LEOPOLD DAMROSCH. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

² *Svenska och Finska Sånger. Lays of Sweden and Finland*. Arrangements and words by SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

³ *Fifty Selected Piano-Forte Studies*, by J. B. Cramer.

mer. Arranged in systematic order, revised with expression marks, and carefully fingered. Also instructive text written for the use of the piano-forte students in the Royal Conservatory at Munich. By DR. HANS VON BÜLOW. English translation by J. C. D. PARKER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

⁴ *Baby's Eyes*. Slumber Song. By ALLIE E. ROPES. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

EDUCATION.

IN the preface to his *Essays on Educational Reformers*,¹ the Rev. Robert Quick says, "If the following pages attract but few readers, it will be some consolation, though rather a melancholy one, that I share the fate of my betters." We have read his book through twice, and since there is no other *résumé* that is at once so brief and so comprehensive, we do not see how intelligent parents, teachers, and school directors can afford to be without it. The volume is not large, but the type is, and the chapters are so short that the book is easily finished. Why then should it not be extensively read, when the influence it could exercise is just now so much needed in our national educational system? Why, indeed, except that the training of their children is the last thing about which parents and communities will exert themselves to vigorous thought and independent action? No more striking proof of the inertia of the human mind can be found than the fact so clearly revealed by this book, that for many generations the true philosophy of teaching has had its prophets and apostles, and yet that substantially we are training our children in the same old blundering way.

Each division of the work is devoted to one or more of "those innovators whose innovations, after a struggle of two hundred years, have not been adopted, and yet seem now more likely than ever to make their way." The author begins by a sketch of the famous Jesuit school-system, which, elaborated as a countercheck to the inroads of Protestantism, soon drove all competition from the field, and for a hundred years trained nearly all the foremost men of Europe, whether clergy or laity. "To lead, not drive" their pupils was their principle. They taught them Greek, but they aimed chiefly at making them perfect in the Latin tongue, at teaching them their own principles of philosophy and theology, and at making them skillful in disputation. "Originality and independence of mind, love of truth for its own sake, the power of reflecting, or of forming correct judgments, were not merely neglected, they were suppressed, in the Jesuit's system."

Thus the reformation of education, like that of religion, was essentially left to Protestants and skeptics. And what was that state of education, at least in England, which so demanded a reform? Simply boys kept year after year in two daily sessions of *five hours each*, and punished unmercifully throughout their school-lives, to learn chiefly the Latin language. It was natural, therefore, that the attention of the first modern educational reformer, Roger Ascham, should be turned only to the shortest and easiest way of acquiring a dead language, and his method of "double translation" (the one in which he trained Queen Elizabeth) is still, in the opinion of weighty judges, the best ever devised.

But in the next generation, Montague took a wider view of the educational problem. He himself had learned Latin like a mother-tongue, by hearing nothing else spoken at home. Afterward, grammars and dictionaries were so heaped upon him at college that he says he half forgot what he had acquired so easily and naturally, and thereupon he burst out, "I am scandalized that our whole lives should be taken up with nothing else than *fine speaking*. No doubt Greek and Latin are very great ornaments, but we may buy them too dear." He advocated that children should be made to inquire into *things*, and that the pupil should be incited to think and observe for himself, instead of taking everything without reflection from his master. He also insisted on the importance of physical education. "We have not to train up a soul, nor yet a body, but a man; and we cannot divide him." A German, Ratich, first attempted to apply these new ideas to practical pedagogy. His method of teaching languages was similar, though inferior, to Ascham's, and his principal maxims were these: "Everything in the order and course of nature." "One thing at a time;" "One thing again and again repeated;" "Nothing shall be learned by rote;" "Knowledge of the thing itself must be given before that which refers to the thing;" "Everything by experiment and analysis;" "Everything without coercion." (The rod was to

¹ *Essays on Educational Reformers*. By ROBERT HERBERT QUICK, M. A. Trin. Coll., Cambridge, Late Second Master in the Surrey County School, and

formerly Curate of St. Mark's, Whitechapel. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1874.

be used to correct offenses against good morals only.) Milton, too, accomplished classicist though he was, appreciated the "bondage of these verbal toils," and wished to turn the young from them "to the study of things:" "Language is not to be pursued for itself, but merely as an instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. Latin and Greek must therefore be acquired by a method that will take little time." The still more extraordinary educational genius, Comenius, a sketch of whose life is given, said that "education must proceed in the following order: First, educate the senses; next the memory; then the intellect; last of all the critical faculty." "We should learn as much as possible, not from books, but from the great book of Nature—from heaven and earth, from oaks and beeches." These protests of the "innovators," as the Germans call them, have been kept up by a succession of reformers from that time to this. "In his demand to educate first the senses," says the author, "Comenius was the forerunner of Pestalozzi, and of the champions of science, as Tyndall and H. Spencer, among ourselves; . . . and the classicists, after withstanding a siege of nearly three centuries, seem at last inclined to come to terms." If the great educational reformers of Europe waged their war against grammatical studies which at least involved the command of another language and literature, what would they have said to our pedagogical system of spending the precious years of childhood on the twenty-four barren rules of *English* grammar merely! Can it be that the misfortune came upon us through the perversion of the term "grammar school," which in colonial times, as still in England, meant "*Latin-grammar school*"?

The essay of the philosopher Locke was intended only as advice upon the "education of a gentleman." "Its aim was to develop a robust mind in a robust body. Good principles, good manners, and discretion were to be cared for first; intelligence and intellectual activity next, and actual knowledge last of all." A good programme, it seems to us, on which to bring up any family of children, as could be devised. Locke laid stress on cold bathing and athletic training, and on *dancing*; "and by all means," said he, "let a gentleman learn at least one manual trade, especially such as can be practiced in the open air." He warned parents against the inevitable corruptions (bishops and clergymen who are

founding them, hear!) of *boarding-schools*. Latin he considered absolutely necessary for a gentleman, but "the learning of Latin being nothing but the learning of words, join as much real knowledge with it as you can, beginning still with that which lies most obvious to the senses; such as is the knowledge of minerals, plants, and animals," etc. Though classed among the "educational reformers" Locke is really in remarkable contrast to them, simply because he was *not* a reformer or an enthusiast, but a powerful thinker who drew on his common-sense and his experience in deciding how to train up a manly and gracious man. The result is that we have the essentials which education should confer upon any and every youth who can get one.

The fifth chapter contains a summary of that extraordinary mixture of falsehood and truth presented in Rousseau's *Émile*; "probably," says our author, "the most influential book ever printed on education." According to Mr. Quick, the great merit of Rousseau is in the distinction which he drew between childhood and youth, the former being the period when "reason sleeps, and the senses are in their fullest activity and vigor." Hence studies and methods which are suited to the one are not so to the other. He laid great stress on teaching children from objects, and on leading them to *self-teaching*. He believed human nature to be so utterly bad that he would have the child taught nothing about it, but would acquaint him only with the material universe—a rather worse one-sidedness than what had gone before, since of all knowledges a knowledge of humanity is the most indispensable for human beings. Basedow and his famous school, the "*Philanthroperin*" are next described. "It was the only school in Germany," said Kant, "in which the teachers had liberty to work according to their own methods and schemes, and where they were in free communication among themselves and with all the learned men in Germany. . . . Gymnastics were now first introduced into modern schools, and the boys were taken long expeditions on foot,—the commencement, it is believed, of a practice now common throughout Germany." After Basedow follows the pathetic story of the life and struggles of Pestalozzi, than whom never any man was a more complete illustration of "the experiment fails, but the principle remains the same;" for his abortive attempts at school-keeping will influence school-teach-

ing for all time to come. He first brought the external world into the school-room, and practically, children owe all their "object lessons" to him. Nor was intellectual awakening his only aim. Locke's system showed how to bring up a youth to be a virtuous gentleman. But the conventions of the world did not satisfy Pestalozzi. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," was his standard, and he wanted to train children primarily to imitate Christ and to fill their destinies as "created and responsible beings." Last in the series comes a review of Herbert Spencer's work on Education, which is at once ably supported and ably criticised by Mr. Quick. The book ends with two chapters of the author's own; the first giving suggestions from his own experience as to the kind and amount of schooling suitable to children between five and ten years of age, the second containing wise, and, as it seems to us, most true thoughts on that perplexing problem, the moral and religious training of boys. We regret that Luther, Dr. Arnold, and Froebel were not sufficiently "innovating" to have found a place in Mr. Quick's sketches, but whoever wishes to comprehend and to respect the vocation of the educator can do no better than to study this most interesting and valuable book. If public-school teachers generally could be made to pass an examination in it, before receiving their certificates to teach, the national education would not be long in taking on a very different phase from the present.

—Professor Sauveur's pamphlet¹ is one of the echoes that are beginning to be heard in response to the utterances of the "innovators" we have been considering. It contains an interesting account of how he was led to attempt the "teaching of living languages without grammar or dictionary," together with advice to other teachers how they may go and do likewise. The accomplished pupils of the school of modern languages established in Boston by himself and his German colleague, Professor Heness, can attest the success of their method, and the pleasure of pursuing it under their keen and animating instruction.

Professor Heness caught the idea from Montaigne, who, as we have just seen in our

notice of Mr. Quick's book, learned Latin perfectly in no other way. Professor Sauveur received it from Professor Heness, and together, in this happy land of "new ideas," they have put it into practice, as the latter hints it would not yet be possible to do in France. "Who would dare to speak there," he asks, "of a revolution in education?" Yet he is sure that by his method a pupil could learn as much Latin in two years as he does now in the French schools and colleges, by the old one, in ten. The difficulty, however, would be to get these schools "wherein should be spoken only the language of old Rome, and where neither French nor any other language should penetrate, but arithmetic, history, geography, etc., all be taught in Latin." In the account of his class of "Yale tutors," Professor Sauveur gives a striking instance of what may be done in a few months by adult trained minds under a thorough master, in this method. In short, so interesting and so constant to nature is it, that the extent to which it will be adopted, at least for French and German, will probably depend only on the number of teachers who are competent to follow where Professors Heness and Sauveur have led.

—Mr. Lauderbach's kindly and judicious little pamphlet² is briefly descriptive of the system of study and discipline pursued in the Lauderbach Academy in Philadelphia. His training as a teacher was gained in the public schools, and for the last five years he has conducted an eminently successful school of his own. His hints as to his methods and management are therefore of practical value to the teacher, and they of his profession would do well to imitate him in this attempt to put himself *en rapport* with the parents of his pupils, since if a parent is not a coadjutor, he is pretty sure to be a hinderer, in the educator's work.

Mr. Lauderbach seems to lean to the theory of Locke, now so much in favor, that study must be made always agreeable to the pupil. While in general we fully believe that if the acquisition of knowledge is irksome to the scholar it is because the teacher is inadequate, yet there can be little doubt that for the scholar to feel that everything must be made easy and pleasant to him is demanding as much too little of

¹ *Introduction to the Teaching of Living Languages without Grammar or Dictionary.* By L. SAUVEUR, Ph. D., LL. D. Boston: Schoenhof and Moeller; Lee and Shepard; A. Williams & Co. New York: F. W. Christern. 1874.

² *Hints on School Education and Discipline.* By H. Y. LAUDERBACH, Principal of the Lauderbach Academy, Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

him as it is too much of his instructor. Pestalozzi said that "a child must very early in life be taught the lesson that exertion is indispensable for the attainment of knowledge." We have heard one of the best high-school masters in New England complain that this demand for learning made easy is now the vice of popular teaching. Said he, "I have so to smooth away every difficulty for my boys that the path of knowledge opens out before them at every step, apparently of its own accord, and they are left with nothing to do." As Pestalozzi justly reflects, there can be no "solidity" in such acquisitions as these; and happy is he, rather, who "hath borne the yoke in his youth." In Mr. Lauderbach's primary department the natural sciences, with music and drawing, do not seem to hold the prominent place that is now demanded for them by the best educational authorities.

—The selections from the poems of Ovid prepared for the use of schools by Messrs. Allen and Greenough¹ form a neat volume of moderate size, which has all the principal good qualities required in a work of its kind. The choice of the passages to be included in the book could hardly have been better. The reputation of the *Metamorphoses* for being comprehensible and entertaining to young readers makes it a matter of course that extracts from that poem should occupy five sixths of the collection, although Ovid's peculiar merits are better shown in his clever elegiacs than in his smooth but rather weak hexameters. But the eleven short extracts in elegiac verse are happily chosen, and are enough for a school-book.

The type and punctuation of the work are good, and misprints are very few. We notice a vacillation in the spelling of *Virgilius* and of *Cygnus* which is probably unintentional, but in our opinion unimportant. It is just as well that school-boys should know that orthography, whether English or Latin, cannot always be settled off-hand by a dictionary.

The introductions to the *Metamorphoses*, *Fasti*, etc., are clear and sensible, and the synopses, or arguments, prefixed to the extracts from the *Metamorphoses*, will be found useful in showing what connection there is between different parts of the poem.

The notes are, on the whole, very serviceable and judicious. We particularly like the instructions given at the outset in the

art of scanning the ordinary Latin hexameter. We almost wish that some of the peculiarities of Ovid's verses had here been pointed out, because mechanical criticism of this kind can be comprehended and applied by even a dull mind; but considering that in general short notes are best, we suppose that the authors have been well advised in stopping where they do. Some points in the notes are open to criticism. For instance, the English word "reeking" is not elegant enough to make up for its loss of force when used out of its proper meaning, and therefore is not a neat translation of the Latin "madens." The formidable creature described in Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* is as fabulous a monster as *Ægæon* himself, and therefore should not be made to serve as his prototype. The *Architeuthis monachus* of Professors Steenstrup and Verrill is indeed an actual inhabitant of the ocean, but it has little to do with Victor Hugo's absurd compound of sea-anemone and cuttle-fish. Besides, when we have *Argus*, *Cerberus*, *Janus*, and *Hindoo* divinities generally, to refer to, there is no need of a cuttle-fish to account for *Ægæon*. In the apostrophe of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* to the wall between them, the line, "Quantum erat, ut sineres toto nos corpore jungi" is confused by the suggested translation of "toto corpore." These words should of course be translated along with "jungi" by the English verb "to embrace." It is not perfectly accurate to say that "unius" is simply "a" in the phrase "missi de gente Molossa obsidis unius," which manifestly implies that there were not merely other hostages, but other Molossian hostages, in *Lycaon's* hands. At least as good an illustration of the use of *unus* as an indefinite article might have been found in the line "Deque viris quondam pars tribus una fui," contained in the last selection in the book; although even here "una" is opposed to "tribus," and "pars una" may be rendered either "a third part" or simply "one." The astronomical information relating to the adventure of *Phæthon* might be a little improved; *Ophiuchus*, for instance, is not the *Serpent*. As to the course of the sun, no explanation would suffice to adapt Ovid's careless description to the facts; but poets have some right to say, "Tant pis pour les faits." Defects like those just noticed cannot be regarded as serious, and the book before us seems to contain few even of these.

¹ *Selections from the Poems of Ovid, chiefly the Metamorphoses.* Edited by J. H. and W. F. ALLEN

and J. B. GREENOUGH. Boston: Ginn Brothers 1875.